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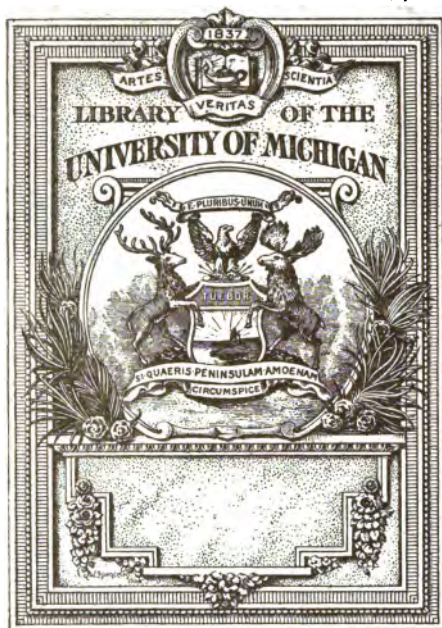
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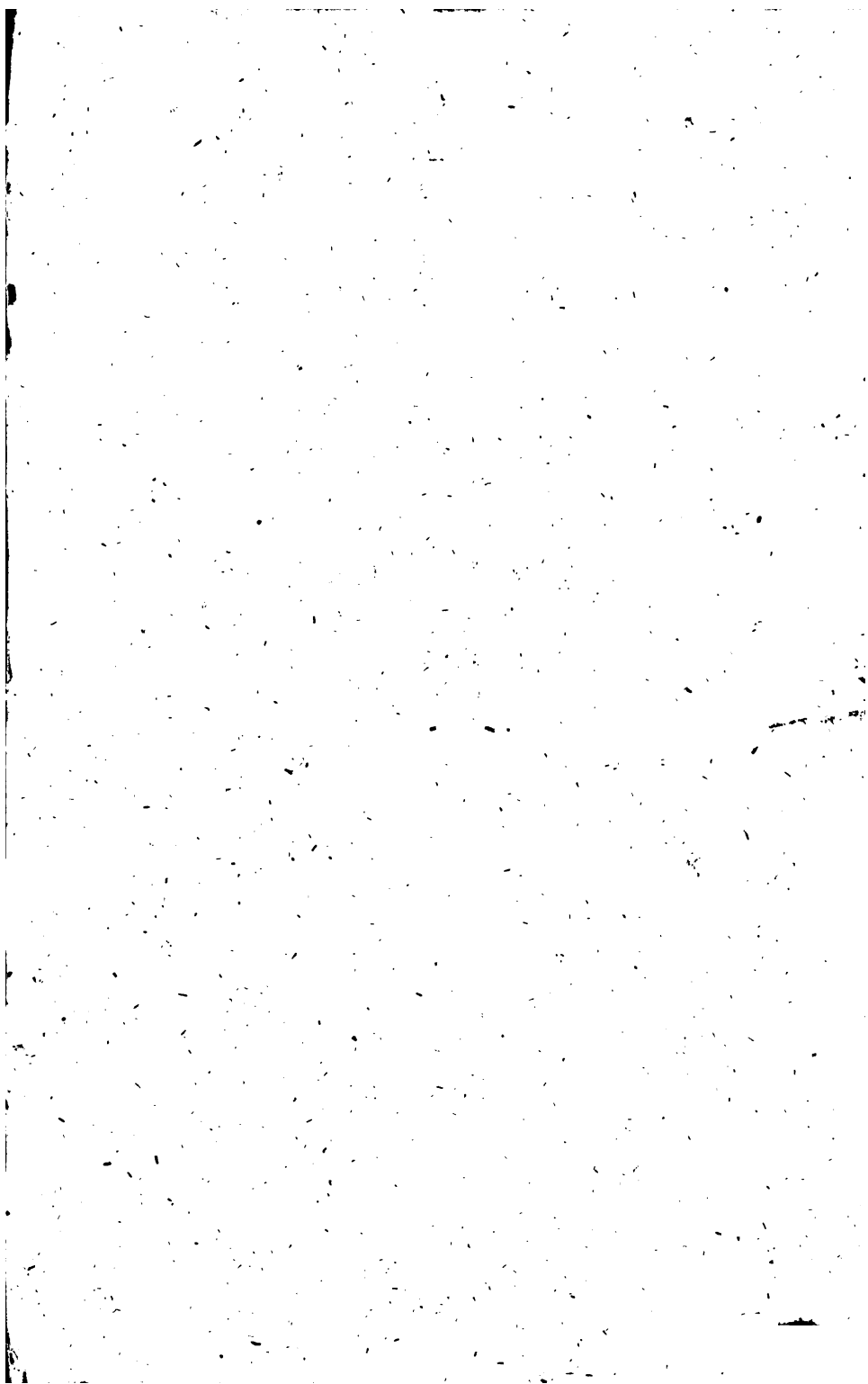
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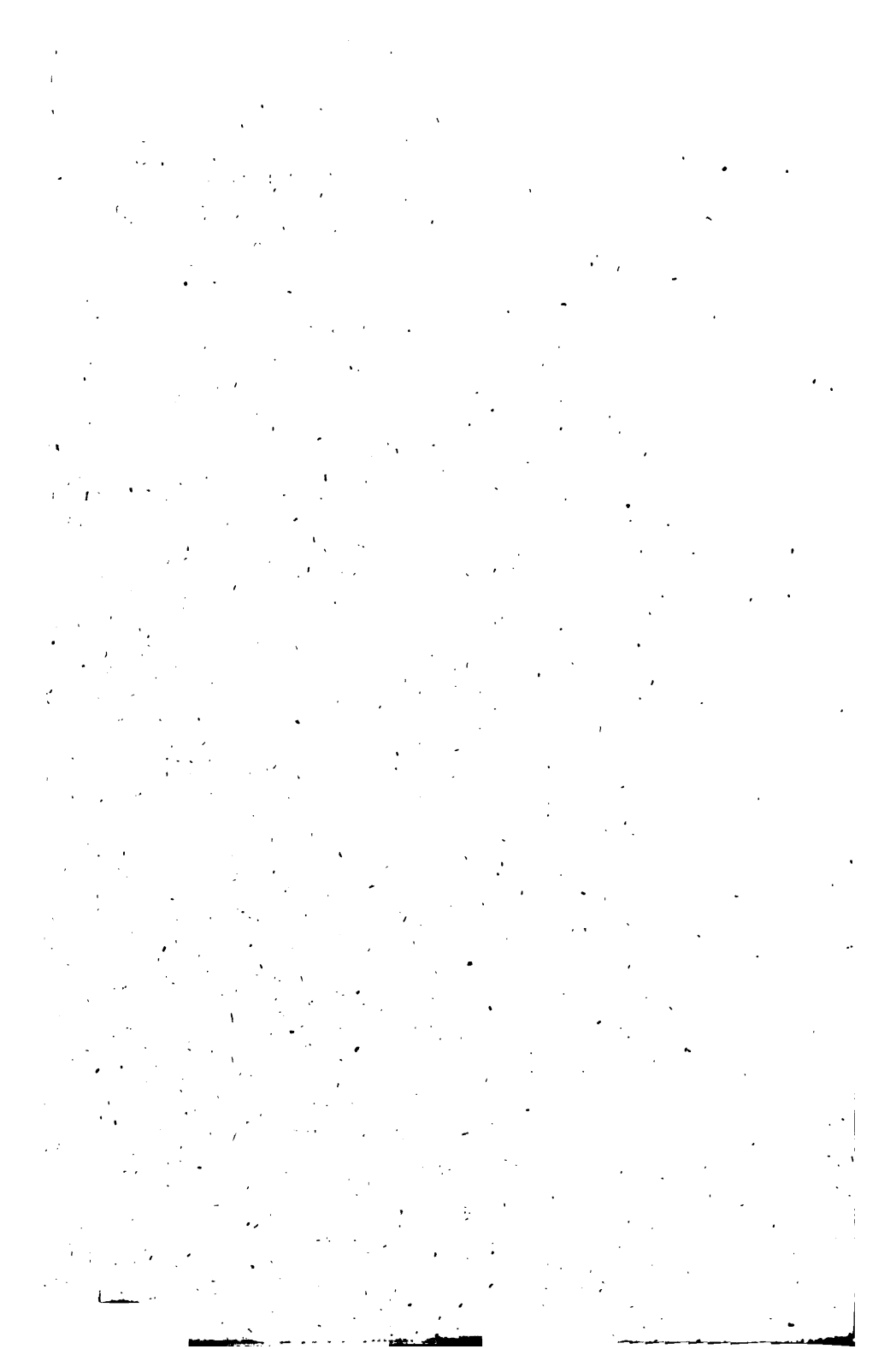
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Keep up appearances as much
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THE
MONTHLY
M I R R O R:

REFLECTING
MEN AND MANNERS.

WITH
STRICTURES ON THEIR EPITOME,
The Stage.

To hold as 'twere the MIRROR up to Nature.



VOL. XIII.

Embellished with superb Engravings.

LONDON:

PRINTED, FOR THE PROPRIETORS,
By J. Wright, No. 20, Denmark-Court, Strand.

And published by VERNOR and HOOD, in the Poultry;
Sole, also, by all the Booksellers in
the United Kingdom.

1802.



THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR
JANUARY, 1802.

Embellished with

A PORTRAIT OF MR. QUICK, IN THE CHARACTER OF SPADO, ENGRAVED BY RIDLEY, FROM A FINE PAINTING BY GAINSBOROUGH DUFONT, IN THE POSSESSION OF THOMAS HARRIS, ESQ.

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PREFACE

TO THE THIRTEENTH VOLUME.

SINCE our last address to the reader, the return of PEACE has dissipated the gloom which prevailed over the country. Independently of the sensation with which this great event has inspired us, in common with every true lover of his country, we have reason, as humble instruments in the service of Literature and the Arts, to rejoice at a change by which the interests of all concerned in their cultivation, will be so beneficially affected.

With regard to the MONTHLY MIRROR, we may with truth affirm, that, under all circumstances, and through all seasons, it has been our uniform endeavour to render it worthy of the encouragement it has received from the public; and, we believe, it will be readily conceded, on the part of the subscribers, that we have rather exceeded than fallen below the point which we had fixed as the standard of our exertions.

We commence our thirteenth volume with a striking likeness of Mr. QUICK, in the character of SPADO, in the Castle of Andalusia, from the much admired painting by GAINSBOROUGH DUPONT, in the possession of THOMAS HARRIS, Esq. and in No. 76 will be given a portrait of NATHANIEL LEE, the celebrated dramatic poet, (of whom no head has yet appeared) from an original picture in the possession of J. P. KEMBLE, Esq.

ERRATA IN OUR LAST.

Page 415, in the Note, for "Prime," read "Rime." P. 416. L. 1, for "Pragge," read "Piagge." L. 2, read "selue" with a capital. L. 8, place a comma after "thoughtful." Four lines from the bottom, read "In these, the most eccentric orbs."

THE MONTHLY MIRROR

FOR

JANUARY, 1802.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF

MR. QUICK,

[*With a Portrait.*]

MR. JOHN QUICK, one of the richest and most natural comedians that ever trod the English stage, was born in London, where his father carried on the business of a brewer. He was little more than twelve years old when he first embraced a theatrical life; and after distinguishing himself as the hero of various itinerant companies, was engaged by Mr. Foote, at whose theatre, in the Hay-market, he made his first appearance before a London audience. The merit he displayed in *Beau Mordcau*, in *Love à-la-Mode*, performed for Mr. Shuter's benefit, procured him an engagement at Covent-Garden, where he gradually rose to the first rank in his profession, and enjoyed, for a series of years, the confidence of the manager, and the uniform approbation of the audience. He relinquished his situation a few seasons ago, in consequence of a bad state of health, which would not permit him to lend his services so constantly as the theatre required. He re-appeared very recently on the Drury-Lane boards; and, though a previous engagement rendered his stay here extremely short, it is most probable that the abilities of this favourite and valuable comedian will be permanently secured to Drury-Lane before the commencement of another season.

While in the joint management of the Bristol theatre, Mr. Quick married the daughter of a respectable clergyman, by whom he has a son and a daughter, who sustain those characters with exemplary propriety.

Mr. Quick is about fifty years old. His mother, who escaped from a fire in Drury-Lane, a few years ago, is still living.

We subjoin a list of the Characters performed by Mr. Quick.

Commissary	Zach. Fungus.
Lying Valet	Sharp.
*Invasion	Sir J. Evergreen.
*Barataria	Sanc. Pança.
*Crotehet Lodge	Truncheon.
*Poor Vulcan	Crump.
Padlock	Mungo.
*Modern Antiqu.	Cockletop.
*Pat. in Prussia	Quiz.
*Robin Hood	Little John.
*Highland Reel	M ^c Gilpin.
*Belle's Stratagem	Hardy.
*Bold Stroke for a Husband	Don Cæsar.
*Which is the Man	Pendragon.
*Crusade	Bantam.
*Such Things Are	Sir Luke Tremor.
Much Ado About Nothing	Dogberry.
Busy Body	Sir Francis Gripe.
*Wild Oats	Sir G. Thunder.
*Two Misers	Gripe.
*Doldrum	Old Septimus.
Author	Cadwallader.
St. Patrick's Day	Justice Credulous.
*Life's Vagaries	Dickens.
Tempest	Trinculo.
Love à-la-Mode	Beau Mordcaï.
*Tom Thumb	King Arthur.
Heir at Law	Daniel Dowlas.
*Road to Ruin	Silky.
*Widow of Delphi	Megadorus.
Jealous Wife	Major Oakley.
*He Wou'd be a Soldier	Sir Oliver Oldstock.
Barnaby Rattle	Barnaby.
New way to Pay Old Debts	Justice Greedy.
*Cure for the Heart-Ache	Vortex.
*Rage	Sir Paul Perpetual.
*Speculation	Justice Arable.
*She Stoops to Conquer	Tony Lumpkin.
*Rivals	Acres.
*Way to get Married	Toby Allspice.
*Deserted Daughter	Item.

*False Impressions	Doctor Scud.
*Every One has his Fault	Solus.
*Secrets Worth Knowing	Nicholas Rue.
*He's Much to Blame	Lord Vibræ.
*Wives as they Were	Lord Priory.
*Ducana	Isaac Mendoza.
*Castle of Andalusia	Spado.
*Love in a Village	Justice Woodcock.
Lionel and Clarissa	Colonel Oldboy.
Maid of the Mill	Sir Harry Sycamore.
*Travellers in Switzerland	Daniel.
*Woodman	Sir Walter Waring.
Fop's Fortune	Don Choleric.
Way to Keep Him	Sir Bashful Constant.
Old Bachelor	Fondlewife.
Double Gallant	Sir Solomon Sadiife.
Inconstant	Old Mirable.
Spanish Friar	Gomez.
Merchant of Venice	Lancelot.
Double Dealer	Sir Paul Pliant.
As You Like It	Touchstone.
Comedy of Errors	Domio of Eph.
Amphytrion	Sosia.
Drummer, or Haunted House	Vellum.
Stratagem	Scrub.
Brothers	Sir Benjamin Dove.
*Bold Stroke for a Wife	Perriwinkle.
Winter's Tale	Clown.
Miser	Lovegold.
*Animal Magnetism	Doctor.
*Fashionable Levities	Sir Buzzard.
*Lie of the Day	Alibi.
Lover's Quarrels	Sancho.
Woman's a Riddle	Aspin.
*Abroad and at Home	Sir S. Flourish.
Jovial Crew	Justice Clack.
*Golden Pippin	Momus.
Clandestine Marriage	Sterling.
*World in a Village	Allbut.
*Retaliation	Old Rebate.
*How to Grow Rich	Smalltrade.

-
- *Mysteries of the Castle Fractiozo.
 *Fortune's Fool Sir Bam. Blackletter.
 *Bon Ton Davy.
 *Hartford Bridge Sir Gregory Forrester.
 Eccentric Lover—(last new part.)
 Two Gentlemen of Verona Launce.
 *Fontainbleau Lepoche.
 Catherine and Petruchio Grumio.
 School for Wives Torrington.
 *Romance of an Hour Orson.
 *Midnight Hour General.
 Miss in her Teens Fribble.
 *Country Madness Zorobabel.
 Constant Couple Beau Clincher.
 Conscious Lovers Cymberton.
 Love for Love Foresight.
 Oroonoko Daniel.
 Richard the Third King Richard.
 The Characters marked thus (*) were original.
-

MARQUIS D'ARCY.

THIS nobleman was Governor to the Regent Duke of Orleans, and when he was once entreated, during an engagement, by another nobleman, a courtier, to prevent his royal pupil from exposing himself to danger, replied, very spiritedly and sensibly, “ *Les princes ne sont nés que pour la guerre, pour s’y faire distinguer par leurs belles actions, et pour montrer par leur exemple aux troupes à combattre avec vigueur. Vous y passez bien, mon prince y passera bien aussi, et puis qu’il peut acquérir de la gloire en cette occasion, bien loin de l’empêcher, je l’y conduis, et tant que j’en aurai l’honneur d’en être Gouverneur, je le menerai par tout. Il seroit inutile sur la terre s’il n’apprenoit pas son metier.*” Had Cardinal Dubois inspired the Regent with equally good notions, he would most probably have become a most excellent, as well as a most able, man. Princes would do as well as other persons, had they persons of virtue and of sense and spirit put about them in early life. The illustrious Fenelon completely reformed his stubborn and violent pupil, the Duke of Burgundy; and it was always the boast of the excellent Duke de Montausier, that he had made his pupil, the Grand Dauphin as he was called, Louis the Fourteenth’s only son, an *honest* man. The Duke, indeed, never flattered his pupil, but told him, with great respect, as well as with great truth, whatever he observed wrong in his conduct.

FELTON ON THE ENGLISH POETS.

Addressed to the *Marquis of Granby*, in 1709.

AND now, my Lord, you see I am entered upon poetry, where little need be said after what I have said already. Perhaps I may touch some characters again; but besides those I have named, I may recommend Mr. Addison and Mr. Prior, as perfect patterns of true poetic writing. Mr. Addison is more laboured; like his great master Virgil, he hath weighed every word, nor is there an expression in all his lines that can be changed for any juster, or more forcible than itself. Mr. Prior enjoys the freest and easiest muse in the world, and perhaps is the only man who may rival Horace in an admirable felicity of expression, both in the sublime and familiar way. Like our celebrated Cowley, he hath excelled in all kinds of poetry: in his works we meet an assembly of the Muses; since the Roman Swan expired, none hath taken bolder and happier flights, or touched the lyre with a more masterly hand; and since Chaucer's days none hath told a merry or heroic tale so well. In the best collection of the Miscellanies, your Lordship will read with pleasure the most perfect pieces of composition the greatest masters have produced, and without entering into the characters of any, it will be enough to say, they are all admirable.

To these I may add, some of more ancient date, and though their style is out of the standard now, there are in them still some lines so extremely beautiful, that our modern language cannot reach them. Chaucer is too old, I fear, for so young company as your Lordship; but Spenser, though he be antiquated too, hath still charms remaining to make your Lordship enamoured of him. His antique verse hath music in it to ravish any ears that can be sensible of the softest, sweetest numbers, that ever flowed from a poet's pen.

Shakespear is a wonderful genius, a single instance of the force of nature and the strength of wit. Nothing can be greater and more lively than his thoughts; nothing nobler and more forcible than his expression. The fire of his fancy breaketh out into his words, and sets his reader on a flame: he maketh the blood run cold or warm, and is so admirable a master of the passions, that he raises your courage, your pity, and your fear, at his pleasure, but he delighteth most in terror.

Milton, my Lord, is the assertor of poetic liberty, and would have freed us from the bondage of rhyme, but, like sinners and like lovers, we hug our chain, and are pleased in being slaves. Some, indeed, have made some faint attempts to break it, but their verse had all the softness and effeminacy of rhyme without the music: and Dryden himself, who sometimes struggled to get loose, always relapsed, and was faster bound than ever; but rhyme was his province, and he could make the tinkling of his chains harmonious. Mr. Philips hath trod the nearest in his great master's steps, and hath equalled him in his verse more than he falleth below him in the compass and dignity of his subject. The shilling is truly splendid in his lines, and his poems will live longer than the unfinished castle, as long as Blenheim is remembered, or cyder drunk in England. But I have digressed from Milton, and, that I may return, and say all in a word, his style, his thoughts, his verse, are as superior to the generality of other poets, as his subject. His disloyalty alone throws a cloud upon his glory; and we stand amazed to think, that man could ever be a rebel, who had seen, as it were, and described, in all the pomp of terror, the rebellion and punishment of the apostate angels.

Waller, for the music of his numbers, the courtliness of his verse, the easiness and happiness of his thoughts on a thousand subjects, deserves your Lordship's consideration more, perhaps, than any other, because his manner and his subjects are more common to persons of quality, and the affairs of a court. Mr. Granville, my Lord, hath rivalled him in his finest address, and is as happy as he ever was, in raising modern compliments upon ancient story, and setting off the British valour and the English beauty, with the old gods and goddesses.

Sir John Denham is famed for his Cooper's Hill, and Windsor is more honoured in being the subject of his prospect, than the Hill is in being the subject of his poem. For Windsor is only the ornament of his Hill, but his poem is the ornament of Windsor.

Several other of our poets deserve to be remembered, and they should not be omitted, if I thought these sheets a record. I have already mentioned Mr. Dryden on the wrong side of a comparison, and it would be injustice to pass him by, when I may mention him on the right. For, certainly, there never rose a happier genius, and a more absolute master of language and numbers. All his poems were extremely studied, and he made every thing he borrowed so much his own, that he improved the brightest passages of the Greeks and Romans, and repaid them with abundant interest.

Otway writes with so fine a spirit, with so perfect a command of our passions, his language is so very beautiful, and all his tender strains so very moving, in the most sensible words, that, perhaps, your Lordship will no where meet the passions touched with a more masterly hand, or expressed in more lively colours.

LETTER FROM DR. BERKENHOUT TO HIS SON.

———“ All the world is a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages.”———

I NEED not tell you, that these lines begin the admirable speech of *Jaques* in the second act of Shakespear's *As you like it*. These seven ages are, that of the infant, the school-boy, the lover, the soldier, the justice, the pantaloon, the second childhood. This division is poetically just; but it is not generally applicable. The three material *epochs* in the life of a man liberally educated, are—his admission at a grammar-school, his matriculation at a university, and his departure thence. These three periods, like the three primitive colours, are distinctly marked. Shakespear's seven ages resemble Sir Isaac Newton's seven prismatic tincts, four of which are intermediate shades, produced by the mixture of the primitive red, blue, and yellow.

You, my dear boy, have played your part in the first of these three acts of the great *drama* of life; and I hope your performance hath been such as to be no disgrace to the stage on which you appeared. In this act you have spent eight years of your terrestrial existence, with all the advantages of a public school. If it be true that, from the age of ten to eighteen, the mind is most capable of permanent impressions, it were rational to expect that a young gentleman, thus educated, should enter the university possessed of all the learning necessary to constitute the foundation of his future studies.

The public schools in this kingdom, professedly, teach nothing but the Greek and Latin languages; and even of these, at the expiration of seven or eight years, many of the lads have acquired a very superficial knowledge. They may perhaps be able to construe a few pages in the books that have been put into their hands; but are totally lost if you try them in a Greek or Latin au-

thor which they have never seen. Would not one be hence naturally led to imagine that these two dead languages are very difficult to learn?—Yet, you have the pleasure to know a young lady to whom Latin and Greek are perfectly familiar; who is likewise an arithmetician, an algebraist, a geometrician; plays the harpsichord very finely, sings well, dances in a superior style, and is, in short, with all her learning, mistress of every female accomplishment.

Now, though I am ready to acknowledge, that this singular accumulation of acquirements may, in a great degree, be ascribed to a superiority of capacity, it demonstrates, nevertheless, that wonderful effects may be produced by a proper mode of instruction.

The question, why boys learn so little during seven or eight years continuance at a public school, is not difficult of investigation. Half that period is consumed in vacations and single holidays. It should seem, therefore, that in our estimate of the *quantum* of learning, we must reduce eight years to four; but this were a false estimate; for, from these four years, we must subtract the time required to regain what has been absolutely forgotten and lost during the several total cessations from learning; and, on a very fair computation, this consideration will deduct two years from the four; so that our eight years are reduced to two; and I will venture to affirm that, under a better system, boys might, in two years, be taught all they usually learn, at any of our public schools, in eight.

There is another material impediment in the progress of a boy at a public school. I mean the gothic custom of suffering the under boys to be the servants, the slaves, of the upper. Regardless of the cruelty of subjecting a child to the irrational caprice of a lad of fifteen; regardless of the injury he must sustain in being constantly deprived, by the mandates of his tyrannical master, of the sleep which nature, at that age particularly, requires; regardless of that ignominious habit of servility which this infamous system must necessarily induce; regardless, I say, of these considerations, the menial services to which custom obliges him to attend, leave him little or no time for application to his book. What is the consequence? He is constantly flogged for neglect of that which it was not in his power to execute. There is no appeal. He dares not complain; *that* would but increase his sufferings. He submits to his hard fate, and, in respect to learning, his four first years are almost a total blank.—But I have filled my paper. Adieu!

MR. PARK'S STATEMENT OF VERBAL VARIATIONS

Between the *MS. Copy* and *Printed Poem* of

"THE FARMER'S BOY."

MR. EDITOR,

Jan. 18.

As it is not improbable that some of those invidious spirits who reluctantly allow to any popular writer the credit of having produced his own work, may hereafter report, to the disadvantage of Mr. Bloomfield, that his learned friend and editor was materially concerned in composing "THE FARMER'S BOY," I have taken the most effectual means in my power to counteract the injurious tendency of such report, by collating the printed poem with the author's original manuscript,* which had passed through the hands of Mr. Capel Lofft; and I transmit all the verbal variations which have been observed in the course of such collation, that they may be perpetuated on the pages of a miscellany which has been uniformly zealous in extending the well-earned reputation of our rural bard. I must also premise, what affects not the merits of the composition in any degree, that Capital Letters and Italic characters were supplied by Mr. Lofft, as were various defects in orthography and punctuation, which arose from the author's want of education, and of leisure fitly to supply that loss.

SPRING.

	<i>MS. Copy.</i>	<i>Printed Poem.</i>
<i>Page. Line.</i>		
3.	a. hover	hovers and hover'st.
	7. lowly tale	humble lines.
4.	14. those	these.
7.	65. summons—plough	summon—ploughs.
	66. blow	blows.
8.	93. traverse once	once transverse.
	98. pierce	breaks.
9.	116. a centinel	such centinels,
11.	135. Gave	Whence.
	144. bright	white.
12.	155. to clear	lighting.
	156. and give	Giving.
	161. a	the.
	163. Jiles	he.
13.	179. Subordination stage by stage	Subordinate they one by one.

* Now in the possession of Mr. Hill of Henrietta Street.

	<i>MS. Copy.</i>	<i>Printed Copy.</i>
<i>Page. Line.</i>		
14.	189. and	which.
15.	217. New milk around	Streams of new milk.
17.	250. and	or.
20.	297. Instinctively they haunt the home- ward gate	Bleating around the homeward gate they meet.
	SUMMER.	
28.	23. milder	closing,
	25. parches	pierces.
29.	34. Have	Has.
	44. evince its	evinces.
35.	143. loins	form.
39.	209. thy crest of	the crest-wav'd,
	220. brush them	brushes.
40.	244. And use	Using.
41.	249. lays himself	stretcht at ease.
45.	318. the	their.
48.	374. other than	now but.
	AUTUMN.	
57.	77. his—leisure	Giles—ease to.
58.	81. dust	bones.
59.	105. and the rose that blow	hence the tints that glow,
	106. with—glow	an—know.
60.	130. a	her.
61.	147. With	Her.
63.	173. and	next.
65.	216. And place	Placing.
71.	325. bestrewing round	are strewn around.
72.	343. capon	cockrel.
	WINTER.	
77.	5. or burns with thirst	partaking first.
	6. trust	thirst.
78.	17. dependant—low	the storm-pinch'd—lows.
	18. grow	grows.
80.	47. the world	for rest.
83.	103. ye.	you.
	116. every	all the.
85.	152. But	Their.
92.	264. traverse	passes.

<i>MS. Copy.</i>		<i>Printed Copy.</i>
<i>Page. Line.</i>		
96. 337.	First at whose birth	At whose first birth.
97. 352.	Paternal	Maternal.
99. 390.	Pierce the dark wood and brave the sultry plain	Wander the leaf-strewn wood, the frozen plain.
391.	Let field, and dim- pled brook, and flower and tree	Let the first flower, corn-waving field, plain, tree.

It will be seen, from this minute statement, that the editor's emendations were very inconsiderable, though most of them appear highly judicious, and many of them absolutely necessary, for the purpose of removing certain grammatical inaccuracies, which may be considered as freckles on the natural complexion of our Farmer's Boy.

I have been indulged with a similar opportunity of inspecting the MS. copy of those admirable "Tales, Ballads, and Songs," recently published by the same interesting poet; but the editor's hints for correction proved too few and too unimportant to authorise any public specification of them.

With an earnest hope that our English Burns will find some generous patron to raise him from the sphere of manual into that of mental occupation, I am,

Mr. Editor, your's, &c.

T. PARK.

High Street, Marybonne.

SIR BERTRAND.

A FRAGMENT.

—SIR Bertrand turned his steed towards the woulds, hoping to cross these dreary moors before the curfew. But ere he had proceeded half his journey, he was bewildered by the different tracks; and not being able, as far as the eye could reach, to espy any object but the brown heath surrounding him, he was at length quite uncertain which way he should direct his course. Night overtook him in this situation. It was one of those nights when the moon gives a faint glimmering of light through the thick black clouds of a lowering sky. Now and then she suddenly emerged in full splendour from her veil, and then instantly retired behind it; having just served to give the forlorn Sir Bertrand a wide-extended prospect over the desolate waste. Hope and native courage awhile urged

him to push forwards, but at length the increasing darkness and fatigue of body and mind overcame him; he dreaded moving from the ground he stood on, for fear of unknown pits and bogs, and alighting from his horse in despair, he threw himself on the ground. He had not long continued in that posture, when the sudden toll of a distant bell struck his ear—he started up, and turning towards the sound, discerned a dim twinkling light. Instantly he seized his horse's bridle, and with cautious steps advanced towards it. After a painful march, he was stopped by a moated ditch; surrounding the place from whence the light proceeded; and, by a momentary glimpse of moon-light, he had a full view of a large antique mansion, with turrets at the corners, and an ample porch in the centre. The injuries of time were strongly marked on every thing about it. The roof in various places was fallen in, the battlements were half demolished; and the windows broken and dismantled. A draw-bridge, with a ruinous gate way at each end, led to the court before the building—He entered, and instantly the light, which proceeded from a window in one of the turrets, glided along and vanished; at the same moment the moon sunk beneath a dark cloud; and the night was darker than ever. All was silent—Sir Bertram fastened his steed under a shed, and approaching the house, traversed its whole front with light and slow footsteps—All was still as death—He looked in at the lower windows, but could not distinguish a single object through the impenetrable gloom. After a short parley with himself, he entered the porch, and seizing a massy iron knocker at the gate, lifted it up, and, hesitating, at length struck a loud stroke—the noise resounded through the whole mansion with hollow echoes. All was still again—he repeated the stroke more boldly and louder—another interval of silence ensued—A third time he knocked, and a third time all was still. He then fell back to some distance, that he might discern whether any light could be seen in the whole front. It again appeared in the same place, and quickly glided away as before—at the same instant a dead sullen toll sounded from the turret. Sir Bertrand's heart made a fearful stop—he was a while motionless; then terror impelled him to make some hasty steps towards his steed, but shame stopt his flight; and urged by honour, and a resistless desire of finishing the adventure, he returned to the porch; and, working up his soul to a full steadiness of resolution, he drew forth his sword with one hand, and with the other lifted up the latch of the gate. The heavy door, creaking upon its hinges, reluctantly yielded to his hand—he applied his shoulder to it, and forced it open—he quitted it, and steep

forward—the door instantly shut with a thundering clap. Sir Bertrand's blood was chilled. He turned back to find the door, and it was long ere his trembling hands could seize it—but his utmost strength could not open it again. After several ineffectual attempts, he looked behind him, and beheld, across a hall, upon a large staircase, a pale bluish flame, which cast a dismal gleam of light around. He again summoned forth his courage, and advanced towards it—it retired. He came to the foot of the stairs, and, after a moment's deliberation, ascended. He went slowly up, the flame retiring before him, till he came to a wide gallery. The flame proceeded along it, and he followed in silent horror, treading lightly, for the echos of his footsteps startled him. It led him to the foot of another staircase, and then vanished. At the same instant another toll sounded from the turret—Sir Bertrand felt it strike upon his heart. He was now in total darkness, and, with his arms extended, began to ascend the second staircase. A dead cold hand met his left hand, and firmly grasped it, drawing him forcibly forward. He endeavoured to disengage himself, but could not—he made a furious blow with his sword, and instantly a loud shriek pierced his ears, and the dead hand was left powerless with his. He dropt it, and rushed forward with a desperate valour. The stairs were narrow and winding, and interrupted by frequent breaches, and loose fragments of stone. The stair-case grew narrower and narrower, and at length terminated in a low iron grate. Sir Bertrand pushed it open—it led to an intricate winding passage, just large enough to admit a person upon his hands and knees. A faint glimmering of light served to shew the nature of the place. Sir Bertrand entered—A deep hollow groan resounded from a distance through the vault. He went forwards, and proceeding beyond the first turning, he discerned the same blue flame which had before conducted him. He followed it. The vault, at length, suddenly opened into a lofty gallery, in the midst of which a figure appeared, completely armed, thrusting forwards the bloody stump of an arm, with a terrible frown and menacing gesture, and brandishing a sword in his hand. Sir Bertrand undauntedly sprung forwards; and aiming a fierce blow at the figure, it instantly vanished, letting fall a massy iron key. The flame now rested upon a pair of ample folding doors at the end of the gallery. Sir Bertrand went up to it, and applied the key to a brazen lock—with difficulty he turned the bolt—instantly the doors flew open, and discovered a large apartment, at the end of which was a coffin

nested upon a bier, with a taper burning on each side of it. Along the room, on both sides, were gigantic statues of black marble, attired in the Moorish habit, and holding enormous sabres in their right hands. Each of them reared his arm, and advanced one leg forwards, as the knight entered; at the same moment the lid of the coffin flew open, and the bell tolled. The flame still glided forwards, and Sir Bertrand resolutely followed, till he arrived within six paces of the coffin. Suddenly a lady in a shroud and black veil rose up in it, and stretched out her arms towards him—at the same time the statues clashed their sabres and advanced. Sir Bertrand flew to the lady, and clasped her in his arms—she threw up her veil, and kissed his lips; and instantly the whole building shook as with an earthquake, and fell asunder with a horrible crash. Sir Bertrand was thrown into a sudden trance, and on recovering found himself seated on a velvet sofa, in the most magnificent room he had ever seen, lighted with innumerable tapers, in lustres of pure crystal. A sumptuous banquet was set in the middle. The doors opening to soft music, a lady of incomparable beauty, attired with amazing splendour, entered, surrounded by a troop of gay nymphs more fair than the graces. She advanced to the knight, and, falling on her knees, thanked him as her deliverer. The nymphs placed a garland of laurel upon his head, and the lady led him by the hand to the banquet, and sat beside him. The nymphs placed themselves at the table, and a numerous train of servants entering, served up the feast: delicious music playing all the time. Sir Bertrand could not speak for astonishment—he could only return their honours by courteous looks and gestures. After the banquet was finished, all retired but the lady, who, leading back the knight to the sofa, addressed him in these words: — — — — —

CHARACTERS.

CHARACTER OF ANNE OF AUSTRIA*.

ANNE of Austria, Infanta of Spain, QueenDowager of France, and regent of the kingdom, had, together with a fine person, those amiable qualities which gain affection; she was liberal, generous, faithful to her promises, constant in her attachments, loved justice, and hated flattery. The goodness of her own heart, hindered her from

* Consort of Louis XIII. and mother to Louis XIV.

easily believing ill of others, and made her discern the faults of her friends, but, through a natural indolence, and a self-distrust, she, for the most part, let herself be so much influenced by those she esteemed, as to adopt their prejudices and espouse their passions. This was a defect that proved very injurious to her glory, and gave occasion to her enemies to accuse her of having *more obstinacy than resolution, more pride than elevation, and more superstition than piety*: In a word, *more of shew than of reality*. If some have doubted of her capacity, the greater part do concur in giving her this fine encomium, *That never any queen had a better heart*. She deserved this praise, not only on account of her benevolent disposition, but for her invariable adherence to the interest of the king her son. Never was there an instance of a queen in whom the matrimonial engagements so remarkably prevailed over those sentiments which birth inspires; the moment she became a French-woman she forgot that she was born a Spaniard.

PRINCE OF CONDE.*

LOUIS de Bourbon Prince of Condé, was one of the greatest men that France ever produced. In his very first campaigns he shewed himself equal to the most celebrated captains, and that he needed neither years nor long experience to make him an accomplished soldier. Nature had happily given him that quick sight which at one glance takes in all objects, presents them to the imagination without confusion, and dictates to the mind in the very moment what is best to be done. Full of a martial enthusiasm, he often seemed to act by a sudden inspiration, which made him despise dangers and break through all obstacles. Fiercely resolute in command, he husbanded neither the lives of his soldiers nor his own; and, in every engagement, intrepid to excess, seemed always determined to conquer or to die. He had an understanding sublime and profound, was eloquent, improved by letters, acquainted with the principal beauties of all the sciences that qualify for conversation, the cabinet, and the field. The strength of his genius equalled the vivacity of his spirit, which was at once full of light and heat. In the midst of his misfortunes he still preserved the hero, and when he had recovered the King's confidence, made the faults in a short interval in his life be forgot; becoming again, in a riper age, what he had been in his youth, the terror of Spain and of the Empire.

* Conde the great was one of the most celebrated generals of the last age.

CARDINAL MAZARIN.*

CARDINAL MAZARIN, of a temper no less mild, than that of Richelieu was violent, had an handsome person, and a majestic air; his manners were polite, his discourse insinuating, his conversation extremely pleasant and charming. The Queen was pleased with him at first, from a sympathy of characters, and he quickly became the soul of all her councils. He was impenetrable in his designs, disguised in his proceedings, artful in his intrigues, and often attained his ends by such ways as would seem to carry him wide of his mark. Notwithstanding that greediness of riches with which he is reproached, he was known in some nice circumstances to sacrifice the interests of his family to his master's glory. And though the genius of his politics was rather cunning than resolution, yet in critical and important occasions, he made no scruple to hazard all, and could face the most pressing dangers with an intrepid soul. The same man who dreaded the cabals in the Parliament of Paris, made himself courted by the greatest powers of Europe, even at the time of his disgrace. He had little knowledge in the fundamental laws of the kingdom, but was perfectly well versed in foreign affairs. He completed, by his abilities and by negotiations, what his predecessor had begun by force of arms. The methods he employed to raise the regal authority to its highest pitch, were also quite different. Richelieu found no other means to humble the nobles, than by a severity which often looked like cruelty; but Mazarin gained this point, by advising the king to enslave them by hopes, soften them by pleasures, and ruin them by luxury.

CARDINAL DE RETZ.

JEAN-FRANCOIS DE GONGY, coadjutor of Paris, afterwards Cardinal de Retz, discovered very early his restless spirit and propensity to faction, and was proud of being called *the Little Cataline*. Ambitious without measure, and courageous even to rashness, he knew no restraint, and was fearless of danger. To gain his point, he made use alternately of gallantry and politics, vice and virtue, religion and the passion. Quick, passionate, and of an unruly imagination; his schemes, though he had great penetration, and a vast extent of capacity, *always bordered upon the chimerical*: he was fond of all extraordinary projects, and endeavoured to put them in execution by methods the least common, and the fullest of artifice. The memoirs he has left behind him, give a pretty just idea of his cha-

* Prime Minister of France, during the regency of Anne of Austria.

rafter; he was in every respect, like his style, which is full of fire and smoke; he moves, he hurries you along, he intoxicates, but he very seldom enlightens or persuades. We must however do him the justice to confess, that virtue, victorious over the depravity of his heart, rectified, in the latter part of his life, all his vicious inclinations. Such were the principal actors who appeared in the feuds and divisions of the *Fronde* during the minority of Louis XIV.

THE ARTS.

MR. DESENFANS' ANSWER TO THE COMPLAINTS OF THE PAINTERS.

WE inserted, in our last number, a brief review of this gentleman's instructive and entertaining publication, his *DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE*; and it now appears, that some of his critical remarks have given offence to several artists in this branch of the fine arts. How they may be satisfied with his defence, or what measures of retaliation and aggression they may think proper to adopt, it is not for us to anticipate; but we feel little difficulty in saying, that his vindication is no less severe than his first attack, which gave rise to their objections and complaints.

To those painters whose talents have justly conferred celebrity on their works, the remarks of Mr. Desenfans cannot apply. They may say, with confidence and pride—

“Let the gall'd jade wince, our withers are unwrung!”

With this observation we shall content ourselves, and allow Mr. Desenfans to speak for himself; for, intimately connected as our publication is with the progress of refinement, and the improvement of taste, the subject is too important to be passed over without notice. The subject of his defence is divided into two heads.

“We are, in the first place, reproached with having degraded, in the eyes of the public, the whole body of painters, by accusing them, generally, of envy and jealousy. As we have alledged nothing slightly, or inserted any thing in the Catalogue, but what we believe to be strictly true, we should be wanting to ourselves were we to retract what we then advanced.—The fact is as follows:

“Having occasion, during the last autumn, to peruse the lives of the different painters, for the purpose of procuring the best information respecting the works we had to describe, we were struck by observing that many of the most celebrated masters had been suscep-

tible of so grovelling a passion as jealousy, and it reminded us of an observation that we had before made, of some artists of our own time, who are subject to the same infirmity : for we have not unfrequently witnessed the cruel pleasure that they have taken in degrading the works of their fellow artists, and with a warmth that nearly bordered on rage.

“ Far from intending injury to any one, we have avoided mentioning, or pointedly attacking, any individual ; but in contributing our endeavours to root out an evil, which has been of considerable injury to the most meritorious painters, and particularly to young students, who stand in need of every assistance and advice, we have, on the authority of those authors mentioned in our preface, taxed Lanfranc, Claude, Rubens, and Velasquez, with jealousy and envy. We, however, solemnly declare, we had no intention of alluding to those artists who have written to us on the subject ; on the contrary, we freely confess we are not aware of any resemblance that they bear in any respect whatever to those masters.

“ The next accusation against us is, our having said in No. 142, that *the art of painting admits of no middle degrees* ; by which assertion, they pretend we have discouraged a number of men, who never can rise above mediocrity.

“ We have indeed asserted what is perfectly true, and continue to say, that such painters will never be ranked amongst artists, notwithstanding the vast quantity of canvas, which, by a natural quickness of hand, they colour in the course of a twelvemonth ; and we appeal to those who are acquainted with the difficulties of the art, to the professional men who really aim at fame, and are reminded of its trouble and fatigue, by their daily painting, rubbing, effacing, and correcting works, with which they are themselves never pleased, till they are brought to a certain degree of perfection, by labour and great efforts of genius—On them we call to say whether our assertion is not just.

“ A set of men, styling themselves artists, without any claim to the appellation, and a set of tasteless collectors, who, satisfied with the most indifferent pictures, have filled their rooms at a few guineas expence, offended by our candour, have already raised the war-whoop against ourselves and a collection they have not yet seen. But we reflect on it with indifference, as we look forward with confidence, to the approbation of the true artist, and the impartial connoisseur. Far, therefore, from retracting what we have advanced about those pretended painters, who too frequently usurp the place of meritorious ones, we are more than ever convinced that their knowledge and a total ignorance are perfectly on a par.”

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

FLECTERE NON ODIUM COGIT, NON GRATIA SUADET.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Rural Tales, Ballads, and Songs. By Robert Bloomfield. Author of the *Farmer's Boy*. 4s. Verner & Hood. 1802.

It is now nearly two years since we were called to the agreeable task of reviewing our author's maiden production, "*The Farmer's Boy*," and it will be recollected by the readers of the *Mirror** that we there, with the assistance afforded by Mr. Bloomfield's brother, gave a very singular and interesting account of the poet's early years, occupations, means of improvement, and literary progress, to the completion of a poem which, as an exquisite transcript of nature, embellished with the most vivid and delicate touches of poetical genius, has, perhaps, under existing circumstance, never been equalled, and never will be surpassed. Its popularity, at the present moment, renders all further recommendation from us unnecessary, and we are confident that it will greatly please the numbers by whom its beauties have been admired, and its merits are confessed, to learn that its sale, extensive beyond parallel, has, to use Mr. Bloomfield's words, "produced him many essential blessings." Amidst the enjoyment of these blessings, we rejoice to find him not forgetful of that great and disinterested man, whose acute judgment taught him to esteem our poet's labours, and whose active benevolence led him to protect and raise them to that eminence on which they now stand. Many heroes have sunk to oblivion, needing the muse's aid, and such might have been Mr. Bloomfield's fate, had he not happily found so kind and able a Mæcenas. With more exultation, indeed, than *Virgil* of his *Pollio*, may our rural bard exclaim of Mr. Loft.

— Amat NOSTRAM, quamvis est RUSTICA, MUSAM!

But as

He best can paint 'em who shall feel 'em most,

let the poet's own language testify his sentiments of gratitude. "I speak not," says he in his preface, "of that gentleman as a public character, or as a scholar. Of the former I know but little, and of the latter nothing. But I know, from experience, and I glory in this fair opportunity of saying it, that his private life is a lesson of morality; his manners gentle, his heart sincere, and I regard it as one

* See M. M. for March 1800.

of the most fortunate circumstances of my life that my introduction to public notice fell to so zealous and unwearied a friend.*

Previous to our noticing the poems before us, it will not, perhaps, be held irrelevant to say a few words on the poetical taste of the day. Tacitus* may complain of the corruption of eloquence, and Voltaire† of the corruption of style, but they had little more to lament than we have, a sort of poetry that prevailed amongst us some years ago, whose ill-effects are still felt, and which has even yet its votaries. We allude to the Della Cruscan school, to those verses, "all sound and fury, signifying nothing," which have been read by our females and *Αχαιίδες ἢ καὶ Ἀχαιοί* with such avidity, and have so much vitiated their taste, that whatever is pure and lovely in unfading nature, is to them without beauty, base, and uninteresting. Be it the toil of other poets to please such critics; we hope Mr. Bloomfield will continue to disdain the attempt. Beside these there is another party on whom the lasting excellencies of natural description and the efforts of unsophisticated genius, are as sounds to the deaf, or colours to the blind. We mean those grave devotees to classical lore, who, fenced round with Aristotle, Longinus, and Quintillian, Homer, Theocritus, and Virgil, never venture to step out of their circle, and condemn all things beyond its bounds as heterodox and barbarous. With them the composition of Apollo himself would be vile, if *Richard and Kate*, or *Walter and Jane*, should be the subject; but let *Corydon* and *Thyrsis* appear with their *Phyllis* and *Galatea*, and there is inspiration in every line; and, though they act and talk as no villagers, shepherds, or peasants ever did, or ever will, 'tis all nature, all perfection! Enough of these. Let such proceed no further, but, bending their steps another way, cease to seek pleasure in this little volume.—It is not calculated to please those who have no feeling of nature, no heart open to simplicity and truth.

Our remarks on the poems that compose this work will necessarily be short, since the characters of one is that of all. They are, according to their title, *Rural Tales, Ballads, and Songs*, and may be characterized as the easy, lively, and natural effusions of a truly poetical mind, abounding in just observation on village life and manners, and invariably tending to support and inculcate the chastest principles of duty and morality.

It now remains with us (and it will be our Poet's best recom-

* De caussis corruptæ eloquentiæ. It is, perhaps, needless to say, that his title to this piece is disputed.

† Fragment sur la corruption du style. Vol. 7. 1st edit.

men-
mendation) to give some extracts from his book ; and as stories of
goblins are so much in vogue, we shall pass by such pieces as are
certainly more important and more deserving, to gratify our ghost-
enamoured readers with an apparition, in which they may safely
believe.

THE FAKENHAM GHOST.

A BALLAD.

1.

THE lawns were dry in Euston Park ;
(Here Truth* inspires my tale)
The lonely footpath, still and dark,
Led over Hill and Dale.

2

Benighted was an ancient Dattie,
And fearful haste she made
To gain the vale of Fakenham,
And hail its Willow shade.

3

Her footsteps knew no idler stops ;
But follow'd faster still ;
And echo'd to the darksome copse
That whisper'd on the hill ;

4

Where clam'rous Rocks, yet scarcely hush'd
Bespoke a peopled shade ;
And many a wing the foliage brush'd
And hov'ring circuits made.

5

The dappled herd of grazing Deer
That sought the shades by day,
Now started from her path with fear,
And gave the stranger way.

6

Darker it grew ; and darker fears
Came o'er her troubled mind ;
When now, a short quick step she hears
Come patting close behind.

7

She turn'd ; it stop'd !—nought could she see
Upon the gloomy plain ;
But, as she strove the Sprite to flee,
She heard the same again.

* This Ballad is founded on a fact. The circumstance occurred perhaps long
before I was born : but it is still related by my Mother, and some of the oldest
inhabitants in that part of the country. R. B.

8

New terror seiz'd her quaking frame :
For, where the path was bare,
The trotting Ghost kept on the same !
She mutter'd many a pray'r.

9

Yet once again, amidst her fright
She tried what slight could do ;
When through the cheating glooms of night,
A MONSTER stood in view.

10

Regardless of whate'er she felt,
It follow'd down the plain !
She own'd her sins, and down she knelt,
And said her pray'rs again.

11

Then on she sped : and hope grew strong,
The white park gate in view ;
Which pushing hard, so long it swung,
That *ghost* and all pass'd through.

12

Loud fell the gate against the post !
Her heart-strings like to crack :
For, much she fear'd the grisly ghost
Would leap upon her back.

13

Still on, pat, pat, the goblin went,
As it had done before :—
Her strength and resolution spent,
She fainted at the door.

14

Out came her husband, much surpris'd :
Out came her daughter dear :
Good-natur'd souls ! all unadvise'd
Of what they had to fear.

15

The candle's gleam pierc'd through the nig
Some short space o'er the green ;
And there the little trotting sprites,
Distinctly might be seen.

16

An *ass's foal* had lost its dam
Within the spacious park ;
And simple as the playful lamb,
Had follow'd in the dark.

17

No goblin he; nor imp of sin :
 No crimes had ever known.
 They took the shaggy stranger in,
 And rear'd him as their own.

18

His little hoofs would rattle round
 Upon the cottage floor ;
 The matron learn'd to love the sound
 That frighten'd her before.

19

A favourite the ghost became ;
 And, 'twas his fate to thrive :
 And long he liv'd and spread his fame,
 And kept the joke alive.

20

For many a laugh went through the vale ;
 And some conviction too :—
 Each thought some other goblin tale,
 Perhaps, was just as true.

The *Miller's Maid* is a delightful and interesting performance, but perhaps the latter incidents, though possible, are so little likely to take place in the manner they do, as to give too much the appearance of art to a narrative, otherwise in every way well conducted.

Market Night is, as Mr. Loft observes, "exquisitely and almost singularly pleasing, by the natural force and tenderness of the sweetness of the numbers, the easy, yet animated and characteristic beauty of the style and manner." We must remark, however, that it strongly reminds us of Thompson's *Peasant* perishing in the snow. The subject of the wood cut to the *Market Night*, is precisely described by Thomson :

" — For him th' officious wife prepares
 The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm."

WINTER.

As a specimen of Mr. B.'s humour, we cannot deny ourselves the gratification of citing a few verses at p. 104.

*On hearing of the translation of part of the Farmer's Boy into Latin,
 by the Rev. Mr. C——.*

Hey Giles! in what new garb art drest?
 For lads like you methinks a bold one ;
 I'm glad to see thee so carest ;
 But, hark ye !—don't despise your old one.

B 2

Thou'rt not the first by many a boy
 Who've found abroad good friends to own 'em;
 Then in such cases have shown their joy,
 E'en their own fathers have not known 'em.

And here we must terminate our review of a publication which cannot fail to prove highly acceptable to the almost innumerable admirers of the Farmer's Boy, and such as are not callous to unaffected pathos, and

Nature most beautiful when least adorn'd.

The work is accompanied by an engraved head of its author, and several wood cuts relating to the various pieces.

Extracts Moral and Sacred; or, a few Hints selected from the Writings of the Wise and Good, in Support of the Cause of Religion and good Order. By the Rev. D. Yonge, M. A. Vicar of Coerwood, Devon. 12mo. 3s. 6d. Rivington. 1800.

Dr. Stillingfleet's Letter to a Deist—the tenth and eleventh chapters of Burnet's Theory of the Earth—Levi's Defence of the Old Testament—together with farther extracts from Mr. De Luc, Locke, Bryant, Soame, Jennings, &c. &c. constitute this little volume. It is intended as an antidote to the blasphemies of Paine and other innovators on our glorious religion.

We sincerely wish the volume as extensive a circulation as its superior merits entitle it to receive.

The Sorrows of Love; a Poem. In three Books. Mundell and Son, Edinburgh. Longman and Rees, London. 1800. 4s. 1801.

The sons of Caledonia have been very conspicuous for their poetical excellence towards the close of the last century. Blacklock, Campbell, Thompson, and Burns will long be remembered, and their memories revered. The Sorrows of Love need not shrink from a comparison with many of our popular modern poets. It is an affectionate poem; and, *very appropriately*, inscribed to the PRINCESS OF WALES.

Adamina; a Novel. By a Lady. 2 Vols. 12mo. 7s. Verner and Hood, 1801.

A strong interest is excited by the perusal of this novel. The author has a just conception of the manners of life, and tells her story with considerable ingenuity.

Peace, a Poem; inscribed to the Right Hon. Henry Addington. By Thomas Dermody. 4to. 1s. 6d. Hatchard, 1801.

Notwithstanding this is evidently a hasty production, written on the spur of the occasion, for poets must eat, it bears marks of most superior genius, and will add to the reputation already so justly acquired by its author.

Letitia; or, the Castle without a Spectre. By Mrs. Hunter of Norwich. 4 vols. 12mo. 1l. 1s. Longman and Rees, 1801.

This is a performance of considerable cleverness and interest. The author has observed life in its various ramifications, with a curious and attentive eye. There is an accuracy in her remarks, seldom found in works of this description.

We recommend its perusal to our fair readers, as a novel calculated to amuse the fancy, and amend the heart.

The Microcosm. By the Author of Vicissitudes in Genteel Life. 3 vols. 12mo. 1l. Marwman. 1801.

The Microcosm is rather an odd and incongruous mixture of the grave and the gay. There is little offence in it, and there is equally little entitled to our praise.

A new Version of the Psalms of David, by Joseph Cottle. 4s. 12mo. Longman, 1801.

FROM the cold and prosaic psalmody of Sternhold to the animated and melodious hymnings of Cowper, numberless have been our metrical adumbrations of the Hebrew bard. Many of these have sunk into undeserved oblivion, while others of less comparative merit, have had the honour of being chosen for the use of Christian congregations. Among our neglected versions of the Psalms may be numbered those of King, Wither, Sandys, and Merrick, the latter of whom, as a modern lyrist, cannot be liable to an objection which has been urged against Watts and Cowper, that particular tenets were interwoven, which confined their respective paraphrases, to particular sects of Christians: yet Merrick, with all his beauty and accuracy, was unemployed, we believe, in any place of worship, until partially introduced by the discerning taste and musical recommendations of Mr. Tattersall.

Mr. Joseph Cottle, who is creditably known to the poetic world as the author of "Alfred," has here produced a new and entire version of the Psalms in various measures, with an uniform adherence

to the sense of the original, as it is conveyed in the Old Testament, for which he has assigned the following reason :

" If I had conformed to the language of the New Testament, and availed myself of that clear display of religious truth which was ' brought to light by the Gospel,' it might have added force to many passages, but I considered this as a species of anachronism which I was not justified in adopting, and I am not aware of having introduced any idea which is inconsistent with the general tenor of the Psalms :—compositions which strikingly exhibit the union that subsists between the Mosaic and Christian dispensations, and which will prove, to the latest ages, inexhaustible sources of instruction and comfort, in almost every state of mind to which man is subject."

Since Mr. Cottle did not feel justified in departing so much from his text, as to blend the doctrines of the *New* with those of the *Old* Testament, we have no right to find fault with his plan, though Dr. Watts and others have evinced that such an union as he has rejected, may be rendered a source of pleasing contemplation to every pious reader. We shall exhibit a specimen of the manner in which Mr. C. has executed his laudable task, by printing the shortest psalm ; and it may relieve us from the necessity of delivering our own judgment, by contrasting it with the versions of several predecessors.

PSALM CXVII.

God's praise, ye nations, all declare,
The Lord, ye people, all adore ;
For large to us his mercies are,
His truth endures for evermore.

Wüher.

You nations of the earth
Our great Preserver praise :
All you of human birth
To heaven his glory raise ;
Whose mercy hath
No end nor bound ;
His promise crown'd
With constant faith,

Sandys.

Let thy various realms, O earth !
Praises yield to Heav'n's high lord !
Praise him, all of human birth,
And his wondrous acts record.

See his mercy o'er our land
Spread its ever-healing wing,
And his truth through ages stand ;
Praise, O praise, th' eternal king !

Merrick.

Give to the Lord your noblest praise,
 His matchless power proclaim :
 Let every tongue and people raise
 An altar to his name.

The mercies of the Lord are great,
 Returning every hour :
 On those, who on their Maker wait,
 He will his blessings shower.

Whilst all material things decay,
 Or boast an empty name ;
 When endless years are swept away,
 The Lord is still the same.

Cottle.

Bread; or, the Poor. A Poem. With Notes and Illustrations. By Mr. Pratt, Author of Sympathy, Gleanings, &c. London, Longman and Rees, and Becket and Meyler, Bath. 4to. 7s. 1801.

As we are apt to transfer the favour or disgust we feel from the character in the drama to the actor who represents it, so frequently does our admiration of a work receive a tinge from the subject. Yet, if we can at all analyse our feelings, the delight we have received from reading the poem before us, has been little influenced by this consideration. The benevolence of the design, indeed, would sanctify an inferior effort of the muse ; but Mr. Pratt's poetry does not stand in need of this prejudice, however amiable, to support it. In many places we find much of the harmony of Goldsmith's versification, with a fancy peculiarly the author's own. In other parts, we perceive that generous indignation hurled against oppressors of every description, expressed in appropriate numbers, which evidently flowed from the writer's heart, and has reached ours.

The plan is most happily chosen, and embraces every object, either intimately or collaterally connected with the subject. Various are the pictures, taken from real life. The family scene, at page 77, will come home to the bosom of all who have experienced the bliss of domestic life, surrounded by a beloved offspring :

For still from you to nature's latest hour,
 The little cares preserve their magic power.

The appeal to the rich in favour of the poor is extremely animated. The lower classes certainly ought to be bound to the performance of patient duties, by the all-powerful tie of interest. The advantage of giving the labourer a house and a little domain, is

beautifully enforced ; and the delineation of the feelings of such a person, on comparing his humble cot with more splendid mansions, who

Shall gaze unenvying on the rich domain,
Yet of his own a fonder sense retain,

is not only founded in nature, but in truth and just observation.

The portrait of Lucius, exemplifying the agonizing distresses of birth, character, and education struggling with poverty, is truly a subject for the heart of sensibility. On the other hand, the upstart pride of farmer gentlemen, and the affected politeness of farmer ladies, will alternately excite sensations of scorn and laughter.

The Notes are well selected, and corroborate the principal positions in the poem.

The work is handsomely printed on fine paper. We should have been glad, indeed, to have seen greater typographical accuracy ; but this may be attended to in a future edition.

Glign-Gamena Angel-Dead ; or, the Sports and Pastimes of the People of England : including the Rural and Domestic Recreations, May-Games, Mummeries, Pageants, Processions, and pompous Spectacles, from the earliest Period to the present Time : Illustrated by Engravings selected from ancient Paintings, in which are represented most of the Popular Diversions. By Joseph Strutt. 4to. 3l. 3s. White. 1801.

THIS very curious and novel publication is not less distinguished by judicious arrangement than extensive research. Mr. Strutt, with his wonted industry and zeal, as an historical antiquary, has here undertaken to give a general view of our national manners, by exhibiting a chronological display of the sports and pastimes of our ancestors. For the accomplishment of this arduous undertaking, he has had recourse to a prodigious variety of MS. authorities in public and private libraries, from which he has been enabled to ornament and illustrate his work by copies faithfully taken from original delineations of rural exercises, civic pastimes, or domestic amusements. These, indeed, as early specimens of the art of design have nothing to recommend them to a modern eye, but as portraiture of the usages of our forefathers, they become interesting and valuable, because they not only elucidate many obsolete customs, but lead to the explanation of many obscurities in the records of former ages.

In an "Introduction," of 50 pages, Mr. S. takes a general sur-

vey of the popular sports, pastimes, and military games, together with the various spectacles of mirth or splendour, exhibited publicly or privately, for the sake of amusement, at different periods, in England. He commences his examination from the conquest of Britain by the Romans, and pursues it through the Saxon and Norman æras, adverting, as occasion leads him, to the pageantries of our continental neighbours, till he explores his way progressively from the time of Henry VII. through the reigns of his regal successors. In an old play, entitled 'The Historie of Promos and Cassandra,' written during the period of Queen Elizabeth, one of the pageants is thus whimsically described :—

' They have Hercules of monsters conquering ;
Huge great giants, in a Forrest, fighting
With lions, bears, wolves, apes, foxes, and grayes,
Baiards and brookes :---oh, these be wond'rous frayes !'

"In the foregoing quotation," says Mr. Strutt, "we have not the least necessity to make an allowance for poetical licence: the historians of the time will justify the poets, and perfectly clear them from any charge of exaggeration; and especially Hall, Grafton, and Holinshed, who are exceedingly diffuse on this and such like popular subjects. The latter has recorded a very curious piece of pantomimical trickery, exhibited at the time that the princess Mary went in procession through the city of London, the day before her coronation :—'At the upper end of Gracechurch-street there was a pageant made by the Florentines; it was very high, and on the top there stood foure pictures; and in the midst of them, and the highest, there stood an angell, all in greene, with a trumpet in his hand; and when the trumpetter, who stood secretlie within the pageant, did sound his trumpet, the angell did put his trumpet to his mouth, as though it had been the same that had sounded.' And this author, speaking of the spectacles exhibited at London, when Philip King of Spain, with Mary his consort, made their public entry into the city, calls them, in the margin of his Chronicle, '*the vaine pageant of London*;' and he uses the same epithet twice in the description immediately subsequent.—'Now,' says he, 'as the King came to London, and as he entered at the drawbridge, [on London Bridge] there was a vaine great spectacle, with two images representing two giants, the one named *Corinens*, and the other *Gog-Magog*, holding betweene them certeine Latin verses, which, for the vaine ostentation of flatterye, I overpasse.—He then adds: 'From

the bridge they passed to the conduit in Gracious-street, which was finely painted; and among other things were the nine worthies: of these King Henry VIII. was one. He was painted in harness, [armour] having in one hand a sword, and in the other hand a booke, whereupon was written *Verbum Dei*. He was also deliveringe, as it were, the same booke to his sonne King Edward VI. who was painted in a corner by him.' This device, it seems, gave great offence; and the painter, at the Queen's command, was summoned before the Bishop of Winchester, then Lord Chancellor, where he met with a severe reprimand, and was ordered to erase the inscription; to which he readily assented, and was glad to have escaped at so easy a rate from the peril that threatened him: but in his hurry to remove the offensive words, he rubbed out the whole booke and part of the hand that held it."

These motley displays of pomp and absurdity were never more fashionable than in the sixteenth century, and especially during the reign of Henry VIII. His daughter Elizabeth appears to have been equally pleased with this species of pageantry, which therefore was constantly provided for her amusement by the nobility, whom she visited in her excursions to various parts of the kingdom. From one of the most splendid of these entertainments, which was given by the Earl of Leicester, in 1575, at Kenelworth, and described in a small pamphlet, entitled "The Princely Pleasures at Kenelworth Castle," Mr. S. has given an abstract. The account may be seen at large in the "Progresses and public Processions of Queen Elizabeth," edited by Mr. Nichols, Vol. i.

Mr. Strutt's work is divided into four books: 1. Rural exercises practised by persons of rank. 2. Rural exercises generally practised. 3. Pastimes usually exercised in towns and cities, or places adjoining to them. 4. Domestic amusements of various kinds, and pastimes appropriated to particular seasons: with an appendix, descriptive of the engravings which accompany the work.

The contents of the several books will be so interesting to antiquarian readers, and form so complete an analysis of the production, that we shall offer no apology for giving them in detail.

BOOK I.

CHAP. I.—Hunting more ancient than hawking—State of hunting among the Briton—The Saxons expert in hunting—The Danes also—And the Normans—Their tyrannical proceedings—The progress of this sport—Laws relating to hunting—Hunting followed by the clergy—The manner in which they pursued this pastime—The English ladies fond of hunting—The privileges of the citizens of London to hunt—Private privileges for hunting—Two treatises on hunting considered—The names of beasts to be hunted—Wolves not all destroyed in Edgar's

time—Dogs for hunting—Various methods of hunting—Terms used in hunting—Times when to hunt.

CHAP. II.—Hawking practised by the nobility—Its origin not well known—A favourite amusement with the Saxons—A romantic story relative to hawking—The Grand Falconer of France, his state and privileges—Edward the Third partial to hawking—The ladies fond of hawking—Its decline—How it was performed—The embellishments of the hawk—Treatises concerning hawking—Laws respecting hawks—Their great value—The different species of these birds, and their appropriation—Terms used in hawking—Fowling and fishing—The Stalking Horse described—Lowbelling.

CHAP. III.—Horse-racing known to the Saxons—Races in Smithfield, and why—Races, when practised—The Chester races—Stamford races—Value of running horses—Highly prized by the poets—Horse-racing commended as a liberal pastime—Charles the Second and other monarchs encouragers of horse-racing—Races upon Colleshill-heath.

BOOK II.

CHAP. I. The English famous for their skill in archery—The use of the bow known to the Saxons and Danes—The form of the Saxon bow—Archery improved by the Normans—The ladies fond of archery—Observations relative to the cross-bow—Its form, and the manner in which it was used—Bows ordered to be kept—The decay of archery, and why—Ordinances in its favour—The fraternity of St. George established—The price of bows—The necessary utensils for archery, and directions for its practice—The marks to shoot at—The length of the bow and arrows—Extraordinary performances of the archiers—The modern archers inferior to the ancient in long-shooting—The Duke of Shore-ditch, why so called—Grand procession of the London archers—A good archer, why called Arthur—Hard guns, and other weapons of like kind—Prizes given to the archers.

CHAP. II. Sliding of stones an ancient art—Known to the Saxons and Normans—How practised of late years—Throwing of weights and stones with the hand—Casting of the bar and hammer—Of spears—Of quoits—Swinging of dumb bells—Foot races—The game of base—Wrestling much practised formerly—Prizes for—How performed—Swimming—Sliding—Skating—Rowing—Sailing.

CHAP. III. Hand-ball, an ancient game—The ball, where said to be invented—Used by the Saxons and by the school-boys of London—Tennis Courts erected—Tennis fashionable in England—A famous woman-player—Hand-ball played for Tansy Cakes—Fives—Balloon-ball—Stool-ball—Hurling—Foot-ball—Camp-ball—Golf—Cambuc—Bandy-ball—Stow-ball—Pall-mall—Ring-ball—Club-ball—Crickett—Trap-ball—Northern-spell—Tip-cat.

[To be continued.]

Lectures on Painting, delivered at the Royal Academy, March 1, 1801. By Henry Fuseli, P. P. with additional Observations and Notes. 12s. Johnson. London. 1801. (Concluded from page 396. Vol. XII.)

Mr. Fuseli is learned even to redundancy, and his style exhibits all the stores of profound erudition, though not uncontaminated

with the ridiculousness of pedantry, or exempt from the confusion of metaphor, and perplexity of expression which result from an unbounded copiousness of matter, not presided over by a strictly regulated judgment. In the following period the lecturer seems to have descended to the mean artifice of surprising the vulgar auditor (if vulgar auditors can be found in the Royal Academy) by the jingle of names, lugged in for the mere purposes of vanity and ostentation. "Vasari fancies to have discovered in the last judgment of *Michael Angelo*, traces of imitation from the *Lunetta*, painted by *Luca*, in the church of the *Madonna*, at *Orvieto*; but the powers which animated him there, and before at *Arezzo*, are no longer visible in the Gothic medley with which he filled two compartments in the chapel of *Sixtus IV.* at *Rome*."

The following paragraph contains all the faults of the former, with some peculiar to itself. "The heterogeneous principle of the eclectic school, soon operated its own dissolution: the great talents which the *Carracci* had tutored, soon found their own bias, and abandoned themselves to their own peculiar taste. *Barto Schidone*, *Guido Reni*, *Giovanni Lanfranco*, *Francesco Barbieri*, called *Guerino*, differed as much in their objects of imitation as their names."

But if the sweet sound of Italian names reconcile the ear to the foregoing, what organ can endure a period of a mile confused, perplexed, and rendered almost unutterable, by a needless complication of German and Italian appellatives? "*Lucas* of *Leyden* was the Dutch caricature of *Albert*; but the forms of *Aldegraver*, *Sebald Beheim*, and *George Pentz*, appear to have been the result of careful inspection of *Marc Antonio's* prints from *Raphael*, of whom *Pentz* was a scholar; and ere long, the style of *Michael Angelo*, as adopted by *Pelegrino Tibaldi*, and spread by the graver of *Georgio Mantuano*, provoked those caravans of German, Dutch, and Flemish students, who, on their return from Italy, at the courts of *Prague* and *Munich*, in *Flanders* and the *Netherlands*, introduced that preposterous manner, the bloated excrescence of swampy brains, which in the form of man left nothing human, distorted action and gesture with insanity of affectation, and dressed the gewgaws of children in colossal shapes; the style of *Golzius* and *Spranger*, *Heynz* and *Ab Ach*: but, though content to feed on the husks of *Tuscan's* design; they imbibed the colour of *Venice*, and spread the elements of that excellence which distinguished the succeeding schools of *Flanders* and of *Holland*."

We shall conclude our instances of faulty style, with a metaphor so strangely mixed, that it would form no obscure part in a lecture

on the art of writing ill. "Guercino broke like a torrent, over all academic rules, and with an ungovernable itch of copying whatever lay in his way, sacrificed mind, form, and costume, to effects of colour, fierceness of chiaroscuro, and intrepidity of hand."

Let not the reader, however, imagine, that these errors in composition are characteristic of Fuseli's style. They are the spots which shew the more conspicuously on the satin vest; they are the negligences or the over-laboured trifles which occasionally disfigure, but do not depreciate an exquisite picture. Were it necessary to compensate for these few errors by exquisite passages, great numbers could be produced; we content ourselves, however, with the elegant, though, perhaps, too ample homage to the genius of Rembrandt. "Shakspeare alone excepted, no one combined with so much transcendent excellence, so many, in all other men unpardonable faults---and reconciled us to them. He possessed the full empire of light and shade, and of all the tints that float between them: he tinged his pencil with equal success in the cool of dawn, in the noon-day ray, in the livid flash, in evanescent twilight, and rendered darkness visible. Though made to bend a steadfast eye on the bolder phenomena of nature; yet he knew how to follow her into her calmest abodes, gave interest to insipidity or baldness, and plucked a flower in every desert. None ever like Rembrandt knew how to improve an accident into a beauty, or give importance to a trifle. If ever he had a master he had no followers; Holland was not made to comprehend his power. The succeeding school of colourists were content to tip the cottage, the hamlet, the boor, the ale-pot, the shambles and the haze of winter, with orient hues, or the glow of setting summer suns."

Many of Fuseli's definitions of terms are extremely correct and happy, as *nature*, *grace*, *taste*, and his distinctions judicious without the affectation of subtilty, as those between *copy* and *imitation*; *style* and *manner*. From his rules and observations of general criticism we select two no less useful and important than justly conceived and expressed. The one cautions the student against the captious desire of confounding the style of masters by officiously intruding their casual aberrations into the point of view which ought to be occupied by their general characteristics. "Form not your judgment of an artist, he says, from the exceptions which his conduct may furnish from the exertions of accidental vigour, from deviations into other walks, or from unpremeditated flights of fancy; but from the predominant rule of his system, the general principle of his works. The line and style of Titian's design, sometimes expand themselves

like those of Michael Angelo. His Abraham prevented from sacrificing Isaac ; his David adoring over the giant-trunk of Goliath ; the Friar escaping from the murderer of his companion in the forest, equal in loftiness of conception and style of design, their mighty tone of colour and daring execution : the heads and groups of Raphael's frescos and portraits sometimes glow and palpitate with the tints of Titian, or coalesce in masses of harmony and undulate with graces superior to those of Correggio ; who, in his turn, once reached the highest summit of invention, when he embodied silence and personified the mysteries of love in the voluptuous group of Jupiter and Io ; and again exceeded all competition of expression in the divine features of his Ecce-Homo. But these sudden irradiations, these flashes of power, are only exceptions from their wonted principles ; pathos and character own Raphael for their master ; colour remains the domain of Titian, and harmony the sovereign mistress of Correggio.

Another rule of criticism, with which we shall close this protracted article, may serve to caution the reader against the folly of coming with prepared admiration to the contemplation of a subject, and thus betraying himself into an absurd exaggeration of beauties, or a laboured discrimination totally incompatible with the style, or inconsistent with the main design of the artist. " From these observations on the collateral and unsolicited beauties which must branch out from the primary expression of every great idea, it will not, I hope, be suspected, that I mean to invalidate the necessity of its unity, or to be the advocate of pedantic subdivision. All such division diminishes, all such mixtures impair the simplicity and clearness of expression : in the group of the Laocoon, the frigid ecstasies of German criticism have discovered pity like a vapour swimming on the father's eyes ; he is seen to suppress, in the groan for his children, the shriek for himself—his nostrils are drawn upward, to express indignation at unworthy sufferings, whilst he is said, at the same time, to implore celestial help. To these are added the winged effects of the serpent-poison, the writhings of the body, the spasms of the extremities : to the miraculous organization of such expression, Agesander, the sculptor of the Laocoon, was too wise to lay claim. His figure is a class, it characterizes every beauty of virility verging on age ; the prince, the priest, the father are visible, but absorbed in the man, serve only to dignify the victim of one great expression ; though poised by the artist, for us to apply the compass to the face of the Laocoon, is to measure the wave fluctuating in the storm : this tempestuous front, this contracted brow, the immersion of these

eyes, and, above all, that long drawn mouth, arc, separate and united, seats of convulsion, features of nature struggling within the jaws of death."

Sketches of some of the Southern Counties of Ireland, collected during a Tour in the Autumn 1797. In a Series of Letters. By George Holmes. Embellished with Plates engraved by Alken, from Drawings by the Author. 8vo. 9s. Boards. Longman and Rees.

Every effort to unite Great Britain and Ireland in a solid bond of union demands our warmest praise and support; nothing more immediately conduces to this desirable end than mutual confidence, which alone can arise from a reciprocal and intimate acquaintance. On this basis only can we expect to raise the structure of aggregated power, and contemplate the future indivisibility of the empire. Among the numerous publications which characterize this literary age, we have long and ardently sought for some impartial account of the sister-kingdom; its topography is but imperfectly known; and our acquaintance with its history and antiquities is equally confined. Toward the acquisition of these desiderata, the author has materially contributed.

It seldom falls to the lot of a tourist, to be enabled to blend the happy powers of the painter with the efforts of the pen: in this Mr. Holmes (from his professional knowledge of the art) is particularly fortunate. His descriptions of the great features of that romantic country are conceived in enthusiasm, and guided by a painter's hand. The lines are drawn with energy, and coloured with fervour.

However, while we express our approbation of this work on the whole, we wish he had dwelt more particularly on the local manners of the present inhabitants, and had been more copious with regard to the existing state of the country. Investigation of matters of antiquity, and admiration of the natural beauties of the island, have occupied the greatest part of his attention, nearly to the exclusion of commerce and manufactures.

DRAMATIC.

The Maid of Lochlin: a lyrical Drama. With Legendary Odes and other Poems. By William Richardson, A. M. Professor of Humanity in the University of Glasgow. 8vo. Verner and Hood, 1801.

This drama, to which Professor Richardson has given the singular title of *lyrical*, is taken from the poem of Fingal, attributed to Ossian: but the learned author wishes it not to be inferred from this circumstance, that he believes in the full authenticity of all the per-

formances ascribed to the Gaëlic bard. Nor does he think it derogatory to their acknowledged merit, or to the honour of Scotland, to suppose them chiefly the work of an ingenious Caledonian, enlightened with the literature of the present age, rather than of a Caledonian in the second or third century. Whether the subject or basis on which the present drama is founded, be ascribed to Ossian or Macpherson, we shall not long pause to enquire, since the superstructure is beautifully poetic and classically correct. The northern mythology has been employed throughout with admirable effect; while the numerous airs and chorusses assigned to the bard Ullin and to the priests of Odin, partake of the lyre's high-sounding harmony in the dramas of Elfrida and Caractacus.

The Legendary Odes, &c. will not diminish their author's well-established fame. We must indulge ourselves in extracting a few stanzas from his interesting "verses on the prospect of Britain. Written at Eton College."

"To thee my filial bosom beats,
On thee may heaven indulgent smile,
And glad thy innocent retreats,
And bless thee, lovely Aberfoyle.*
How pleasing to my pensive mind
The memory of the bold cascade!
Thy green-woods waving to the wind!
And streams in every vocal glade!

The simple church, the school-house green,
The gambols of the school-boy crew,
Meadows, and pools that gleam between,
Rush on my recollective view:
Shades, too, and lanes, by old age sought
To wander in at close of day,
To ruminate the pious thought,
And pray for children far away.

Hail, Windsor, hail! a stranger greets
Thy lofty towers, thy lawns, and groves:
Freedom reveres the gay retreats;
The Muse thy silvan shelter loves.
And must I leave th' enchanting scene,
To hear the prison'd Baltic roar?
And Thames's willow'd margin green
Relinquish, for a Scythian shore.

O blind to Truth's unerring light,
Who tread the paths of guilty care;
Who climb ambition's giddy height;
And think that Peace may sojourn there!

* A picturesque valley in the most southern district of Perthshire.

She dwells not on the mountain's brow,
 Tho' crown'd with many a fulgent tower:
 Sequester'd in the vale below,
 She weaves, unseen, her silvan bower.

O, Virtue, guided by thy ray,
 My wishes by thy power rein'd,
 Still may I hold the onward way,
 And so enjoy sweet peace of mind!
 And when my wand'ring days are fled,
 I'll seek again my native stream;
 If kind affection be not dead:
 And Fancy yield no pleasing dream.

Mary Stewart, Queen of Scots, an historical Drama. 3vols. Edinburgh, Mandells. London, Longman. 1801.

The life and death of Mary Queen of Scots has been rendered so familiar to every Briton, by poets, historians, and even dramatists, that, to give an air of novelty to the incidents of her ill-fated story, or to impart additional interest to them by poetic language and stage effect, is a task of no easy attainment. The limitations of history become despotic restraints upon the freedom of imagination. By the present anonymous writer, much ingenuity, however, is shewn in the management of his drama, and much characteristic spirit is displayed in portraying the rival-queens. The monotonous tones of tragedy are also skilfully varied by the introduction of two scenes, where burghesses and gypsies form parts of the dramatis personæ. The following song, in the character of a Queen of the Fairies, will afford an agreeable instance of the author's taste and fancy.

When the moon shines all so bright,
 That flower-bells open to her light,
 Round about the hawthorn tree
 We fairies dance right merrily,
 Merrily, merrily.

And when the fickle beam retires,
 What care we—our frolic quires
 Around the glow-worm's moving lustre,
 Still in sportive revels muster,
 Merrily, merrily,
 Beneath the hawthorn tree;

So light we tread, no flower we crush,
 Nor break the deep ear-soothing hush;
 You might, so noiseless is our tread,
 Hear gossamers o'er flow'rets spread,
 All 'neath the hawthorn tree,

Ere summer flies, in wat'r yep!^d
 Between two waves of gentle swell,
 We're tripping borne across the deep;
 But still our nightly sports we keep,
 So merrily, so merrily,
 On the smooth-rolling sea.

Shakespeare's King Henry the Fifth, an historical Play, revised by J. P. Kemble, and now first published as it is acted by their Majesties Servants of the Theatre-Royal Drury-Lane, Dec. 14, 1801. Lowndes, Drury-Lane, and all the Booksellers. 1s. 6d.

The utility of Kemble's edition of Shakespeare's plays, as they are acted at the Theatre-Royal Drury-Lane, is unquestionable. Shakespeare, our magnificent and adorable Shakespere, wrote in an age of less general refinement than this; but his dross would, in other writers, be almost a beauty, and therefore a greater share of delicate taste is requisite to expunge those passages not according to our interpretation consonant with the great whole. Kemble is doubly armed for this important task. Possessing a mind of exquisite refinement, an experimental knowledge of what is superfluous, and what must tell, he has so condensed Shakespeare's plays, without a jot of alteration or addition to the original text, as to render them a desideratum, especially with provincial actors and managers, for whose express use, as we have often observed, they are intended.

Mary Stuart, a Tragedy. By Frederick Schiller. Translated into English, by J. C. M. Esq. 8vo. 4s. 6d. Escher, 1802.

There is little deviation from history in this highly spirited drama. We have, indeed, an interview between Elizabeth and Mary, in which the former betrays a wanton and unfeeling nature, exceeding all we have ever read of her real character, while Mary exhibits a firm and undaunted spirit, the result of conscious innocence. This scene is unauthorised by history; still it adds to the effect of the tragedy, which is undoubtedly written with great spirit. The translation, with regard to the idiom, is but indifferently executed, notwithstanding it was done under the inspection of the author.

The School for Prejudice: a Comedy in five Acts. Performed at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden. By Thomas Dibdin. 2s. Longman and Rees 1801.

This comedy was originally produced in three acts, under the title of Liberal Opinions; and its success induced Mr. Harris to request the author would extend it to five acts, which he has done with infinite advantage to the piece.

THE BRITISH STAGE.

IMITATIO VITAE, SPECULUM CONSUETUDINIS, IMAGO VERITATIS. *Cicero.*
 The Imitation of LIFE---The Mirror of MANNERS---The Representation of TRUTH.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES

RESPECTING

THE STAGE, AND THE ACTORS OF THE OLD SCHOOL,

WITH REMARKS ON

MR. MURPHY'S "LIFE OF GARRICK."

BY TATE WILKINSON, ESQ.

" We talk of beauties which we never saw,
 " And fancy raptures that we never knew."

[Continued from p. 334, vol. xii.]

NOW I come to a serious occurrence in theatrical history; that is, the history of the fate of *The Chinese Festival*, and all the disturbances as they regularly, and irregularly, occurred. And after that relation, I think Mr. Murphy will not only correct, but be truly angry with himself, for not having acquired more accurate information before he gave his very particular account of that business. The festival was prepared at immense expence, and with the utmost attention. I did not give a minute description of that disagreeable event in my Memoirs; for so much had been said and written about it, I judged it would be mere tautology to enlarge upon the subject, though I gave a full account of Garrick's first appearance in *Archer* when the riot had subsided, on Friday, November 21st, 1755. On examination, I find Mr. Victor's account of that affray to be very incorrect. The rooted prejudice that John Bull had taken against a few French dancers engaged in the autumn of 1755, was truly ridiculous. The various intelligence daily conveyed to Garrick, greatly alarmed his 'perturbed spirit.' The affair took place during Mr. Murphy's second season as an actor on the stage, and which was his last: he was that year engaged by Garrick, in consequence of his loss of Mossop, who had engaged on high terms at Dublin. Barry at that time returned to his former situation at Covent-Garden; and Mr. Murphy filled Mr. Mossop's principal office of state in the theatrical dominion of Drury-Lane. On Saturday November the 8th, Mr. Garrick being apprehensive of the seriously threatened tumult to oppose the exhibition of the Festival, made strong interest to obtain a command by his Majesty King

George the Second, on that evening ; thinking such a protection and high patronage would convince the million that nothing improper or inimical to the interests of Englishmen could be intended, (though in a time of war), and that they would feel assured, that a few scattered Frenchmen would not eat up all their good roast beef and plumb-pudding. But at Mr. Murphy's relation, of that business, "I pause in wonder, and am in amazement lost!"—for, to make use of the Governor's words, in Mr. Sheridan's Critic, "*The Spanish fleet thou could'st not see, BECAUSE 'T WAS NOT IN SIGHT.*" Mr. Murphy says, that Garrick, thinking to avert the impending storm, and as the King, at that time, had never seen him act, &c. &c.* Now, though I do not mean to convey an idea that Mr. Murphy artfully fabricated this story with intention to deceive, I do say it must have originated in error and egregious mistake. First, can Mr. Murphy, on a second thought, suppose, (as his Majesty went constantly to the play ten or twelve times in the year, and in general to Drury-Lane, as the King's Theatre, and the performers of which are styled his Majesty's company of comedians, while those of Covent-Garden are called only the company of comedians,) that he had not before this period seen Mr. Garrick act?† Now, Garrick having acted from October 1741, in high fame, until the end of May 1747, and in September the same year (1747) having entered as manager of his Majesty's company at Drury-Lane Theatre, (a space, to November 1755, of full fourteen years) I again repeat, is it probable that he never, in that number of years, should have seen Garrick? but a few lines will establish the fact. His Majesty had seen Mr. Garrick act long before Mr. Murphy's account of the Chinese Festival; he commanded the play of the Stratagem, (Archer by Mr. Garrick) with the dance of the Savoyard Travellers, Saturday March 17th, 1750, for the benefit of Madame Auretti, a celebrated dancer from the Opera-house, which was the last time of her appearing on the stage; and be it remarked, that I believe it was unprecedented at that time, as it is at present, for the

* "Garrick was alarmed, but still thought he could avert the impending storm. *The king had never seen him act*: this he stated to the Duke of Grafton, then Lord Chamberlain, and made it his request to have the honour of appearing before his Majesty, when, according to custom, on the day of opening the session of parliament, he honoured the playhouse with his presence. The favour was granted, and Richard III. was announced by command." Vol. I. page 278.

† His Royal Highness Frederick, Prince of Wales, very seldom honoured Drury-Lane theatre with his presence; his patronage was bestowed on Covent-Garden: chiefly, I believe, on account of Mr. Quin, of whose acting himself and princess had the highest opinion.

King to command a benefit play at either of the London Theatres. His Majesty also commanded Garrick's revived alteration of the *Chances*, in which Mr. G. acted Don John. This was on Tuesday the 19th of November 1754. But to return to the *Chinese Festival*, Garrick having ventured on the intended Festival at unprecedented expence, he certainly could not give up the idea of bringing the favourite brat to light: all his nobility-friends heartily laughed at and scouted the ridiculous idea of that innocent pantomimical dramatic dance sapping the foundation of the throne, and united in explaining the matter to his Majesty, who graciously assented to the manager's petition, and commanded *not* Richard the Third, as related by Mr. Murphy, but Shadwell's old Comedy of the *Fair Quaker of Deal*, or the humours of the Navy, on Saturday Nov. 8th, 1755.* The play was well acted and well received; his Majesty seemed highly entertained; indeed, he liked to chuckle at the old comedies, and very rarely commanded a tragedy. I have seen him often at the *False Friend*, *Twin Rivals*, &c. and I recollect once at a tragedy, viz. on Saturday March 2, 1754, *Venice Preserved*, *Jaffier*, *Barry*; *Belvidera*, *Miss Nossiter*; dancing by Signor Maranesi, and Signora Bugiani; with the pantomime of *Harlequin Skeleton*. It will readily be supposed that, with the powerful aid of royalty, the new dance, (with the ferment it had occasioned) drew an immense crowd to the theatre. The King was received with loud acclamations: but I must observe, that Mr. Murphy is again wrong, where he states that it was customary for the King to go to the play on the day of opening the session of Parliament. Nor can I obtain any information to confirm that the sessions of Parliament (from that day to the present) ever opened on a Saturday.

The overture to the *Chinese Festival* was received in solemn silence. When the curtain was drawn up, all continued awfully quiet, neither the high quality nor the low quality breathing approbation or dissension; but the calm suddenly changed, and burst into a violent storm. The *mobility* grew violently vociferous, and the *mobility* grew very angry, and gnawed their nether lips. His Majesty turned round, and asked the meaning of such insulting behaviour in an audience from whom he expected respect and good manners, and was informed, that John Bull, in time of war, did not choose to encourage any French dancers: he smiled, and sat satisfied and attentive. But, unfortunately, as the entertainment progressively moved on, and grew more splendid and entertaining, John Bull sent showers of pease, &c. on the stage, to impede the performance. His Majesty at this appeared greatly disgusted, and much offended with the audi-

* The precise Play-Bill is printed literally, in my *Memoirs*, Vol. I. p. 73.

ence, and hastily withdrew from the theatre ; which was no sooner perceived, than (though a beautiful bridal procession appeared) the behaviour of the rioters grew so out of all bounds outrageous, that it was impossible for the audience in the boxes to prevent the complete and total overthrow of all order. The curtain was obliged to be dropped, and the spectators took the different roads to their respective homes, except about one hundred select persons, who remained, and, in a collected body, kept a firm and determined possession of the pit. The lamps (and branches used in those times) were let down, and extinguished with all possible haste. But, "Garrick!" "Garrick!" was loudly called. At length, Mr. Lacy, (the only time I ever saw him on the stage) amidst "darkness visible" made his dingy appearance. But Garrick was the only victim that could satiate their fury. Mr. Lacy assured them, he had for some time retired from the theatre, and he (Mr. Lacy) desired to know their commands. To which question he was quickly answered, in the reply churlish, "we do not ask, but *demand*, to be assured, that the *Chinese Festival* will not be repeated, at the peril of the theatre's being demolished : it is insolent, at the present juncture, to entertain and encourage Frenchmen at the expence of the English : so an immediate answer." Mr. Lacy, in reply, said, that as far as related to his own concern in the property, the spectacle should not, with his approbation or concurrence, be presented again. "Bravo! Bravo! Huzza! What is to be acted on Monday night?" "Why, with your permission, gentlemen, *Merope*; with dancing, and the farce of the *Anatomist*." The dissatisfied rough English left the Theatre gratified and highly exulting; full of triumph and harmony. Now, for Monday November 10th, the play and farce were advertised, as promised; but the following paragraph was inserted at the bottom of the play-bill:—

N. B. "The entertainment of dancing, called the *Chinese Festival*, is deferred till Wednesday, on account of some decorations which could not possibly be completed in time for the first performance."

On Wednesday November the 12th, the *Inconstant* was acted; and the *Chinese Festival* again attempted. But the riot was terribly alarming; gentlemen jumping into the pit with drawn swords: all the ladies were ordered to quit the theatre—much injury was sustained—but John Bull was victorious—and Garrick, when called for, appeared, and gave up the point.—The armies, after gazing at each other, retreated.—The grandees, with their swords in their scabbards, (gentlemen, in general, had swords by their sides, such

being then the fashion) retired from the boxes: John Bull and his troops, flushed with victory, flourished their oaken cudgels, and withdrew, exulting as conquerors. Every body then seemed assured that no attempt would again be made to perform the Festival. On Monday, November 17th, was presented the Orphan; Chamont, Mr. Garrick; the boxes crowded with gentlemen; the farce was the Lying Valet. At the bottom of the bill was advertised, "To-morrow Essex, with Fortunatus." The Orphan went off with much attention and applause. When Garrick finished the play, as Chamont, with one universal voice, all the boxes demanded Mr. Garrick to advance, and requested to know why they were to be deprived of the Chinese Festival? He was, I suspect, well prepared to repeat his lesson. He expatiated with so much cleverness and effect on his infinite expences, desire to please, &c. that applause attended every pause of his harangue. John Bull had gone to sleep, and did not dream of any faction taking advantage of his slumber. So after dwelling on his distressed feelings, labours, immense expenditure, ardent anxiety of pleasing the public, &c. there were nothing but exclamations of rapture and approbation, except one rude dissentient in the pit, who was instantly seized by gentlemen from the boxes, as if to be torn as a victim to enraged party; which Garrick perceiving, with excellent presence of mind, he spread his arms to be caught (like another Alexander) by his faithful guards, his musicians in the orchestra, where he was received with zeal, energy, and loyalty, by his tweedle-dums and tweedle-dees, and from thence delivered over to the care of the pit, in his Chamont's full dress. Then, (like another Nelson) he rushed on, fearless of danger, to the relief of the overpowered captive, seized him by the arm, and, as his dearest friend, preserved him from receiving the least injury. The burst of applause this sudden and unexpected exploit occasioned, is only to be imagined: it gave an electric shock of the highest exultation to the feelings of every one present; and Garrick made his exit from the pit, with his rough blackguard under his protection, amidst shouts of approbation and peals of thunder, as loud as any he had ever acquired as a King Richard, Lear, Ranger, Bays, Fribble, or Abel Drugger.

Here, reader, was a luxurious night for the exulting Manager! But fortune seldom comes with *both hands* full. The bills had announced Essex and Fortunatus for Tuesday (as before noted); but, on this night of triumph, the entertainment of the Chinese Festival was once more given out amid the loudest plaudits (Essex was acted, observe, that memorable night, by Mr. Murphy; I have the bill

now before me.) But John Bull mustered so numerous and strong, that (as in many modern battles) determined numbers bore down all before them, and the great world were actually overpowered, and forced to give way to the opposing enemy. The mob on the outside of the doors were, by an unaccountable enthusiasm, seized with the universal phrensy, and vast numbers proceeded to Mr. Garrick's house in Southampton-street, which they attacked with the utmost fury, quickly demolished the windows, &c. and would, with much satisfaction, have set fire to the premises, had not military and civil authority immediately interposed and forced a cessation of arms. Much damage was likewise done in the theatre, but not so extensive as described by Mr. Murphy. Instead of *all* the scenery of the piece being destroyed, the principal part of it, (which I wonder he did not recollect) as well as many of the dresses, aided Mr. Garrick's fertile judgment and economy, in preparing his (Mr. Murphy's) play of the Orphan of China, which was produced (some few seasons after) in the spring of 1759. However, that the unfortunate Chinese Festival was most cruelly treated, is certainly true; and that same night (Tuesday November 18th) died a violent death, and was dead and buried, never, never to rise again.

The story of the King and Garrick's Richard, the first time his Majesty had ever seen him, is certainly not only nouvelle, but whimsical; and it must have been highly entertaining to have observed Garrick's features upon the occasion. In the reading, certainly, to a stranger, not versed in theatrical history, as Mr. Murphy relates it, the story appears proper and possible. But, unfortunately for the joke, the circumstance did not happen; indeed, it could not happen, as I have fully demonstrated.

[To be continued.]

MR. SEYMOUR'S NOTES UPON SHAKSPEARE. HAMLET, ACT III.

755. "Takes off the rose

"From the fair forehead of an innocent love."

To establish Mr. Steevens's explanation of this passage, we must suppose that it was customary for the woman contracted in marriage to wear upon her forehead a rose, of which the hand of Hymen was to despoil her: but if conjecture be allowed to fabricate such potent machinery for the nonce, there will be no phenomena in Shakspeare, or any other poet, too abstruse for critical solution. By forehead, I conceive no more is meant than the fore part of the head, the front, the face.

927. "Adders fang'd."

This certainly will admit of Dr. Johnson's explanation, adders with their fangs or teeth undrawn; but I rather think it means with their poisonous teeth *extracted*, according to the custom which the Doctor himself adverts to of mountebanks. The Prince would trust them only when they were rendered harmless. Thus Hotspur says to his inquisitive wife:

"I well believe
"Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know,
"And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate."

ACT V.

362. "He should the bearers put to sudden death,

"Not shriving time allow'd."

Another proof, exclaims Mr. Steevens, of Hamlet's Christian-like disposition; the injunction indeed is not conformable to the principles professed by Christians; but Hamlet is exhibited, not as a pattern of Christian orthodoxy, but as a young man, frail and passionate; and though in defending the general reprobation with which the ingenious commentator had laboured to brand the character of Hamlet, he is certainly warranted in rejecting any contra evidence unconnected with the drama itself; yet a jury of candid poets, I believe, would acquit the hero of this play, at least in the present instance, upon his own words and conduct. He shews in his first interview with these men, that he considers them as mere spies; and since they do nothing to obviate that imputation, and are at length the convicted agents of the most atrocious treachery, I believe a generous critic would not scruple to give full credit to the Prince's veracity, when he tells his friend, that he knew these men were not only privy to the King's design, but eager and active in promoting it; and consequently would not violently condemn the stratagem adopted for their destruction.

485. "The king hath laid," &c.

Dr. Johnson says, he does not understand this wager; and Mr. Steevens chuses to consign the terms of it to the acuteness and sagacity of the Jockey Club: but surely there is no necessity for intruding on the serious and important avocations of those gentlemen in the present case.

"The King hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and Laertes, he shall not exceed you three hits; he shall not hit you three times oftener than you will hit him; if in the dozen passes Hamlet shall be hit seven times, and Laertes only three, the King will lose the wager."

[To be continued.]

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET XV.

By the young Lady, Author of the preceding Series.

Calm and serene is Infancy's Repose,
When on the earth its form insensate lies :
When the last sleep falls on its willing eyes,
And death benign anticipates its woes.

II.

For there has Trial ne'er assum'd its sway
To mark the progress of concentred views :
There Sorrow never shed her baleful dews
To frustrate Hope's exhilarating ray.

III.

Nor Envy there has prov'd her cruel Art,
To stab, with treacherous hand, another's Fame ;
Nor Prejudice o'erlook'd the fairest claim,
Perverting all the feelings of the Heart.
But free of every stain, nor by our Ills oppress'd,
In pure primeval Innocence, it sinks to rest.
9th Sept. 1801.

SONNET.

To the Author of the preceding Sonnets.

WHAT notes were those I heard in yonder glade,
So sweet, so pensive, and so simply wild ?
Who tunes that lyre ? I ween some lovely maid,
Whom Genius calls her fond, her favourite child.
What heavenly pathos ! ah at every swell
How sinks the soul with many a tender thought !
Delicious notes ! fond Freedom's lonely knell !
For love is mingled with each varying note.
To muse on sounds so wafted by the gale,
Ah ! how delicious ! when the grey-eyed Eve
Pours o'er the scene her lov'd, her genial veil—
More sweet than that this songstress loves to weave !
Then say ! what forest or what glen contains
That nymph who warbles such enrapturing strains.

Oct. 8th, 1801.

SONNET, FROM CAMOENS.

WITHIN a grove, the haunt of Nymph and Fay,
Sibella, fairest maid ! once chanc'd to stray,
And mounting high a tree that shady grew,
She cull'd its od'rous flowers of yellow hue.

There Cupid came, who long a rule had made
To come and take his Sesta* in the shade ;
Upon a bough his shafts and bow unstrung,
Before he sunk to sleep, with care he hung.

The maid who watch'd the time with eager eyes,
Delay'd not now to seize the dang'rous prize,
The arms obtain'd, to careless me she hied,
And in her eyes† the ardent shafts I spied.
O ! Shepherds, fly what all to death will give,
Save me alone ! who still, tho' dying, live !

* The *Sesta* is very common in Portugal, and signifies the repose usually taken in the afternoon by the natives of that warm climate.

† *As sfitas traz nos olhos* :—literally—"She brings the arrows in her eyes." Nonnus calls the eyes the *archers of love*, *ακοντιστρες αγρωτων*. This sonnet which in the conclusion differs a little from the original, is the 20th in the edition of Camoens alluded to in our last.

SONNET TO FRIENDSHIP.

O Friendship ! source of every heartfelt joy,
Thou, who can'st ward us from the shafts of fate,
Who can'st the mind's despairing hopes elate,
And bid stern anger from the breast to fly !
Who oft—when tears stream from the sorrowing eye,
Dost in the face the placid smiles create,
Dry'st the moist cheek—and calm'st the rising sigh,
And bid'st the soul's discordant thoughts abate ;
Celestial maid ! oh come, and with thy hand,
Guide my frail bark o'er life's tempestuous sea ;
And let thy mild Favonian gales expand
My willing sails—and every hope convey ;
For ah ! depriv'd of thee, wreck'd on Despair's dark strand,
We droop beneath each storm, to wretchedness a prey.
Live pool. J. B.

THE FAN OF LOVE.

*To M***** with a Fan on which was drawn CUPID bearing the
club of HERCULES.*

CUPID with wanton roguery stole
Alcides' heavy arms :
Panted with pride his joyful soul :
As Bacchus bears the weighty bowl,
Sinking in Nectar's charms,
So march'd majestically droll,
Love, half o'ercome by Fear's alarms,
Yet, led by artful Mirth, in spite of Fear's control.

Weary, at length, his load he threw
Beneath a trembling rose :
The shudd'ring Nymphs soft show'rs of dew
And leafy clouds of fragrance strew,
And hush him to repose :
Then for his FAN the rustling Zephyr flew ;
And as its folds unclosed,
Sylphs of the ambient air, ten thousand odours blew.

'Tis thus, my DELIA, those who love,
Oft sink o'ercome with care :
Some Poverty's hard bondage prove,
Some chill'd by absence scarcely move,
Some tremble with despair—
As o'er its fallen nest the dove
Beats with wild wing the air ;
So views yon youth the corse, whose soul Heav'n cites above.

As oft, my Delia, as we think
On this, we'll lead Content,
Who lives on Pleasure's flow'ry brink,
With roses crowns her crystal drink,
To our woe-beaten tent ;
She'll teach us ne'er at storms to shrink,
Or, when with toil we're bent,
She'll wave the *fan of Love* as to repose we sink.

T. NOBLE.

TO MR. COOKE,

Of the Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden

"You know, dear George, I'm none of those,"
 Who rhyming *should* prefer to prose;
 But what of that?—Strange things sometimes
 This world displays—why not *strange* rhymes?
 Indeed no man with eyes, or woman,
 Will *long* maintain strange rhymes uncommon:
 But to my point, I'm not without,
 However hard to find it out,
 Why haps it, Sir, for here's the thing,
 You lead these kingdoms in a string,
 Winter or summer, wet or dry,
 Or cold or hot? Pray tell us why—
 Not why you shone forth when you did,
 But why so long your pow'rs lay hid.
 Rich, poor, town, country, all combine
 To pay their homage at your shrine;
 The Miser, trembling to disburse,
 Unties for you his ragged purse,
 Prefers the gall'ry, to be sure;
 But curses not the Shilling doer.
 Leaving at home their snarling fit,
 Critics *with silence treat* the pit;
 But, not content without their vapours;
 They flourish in the *next day's* papers;
 And, lest discernment should be lost,
 Appear *at length* by *Morning Post*.
 When winter rules with high behest,
 Your voice indignant *fires* the breast;
 When summer suns their rage exert,
 Your fictious cruelty strikes *cold* the heart:
 And *thus*, I take it, weather loses
 Its influence o'er the garden houses:
 But *where* your secret lies, in vain
 We seek to know with curious pain;
 And, since I'm asking, let me ask,
 (It will not much enlarge your task)
 Why not; my friend, your favours deal,
 With *equal* hand when ladies kneel?
 Melpomene, the haughty Miss
 And errant Beldam as she is,

Claims almost all, while Comedy
 With *half* your heart content would be.
 A claim so modest, and so rare,
 That I beg leave to join the fair ;
 And hope you'll grant it e're a month hence,
 To please a woman *with* a conscience :
 If all your parts I should repeat.
 'Twould take a quire and not a sheet,
 But that you may not ign'rance plead
 Of what she wants (and *we* indeed)
 Have at the *boying* courtier's sin,
 And with Sir Pertinax begin.

BATHOSIUS.

Manchester, August 29th 1801.

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA.

In consequence of the indisposition of the Gentleman who usually supplies this article, the notice of various novelties, produced at both Theatres, during the past month, is unavoidably deferred till our next number. The following observations are furnished by a Friend.

DRURY-LANE.

JAN. 22.—Greathed's tragedy of the *Regent* was revived this evening, in which the sublime talents of Mrs. Siddons, in *Dionora*, are so eminently conspicuous. The run of this play was interrupted, on its first appearance, by the king's illness in 1789. We have few modern tragedies equal to this, either for interest or pathos. The maternal affection of *Dionora* is finely contrasted with the unfeeling and blood-thirsty *Regent*. Kemble was extremely animated, and gave all requisite energy to the character.

Urania, or the *Illuminé*, an entertainment, with songs, (written by the Honourable Mr. Spencer, son of Lord Charles Spencer) was presented this evening. The scene lies at *Tarentum*, where Manfred, (a) a young nobleman, after having travelled into Germany, has imbibed a strong passion for the occult sciences. He believes in the existence of supernatural beings of various orders, and, despising the frail daughters of the earth, wishes to hold commerce with the pure and immaculate inhabitants of the sky. The principality of *Tarentum* is at this time held by a female of great beauty, *Urania*, (b) who falls in love with this eccentric philosopher. She communicates her passion to his father, (c) by whom it is encouraged, and they form a plan to convert his regards from visionary to substantial happiness. Adjoining to the palace of *Tarentum* there is an inn, to

(a) Mr. C. Kemble. (b) Miss De Camp. (c) Mr. Powell.

which Manfred comes with Conrad (d), his friend. One of the apartments, supposed to be haunted, Manfred seizes with great avidity, in hopes of feasting his eyes with some ghostly visitant. His father, disguised as a sorcerer, (in a dress precisely similar to Munden's in Mrs. Inchbald's *Wise Man of the East*, to which the character bears a close affinity) appears to him, and promises to disclose the secrets of the invisible world. The walls of the chamber suddenly give way, and the fair figure of Urania is seen floating on the clouds. Manfred is transported. She descends—she tells him his long labours are about to meet their due reward—after which, she again ascends. Several mysterious interviews follow, when, at last, Urania is discovered to be neither more nor less than the Princess of Tarentum. His attachment is infinitely too strong to be easily broken off, and their union is the result. Manfred, of course, quits the shadow for the substance—and thus the piece concludes. There is a sort of underplot—Pistro (e), Manfred's valet, falls in love with Jaquelina (f), maid to Urania, in which he is unsuccessfully opposed by Roderigo (g).

Of these very slender materials is this piece composed. The main incident is borrowed from Marmontel, but dramatized with far more ingenuity by Mr. Prince Hoare, in *My Grandmother*. The wit is bald, and the sentiments, uttered by Charles Kemble with considerable force, are worn threadbare by repetition. Bannister's part is not sufficiently prominent for his talents. We observed a few lame puns, which the good sense of the audience passed over in silence.

The music is principally composed by a brother of the author, except two songs of Kelly, very charmingly set indeed. The poetry of the first song is exquisite; it is, however, a close imitation of one of the odes of Anacreon, where we are told of Nature's giving teeth to the lion, wisdom to man, and beauty to woman.

The manager and proprietors deserve praise for the liberal and splendid manner in which the piece is produced, and our only fear is that they should not be reimbursed. The scene in which Urania descends is most magnificent. Here, however, the first act should terminate: the chorus in the concluding scene is superfluous.

A very clever prologue, written by Lord John Townshend, was delivered with infinite drollery by Bannister.

25.—Mr. Pope appeared, for the first time at this theatre, in his favourite character of Othello. He was greeted on his entrance with universal plaudits, and he played the part with his usual energy and feeling. Iago, for the first time, by Barrymore. We have been recently accustomed to see this character acted, with unbounded applause, under a conception so very dissimilar to the mode Mr. Barrymore has adopted, as, perhaps, in a slight degree, to warp our judgment unfavourably towards Mr. B. The audience, however, were unanimous in their approbation of him throughout the play. Miss Biggs was an interesting Desdemona, and Mrs. Powell gave very great force to Emilia. The Michael Cassio of Mr. C. Kemble was exhibited with spirit. We regret the continuance of Mrs. Pope's indisposition. She was to have performed Desdemona this evening. We shall hail her return to health and the duties of her profession with great satisfaction.

(d) Mr. J. Holland. (e) Mr. Bannister. (f) Mrs. Eland. (g) Mr. Wewitzer.

KING'S THEATRE.

The stage direction of the opera, this season, is committed to Mr. Kelly, whose taste and science we have so often had occasion to applaud. Mr. Jewell is the manager, and this vast concern could not possibly be vested in better hands. Many foreign engagements are on the tapis, which, when completed, will no doubt render the opera uncommonly attractive.

ASTLEY'S, WELLCLOSE SQUARE.

The industrious young manager, by a pleasing variety of entertainments, continues to fill his theatre every evening. Mrs. Astley is idolized by the inhabitants of the east, and the *Phantasmagoria* has been a delicious treat to the honest tars.

EGYPTIANA, LYCEUM, STRAND.

We promised, in our last, a particular account of this ingenious exhibition, and we lament that want of room should now prevent us. We can only add, that crowded audiences, night after night, are the best demonstrations of the esteem in which it is held by the town.

MISS LINWOOD'S EXHIBITION.

Since the additional pictures have been placed in the rooms in Hanover-square, it has become a most favourite lounge, not only for our fashionable belles, but also for the Bond-street beaux.

PROVINCIAL DRAMA, &c.

Theatre Royal MANCHESTER.—This theatre has been entirely new painted, and very elegantly decorated, against the commencement of the winter season, which took place on the 6th of Dec. with an occasional address—the Belles' Stratagem and the Village Lawyer. The address written by a gentleman of the town, and containing some very neat and happy allusions to the peace, (so favourable to the manufactures of the place) was delivered, for the first three nights, by Mr. Ward the manager. The company seems to be on a very respectable footing indeed. Our old favourites Messrs. Ward, Bellamy, Pen-son, Gordon, Faulkner, Swendall, and Bengough, have been more than once mentioned in the Mirror, with due encomiums on their several talents, with which they still continue to give universal satisfaction. The new candidates among the male performers are Messrs. Huddart, Carr, and Hollingsworth, Mr. Huddart comes from the Dublin theatre, and has indeed very strong claims on our favour. This gentleman performed Othello at Covent-Garden theatre some seasons back, in a very creditable manner, (according to the report of a critical friend of mine who is now upon a visit to me from London.) He made his entrée on these boards in Frederick (Lovers Vows) which he supported so ably as to draw down the loudest applause we remember ever to have heard in this theatre. He possesses very considerable requisites for the stage, and has great advantages of voice, figure, and expression of countenance. We could only wish to recommend to him a little more firmness and majesty of deportment, though in that respect he is at present far from inelegant.

Mr. Carr possesses much versatility; he performs a great *variety* of characters, and evinces, in all, much real respectability of talent, and correctness of judgment. His Frenchmen, from the specimen of Mons. Le Medicin, in the *Anatomist*, we conceive to be particularly happy. Mr. Hollingsworth (late of Drury Lane) is well known in London, and has a rich comic vein of natural and unforced humour, that is highly relished by the Manchester audience. From our list of females of last year, we have to regret the departure of Miss Griffiths, who has, we are told, accepted an advantageous engagement in the Dublin theatre. Her loss is, however, very ably supplied by Mrs. Addison, a lady whose abilities are well known in the musical world, and who, we doubt not, will make a rapid progress in the favour of our amateurs. Mrs. Huddart has performed but once; we wish, therefore, to decline any present opinion of that lady. Mrs. Carr is a lively actress, in the line of chambermaids and country girls, and possesses a pleasing voice in singing. I cannot conclude without making honourable mention of Mrs. Ward, Mrs. Bellamy, and Mrs. Bernard, but their talents have been well known in the London theatres: the latter lady is particularly entitled to much praise, for the justice she does to the line of old women, lately performed by Mrs. Powell, now of Covent Garden. We have had some Christmas pantomimes, Mr. Editor, but I cannot satisfactorily proceed beyond the mention of Mr. Hollingsworth's clown. *Verbum sat!*

Manchester, 16th Jan. 1802.

AMICUS.

Theatre WOLVERHAMPTON.—This theatre opened on the 20th Dec. 1801, with the *Merchant of Venice*, and the afterpiece of the *Poor Soldier*. The principal additions to the company are, Mrs. Farren, late Miss Perry, from the theatre royal Edinburgh, and Mr. Archer, of Drury-Lane, both of whom are the leading characters for the season. Mr. Archer, in the character of Shylock, has given much satisfaction to the amateurs of the drama; he possesses some versatility of talent, and may, with certainty, be pronounced the best tragedian that has visited Wolverhampton these several seasons. Mrs. Farren is much admired as a singer, and, as an actress, possesses no inconsiderable degree of merit. The rest of the company consists of Mesdames Gibbon (formerly Mrs. Bellille) Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Chambers, and Mrs. Archer; with Messrs. Fox (our favourite low comedian), Shuter, Chambers, Edwards, Farren (an improving young actor), and Gibbon. We have had Mr. Richer, the celebrated rope-dancer, for a few nights, whose merits are too well known to need any idle commendation that I can give. At the close of the season, Mr. Editor, with your permission, I will further particularize the merits of the company, and give you an account of any novelties that may be brought forward.

Wolverhampton, Jan. 12, 1802.

CIVIS.

Theatre HALIFAX.—In the article respecting this theatre, inserted in the Mirror for November, I saw, with some concern, a very erroneous statement, and at once concluded your correspondent could not have had from observation what was there reported. I since have been informed there is a *merry war* between the actors and the presumed writer, which at once accounts for the error; but it is to be regretted that your numerous readers should be misled through the

discontent of an individual. Mr. Martin *does not* perform the *principal* business, as set down; that department belongs to Mr. Manly, who is every way qualified, and fully adequate to it. Mr. Martin is a *vocal* performer, and, though not an Incledon, is very industrious, and labours to make himself useful. The sing-song of the day is, in general, but feebly echoed in the country, nor indeed can it be expected to be otherwise; collateral aid is often denied, the "pompe and circumstance" of pageantry; this, and the band, together with the hasty manner in which such pieces are prepared, merely to "catch the manna living as they rise," ought to be considered, which perhaps would temper the judgment of country criticism. In the other walks of the drama, where something more than sound is wanting, Mrs. Taylor and Mr. Manly stand conspicuous; the latter deserves something more than the negative praise of *utility*; he has long been considered here as both the *utile et dulce*. The company go this season to Rochdale, for the first time, where there is an elegant little theatre—the scenery by Stanton. The novelty which the managers have to present, after an interval of five years, promises a successful season.

Halifax, 26th Dec. 1801.

A RESIDENT.

BY ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT.—Our theatre opened on the 4th of January, with the *Castle Spectre* and *Sprigs of Laurel*, (the latter with alterations) for the benefit of Mr. and Mrs. Robertson: the receipt amounted to upwards of £.70. This season has been more beneficial to the managers, and company at large, than the two preceding ones, though not adequate to the merits of the performers. Mr. Manly, who takes the first line of business, is a very excellent performer, and merits every encouragement. His *Penruddock*, *Beverly*, *Rolla*, *Zanga*, *Richard the Third*, &c. are equalled by few. Mr. Wrench takes the secondary characters: his figure and action are more admired than his voice, which is in want of better modulation. Our old friend *Sidney* has given us many fresh proofs of his abilities, in a routine of characters, particularly *Brummagem*, *Cockle-top*, *Solomon (Stranger)*, *Sir Abel Handy*, &c. Mr. Wallis made his *débüt* here this season. We can see many promising requisites in him, and had he Mr. Gordon's line of business, he would probably be the best substitute we have had for that gentleman. Mr. Holmes is a good actor, but rather too fond of rant. Mr. Martin (mentioned in your number for November, as playing the first line of business, which is by no means the case) has much merit, but neither he nor Mr. Walker are sufficiently brought forward. Mr. O'Brien, who may justly be called the father of this company, is a very judicious performer, and bears a most respectable character in private life. Mr. Earl, though not possessed of every requisite to form an actor, has the merit of always being perfect. Mr. Robertson, one of our worthy and much respected managers, as a comic performer, is inferior to none in the country: he never appeared so much in character as in *Caleb Quotem*. He paints all the scenery. Since the death of Mr. Taylor, the management devolves almost wholly upon his shoulders; every night we see him in play and farce, and, to the astonishment of all, never imperfect. And now I come to the ladies, at the head of whom I shall place our other worthy manager, Mrs. Taylor, who has this season given us fresh specimens of her great abilities, in tragedy and comedy, which are excelled by no provincial performer.

whatever. Mrs. Robertson is a good performer, and extremely happy in low comedy. Mrs. Manly improves every season; her Julio, in *Deaf and Dumb*, was given in an excellent style, and can only be equalled by her comic abilities, in *Beda*. In Mrs. Sidney we find a full compensation for the loss of Mrs. Pero, in the characters of old women. Miss Valentine is still at the head of the vocal department: we are sorry there is no gentleman adequate to support her in the many fine duets which occur in musical afterpieces. Miss Courtney made her first appearance here this season; she is a good figure, and a promising actress. The weakness of her voice seems, in a great measure, the mere effect of timidity. Mrs. O'Brien has particularly excelled in comedy, but time has begun to arrest her steps in the more lively characters. The company, on leaving this town, make their first appearance at Rochdale.

Halifax.

SANCHO.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE COURT OF CHANCERY,
RESPECTING THE AFFAIRS OF
THE THEATRE-ROYAL DRURY-LANE.

Continued from Page 434, vol. xii.

LINCOLN'S-INN HALL, DEC. 23.

The Solicitor General, when the cause was called on, observed, that he hoped his lordship would suffer their client, Mr. Sheridan himself, to be heard, as he could explain much better than they could do, many things connected with the business before the court.

Mr. Sheridan said he wished to address his lordship; but as he stood there as defendant of the cause, he wished to have an opportunity of hearing all that was said on the other side, in order to give it such explanation and answer, as the case might require.

Mr. ——— stated, that he appeared for Mr. Westley, the late treasurer, who had an annuity charged on the theatre, which he contended ought to be provided for, as a charge upon the property.

Mr. Troward, as counsel for Mr. White, the proprietor of a part of Killigrew's old patent, stated that his client was entitled to consideration from the court, as the proprietors were deriving an advantage from that patent of £. 250 per ann.

Mr. Agar, for Mr. Grubb, at great length, went into those circumstances which he contended evinced Mr. Grubb to be a proprietor.

The Chancellor interrupted him, and asked Mr. Agar whether, if Mr. Grubb was a proprietor, certain debts, by being suffered to accumulate, were not converted from a charge upon the fund of the theatre, to a personal claim; and whether he was not called upon to distinguish between such as had given personal credit, and those giving credit to the fund.

Mr. Agar continued, that those persons who now affected to treat Mr. Grubb

as no proprietor, had on many occasions given him that character. It would appear by the trust deed of 1796, to which Sheridan, Richardson, and Grubb were parties, and in which Grubb was described as a proprietor. He admitted that there was an indorsement upon the deed, but he contended that it ought not to be construed to invalidate the solemn contents of that instrument. But it did not rest here. Mr. Sheridan had drawn bills of exchange to his own order, in which he had named Mr. Grubb as a proprietor. Mr. Woodrife had seen these bills, and in his affidavit had sworn that they were drawn by Mr. Sheridan, and accepted by Mr. Peake, the treasurer, for Messrs. Sheridan, Richardson, and Grubb, as proprietors of Drury-lane theatre. He stated that he, Mr. Agar, had instructions to draw a bill, calling upon Mr. Sheridan to complete his agreement with Mr. Grubb, and he now asked of him, whether he was ready to give them explicit answers upon this occasion? Mr. Grubb, he stated, had advanced £. 10,000 for the use of the theatre, and that he had received only £. 300 in return. Beyond what he had advanced, he was also implicated for £. 40,000. He complained much of a scarcity of materials from which he was obliged to draw his proofs, but he said he had a rough draft of an agreement; the original of which they allowed to be in the hands of Mr. Sheridan himself, by which he contracts to convey two sevenths of the ultimate property to Mr. Grubb. This was signed by Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Richardson, and Mr. Grubb. There was no affidavit to deny these facts. Having from these premises argued that Mr. Grubb must be considered a proprietor, the learned gentleman next proceeded to the state of the theatre, as to its expenditure and disbursements. By the constitution of the theatre, and by the trust deed of 1793, he observed, that the actors were first to be paid, and afterwards the renters. If, then, they were not paid, but the debts were suffered to accumulate, Mr. Grubb having accepted bills for such debts accruing before he became a proprietor, and without consideration, it ought never to have been done. With respect to the new rent-charges created by the deed of 1798, Mr. Grubb had been prevailed to execute them as an *Ex-crow*, but he knew not how many of them had been disposed of. He trusted that his lordship would call upon Mr. Sheridan to state how much money had accrued from this fund, and to what purposes it had been applied? If the new rent charges, to the number of 37, were all sold, it amounted to the sum of £. 148,000—this added to the sum of £. 10,000 received from Mr. Grubb, and the sum of £. 40,000 for which he stood implicated, the whole amounted to the enormous sum of £. 350,000 which Mr. Sheridan had received on account of the theatre. Of this sum, he said, that £. 276,000 had not been accounted for; yet this was the state of the theatre which Mr. Sheridan had represented so lucrative, as to induce Mr. Kemble to become a purchaser of one-fourth of the concern. From the patience and forbearance already manifested by the creditors of the theatre, he did not doubt but that they would readily acquiesce in any arrangement to be made by his lordship, and that in such case Mr. Grubb might enjoy that personal freedom, which, being the only one of the proprietors out of parliament, he was at present deprived of. Mr. Agar then commented upon the deed of annuity to Mr. Westley, and argued that it being a voluntary grant, it was of no avail against the creditors.

Mr. Holland said, that he wished to address the court very shortly. It was

stated by Mr. Sheridan, that his original estimate was £. 75,000 and that he had expended £. 140,000, and with that increased expenditure had also left the theatre unfinished, and that it was in consequence of this, that distress and confusion had fallen upon the concern. That this was not the case, had since been most unequivocally admitted. His affidavit had been filed several days before the last cause. Mr. Sheridan on the contrary had withdrawn his affidavit, had since filed a petition, and in all these documents, drawn, as it was to be presumed, at his leisure, he had not gone the length of contradicting what he (Mr. Holland) had stated. Another point which he thought it was material the public should know was, why were not the buildings finished? He would tell his lordship—There were two reasons which were not stated upon his affidavit; the first, he considered as a great cruelty upon the workmen, and a great reflection upon the trustees. By the original instrument for rebuilding the theatre, it was held out that there was £. 80,000 vested in trustees for that purpose, and, if that should not prove sufficient, that fifteen private boxes should be sold to complete the work. So stood the original proposal. This he knew to be the case: Now how did the business terminate? They worked early and late, to forward the business. He was urged to dispatch by Mr. Sheridan, who said, though it increased the expence, yet that the produce of early opening would more than counterbalance it. He believed that the fact warranted the statement of Mr. Sheridan, for he held in his hand an account of one night's produce, which amounted to £. 900. It was at that period that those concerned in forwarding the work were angels, and pronounced worthy to be crowned with laurels; but they were soon obliged to desist, from want of payment. Besides this, there was another circumstance. A gentleman on the floor, (Mr. Gotobed, the Duke of Bedford's solicitor) had sworn, that the Duke of Bedford would not grant leases until the ground round the theatre was covered with buildings; but this ground was proposed by the estimate to be covered in a different way, namely, by letting it to builders on building leases. These were the two facts upon which he wished most particularly to explain himself, and which he had in part explained on another day. But it was also stated by the affidavits of Messrs. Sheridan, Fosbrook, and Johnson, that the theatre was left a mere shell, and that great sums were expended to make it fit for representation. What these great sums were, it was not ascertained. At the other end of these affidavits was also the *little Carpenter* Jacobs. He might consider a pot of porter in an alehouse as a considerable sum; but he averred, that instead of leaving it a shell, it was, as he left it, one of the completest theatres in Europe. He did not mean to deny but that it wanted scene rooms and some other accommodations; but he left more of the estimated fund than would complete it. Here Mr. Holland went through the several items which had been expended, which he insisted did not amount to more than £. 4831. He insisted that all that was necessary to put the theatre in a state fit for representation, could not have amounted to more than £. 1000. Having gone through this calculation, he said it was evident that the misfortunes of the theatre did not originate with him, and that no charge was imputable to him, as causing the embarrassments of the concern. It was the misfortune, he said, of the theatre, that his plans had not been pursued, and the abandonment of them, in a small instance, had occasioned a considerable loss.

Supposing the ground round the theatre to have been let to builders, it would produce £.500 per ann. and the receipts would have amounted to £.5000. He had often reflected upon the loss of property round the theatre, and taking the whole into his consideration, he believed it would not amount to less than £.10,000. There was one point more—when he was called upon to furnish an estimate, he calculated upon the large square, and not in the particular. Every circumstance, however, since that time, had run with him. The estimate, notwithstanding, was never reduced into actual contract; but if it had, there were so many alterations made in the progress of the building that it could not be applicable. He said he would have undertaken to have completed the building for £80,000. If that sum had been paid, both he and all the workmen would have had good profit. But he again said he was never called upon as a contractor. There were a variety of other topics, which he could explain if called upon, but which at present he would not enter into.

Mr. Sheridan spoke to the following effect:—"My Lord, having listened with all patience to every word which has been delivered in this cause, and having waited for every claim which might be advanced from every quarter—for it was my earnest wish that none should be kept back. I trust the moment is come when, in consequence of the cessation of the learned gentlemen, I am to state every circumstance relative to this business which has fallen within my knowledge; and I am the more encouraged to be clear and explicit in my statements, from a thorough conviction that your lordship will do full and ample justice to all the parties whose interests are involved in the decision of the court. After what has fallen from the Solicitor General in the course of these proceedings, your lordship will not, I hope, think it presumption in me to plead my own cause. My counsel are, no doubt, fully competent to the task; but I have rather considered this as a question of character and property—for the character of the principal proprietor of the theatre, must be allowed to form a part of the property. In spite of the insinuations thrown out by a gentleman near me; (Mr. Holland) in spite of the prejudice which these suggestions tended to create; he may rest assured that I shall not attempt to avail myself of any flowers of eloquence, or to vindicate myself by any of those figures of rhetoric to which he has alluded. I shall proceed upon authentic documents, content myself with the statement of incontrovertible facts, and assert nothing but what I can establish, proof by proof. To pursue a contrary line of conduct, would, indeed, be a weak attempt to impose upon your lordship's enlarged and enlightened mind. It is upon facts only that I am desirous to pursue my public character and my private honour. I have first to notice the claim set up by Mr. Grubb, and in the statements and observations I have to make, with respect to that gentleman and the other parties, I trust I shall not be precluded from taking a general view of the business; and that, if I even touch upon matter not seeming at first sight relevant, the patience of the court will hear me out until I shall be enabled to make the application. Mr. Grubb's pretensions have, I readily admit, been supported in a very able manner by the learned gentleman, who says he has proved that Mr. Grubb is a proprietor. I ask, where are his documents? What are his proofs?—None! While I maintain, that if the papers on which he rests his case be properly examined, they must prove directly the contrary.

Mr. Grubb's first affidavit says, that he purchased one fourth of Drury-lane theatre. He swears that the memorandum was drawn up by me, and subscribed by me. It was naturally to be supposed, that having positively sworn to this very material circumstance, he would have produced the memorandum, but no such paper was to be found. Mr. Richardson, on the contrary, says, that the draft was drawn and subscribed by him, and not by me. Mr. Grubb then finding himself mistaken only in the initials and the form of the memorandum, next comes forward with an agreement, by which I am to sell to him two shares, of £3000 each, and write two plays, to increase the value of the property; and for what? For the sum of £5000. He also states, that I am to make over to him one seventh of the whole property, for the term of one hundred years. He is to share in the profits, while the arrears of the theatre are to be entirely left out of the question. The sum of £16,000 was to be provided to finish the theatre according to the estimate. The most material articles were to be supplied in an establishment where there was no property immediately applicable to its objects---where there existed no wardrobe, and where a great expence was necessarily to be incurred, in getting up new plays as well as in reviving old ones. Yet, upon this seventh share of the property, which I am supposed to have made a present of to Mr. Grubb, he founds a right to his dividend of £10,000 in the course of a few years. There is surely nothing to warrant a belief, that I could have given to Mr. Grubb, for his £5000, what, taken together, amounts to no less than £32,000. I must, indeed, have been miraculously affected by the charms of his countenance; wonderfully smitten with his physiognomy, and fascinated beyond all credibility with his *arbanitas morum*, to have made him a present, after an acquaintance of only four days, of £32,000. These gentlemen may suppose me careless in concerns of moment, but I hope they will not suppose me so completely a madman, as to have agreed to such a donation. Mr. Grubb, however, admits, that the agreement was not drawn up by me, nor signed by me, after swearing the contrary. He next swears that a fair copy of the agreement was in each person's possession. It cuts a bad figure as an original, and a worse as a copy, for it is blotted, scratched, and interlined. How comes it to be without date, without the year, the month, or the day? Can that be a copy of an agreement, signed by three men in the least degree capable of transacting common business? But, when he is desired to produce the original, he next hints it to be in my possession. What then is the conduct of Mr. Grubb? He receives, as a present, one seventh part of the property; £10,000 of the profits; and, leaving the original of the memorandum in my hands, he contents himself with a copy. There is, however, an agreement which was signed at his house, and drawn up by myself. As he was anxious to have some memorandum on the subject, three copies were made of that agreement, and Mr. Grubb, Mr. Richardson, and myself, took each a copy; its object was to settle the final terms, by arbitration; and at our meeting upon that occasion, the only mutual understanding was, that I had a right to part with Mr. Grubb, whenever I pleased, on paying the penalty of £.500. I did agree and engage to abide by such arbitration, and the persons chosen to arbitrate were Mr. Pigot, Mr. Const, and Mr. Morris, while it was left to Mr. Hammersley and Co. to name a fourth. I am ready to admit, that Mr. Grubb forgot several

very essential circumstances in these transactions. I am ready to allow, that he actually forgot them all, but I blame him, that, after finding his memory so frail, he should come now before the court, and swear to a memorandum against all probability, which he cannot produce, stating at one time that it is an original, at another that it is a copy. It is at least a rash proceeding, and I shall call it by no other name. The trust deed of 1798, is certainly an agreement between the sole proprietors of Drury-lane theatre, Sheridan, Grubb, and Richardson, and this as far as it goes is a recognition of Mr. Grubb's claim as a proprietor.

But here, my lord, I must remark, that I would not sign it until a memorandum was added to the deed to this effect—that nothing in the deed should prejudice or invalidate the right of Richard Brinsley Sheridan in the theatre of Drury-lane, its leasehold interests and chattels. I also remonstrated in strong terms against the deed, and positively insisted upon the addition of the memorandum as an endorsement. Will Mr. Grubb then set up at this moment an agreement which is not to be produced, and which has been twice set aside, by the agreement of September 1795, and the endorsement in 1798! With respect to the argument that Mr. Grubb is a proprietor, because his name has been specified in the bills drawn upon the proprietors, I admit the fact, but deny the inference. It has been long a mode pursued in orders given for the business of the theatre, and in tradesmen's bills; but would the insertion of the name establish the right? If, however, there be a claim, let it go at once, my lord, to arbitration, although I have uniformly entered a caveat against Mr. Grubb's pretended right. I have but a few words to say in Mr. Westley's case, in which it is contended that in the annuity granted to that gentleman, the name of Mr. Grubb was introduced as one of the partners in the property. Mr. Grubb wanted to be treasurer, manager, and actor; but I would not part with Mr. Westley, who filled the office of treasurer, and who had served the theatre with fidelity for many years, without making him a proper compensation. I was not to send him adrift to gratify Mr. Grubb. An annuity of £. 500 for two years was assigned, with one of £. 250 for himself and his wife for their respective lives. This deed was executed by Mr. Richardson and myself, and got by Mr. Grubb, who never returned it. Every possible application had been in vain made by Mr. Westley to obtain it; and this formed the present ground of complaint against the latter. Upon every view and consideration of Mr. Grubb's claims, I feel myself justified in saying that there never was a sillier attempt to prick into the property, or a bolder effort to commit a legal burglary. Yet I am still willing to do every thing for his satisfaction under the proposed arbitration, though I would rather forfeit the penalty than admit him as a proprietor. My lord, I now come to Mr. Holland's observations, that the theatre stood still for a long time in consequence of the embarrassed state of the funds.

[Here Mr. Sheridan entered minutely into a transaction between the late Mr. Wallis, one of the trustees, and the proprietors, in order to shew that the claim set up by the former for a large sum due to Mr. Garrick, had retarded the erection of the building for a period of eleven months.]

[To be continued.]

DOMESTIC EVENTS.

NAVAL COURT MARTIAL.—The sentence of the Court Martial held on board the *Gladiator*, at Portsmouth, for the trial of the mutineers in Admiral Mitchell's fleet, having been now promulged, we shall endeavour to extract its essence, and without entering into the minutiae of question and answer, or the repetition of the same facts, distinguished only as being related by different witnesses, to give an abstract of the proceedings of the Court, and of the crime which it was assembled to investigate.

The Court assembled by signal on Wednesday the 6th inst. and consisted of Vice-Admirals Mitchel and Pole; Rear-Admirals Collingwood, Holloway, and Campbell; Captains Bertie, Grindall, Sir E. Nagle, Wells, Jones, Osborn, and Gould. Before these were to be tried 14 seamen, all belonging to his majesty's ship *Temeraire*. Their names were Mayfield, Ward, Chesterman, Fitzgerald, Rowland, Cross, Cook, White, Collins, Lockyer, Cumings, Hillyard, and Daley. The charges against them were, first, making, or endeavouring to make, mutinous assemblies. Second, uttering seditious expressions; and for concealing traitorous and seditious words spoken, and tending to the hindrance of his Majesty's service, and not revealing the same to their commanding officers. Third, being present at such mutiny and sedition, and not using their utmost endeavour to suppress the same, between the 1st and 14th days of December, 1801. Captain Eyles, of the *Temeraire*, was the prosecutor. J. Aufrey, a seaman of the *Temeraire*, said, that on the 1st December he saw 19 or 20 people drinking together, and swearing mutual fidelity. He identified Fitzgerald, Mayfield, Ward, Lockyer, Rowland, Cook, Chesterman, Taylor [not yet tried,] and Jones, Cross nor White he did not see; and Daley was not present. On the 5th, Fitzgerald, Collins, Chesterman, and Cook, had so far prevailed upon the crew to address their officers, that they actually, after an explanation with the lieutenants on duty, had an audience of the admiral himself, from whom they inquired where it was they were going, and expressed their determination not to heave anchor to go out of land. The admiral exhorted them to their duty, and they went down to their quarters. It was there fixed, that in order to avoid intoxication (a practice which seamen contrive to indulge in, by alternately giving up a day's allowance of grog to a messmate, and on the day following having his in addition to their own,) every man was to drink his own allowance, and any one that got drunk was to be punished by the men themselves. (A sentence which, in the only two instances that occurred, was rigorously executed.) A similar punishment was denounced against any man who should attempt to bend the sails. Fitzgerald had declared, that no personal injury was intended to the officers, provided they did not offer violence to the crew; but that, in that case, no mercy should be shown, and the utmost which the officers could kill would be but 50 or 60 of the foremost men. On the 6th, as the master's mate was going round the decks, Fitzgerald, Chesterman, Allen, Lockyer, and Taylor, cried out to have the ports lowered (for the purpose of extinguishing day light), and

repeated cheers among the crew called the attention of Lieut. Douglas, the officer on deck. He desired the men to come aft, and state their grievances to the admiral on the quarter deck. This they refused, and the ladder, on which the lieutenant had one foot as he was addressing them, was by one of the conspirators attempted to be turned for the purpose of precipitating him down. The ladders were attempted by the rioters to be unshipped, but without success, and the officers made their way down amongst them to expostulate. The admiral himself, from the quarter deck, asked what it was they wanted? He was answered, "to know where they were going?" The admiral declared, that he was himself ignorant of his destination. This did not satisfy them. On Sunday the 6th, some cartridges of powder began to be distributed; and on Monday the orders were repeated as to the drinking every man's allowance of grog by himself. When an officer was going round, all conference ended, but was resumed the moment his back was turned. On Tuesday the 8th, the question came to be agitated how far the insurgents might depend on the co-operation of other vessels in the fleet. Fitzgerald and Chesterman assured them, that the *Formidable*, *Majestic*, and *Vengeance*, were of the same mind, and would not fire on them. On Wednesday the plan was conceived of not bringing up their hammocks as usual when piped, in order that they might have them to barricade the hatchways with. The circulation of this order was entrusted to Ward and Cook; it was afterwards countermanded by Ward. In the mean time Taylor was employed in the composition of a letter, in which, whenever he was liable to be disturbed by the approach of an officer, a signal was given to him by a pass-word, such as—"Catch the rat."—"Knock down the rat."—"Give me a chew of tobacco," &c. This letter was submitted to the inspection of the mutineers in Chesterman's birth. On their proceeding to inflict a summary punishment on one of themselves for having riotously abused another, they were admonished not to take the punishment into their own hands. The lieutenant who gave them this caution, was presently shoved into the crowd, and struck by one of the men. An alarm was then spread, and a man who had been put in irons for drunkenness on duty, and insolence to his superior officer, was demanded to be released. This was steadily refused, and the rioters now resolved to disarm the centuries and kill the officers, but were checked in their progress by observing the marines under arms, and ready to oppose them. In this part of the mutiny, it appeared that one G. Dixon had been a principal. On Tuesday the 8th, an attempt had been made to sound the disposition of the marines, and one Mac Evoy had answered for the steadiness of 20 or 24 of them. Fitzgerald was much in his company. On Thursday the admiral summoned the crew to the quarter-deck, for the purpose of interrogating them on the subject of the letter we have already mentioned, and which now proved to have been a kind of manifesto addressed to the admiral. It stated the merits and services of the crew, but professed their determination not to serve out of land. The admiral wished to know whether the marines were of the same mind? This appeared not to be the case, as on that day the principal rioters were picked out, and sent out of the ship, notwithstanding some ineffectual exclamations from the remaining ones, and a threat that the marines should be stabbed when asleep in their hammocks. On

the examination of this witness by Captain Eyles, it further appeared, that Fitzgerald, Collins, and Chesterman, had assumed the title of "Delegates," and had insisted on the right of exclusively punishing such of the crew as might be guilty of irregularities. Hillyard was proved to have given the order for shutting down the ports; and Mayfield, to have said, "he would see himself d—d before he would go out of the land." Daley had observed, upon the powder having been brought to the nipper-lockers, "We have plenty of powder to cool the officers' temper; and if that would not do," he said, "they must rush aft, and kill all the officers;" an expedient in which Hillyard agreed. Fitzgerald had commenced the getting of two guns pointed aft, which he said were ready loaded. This witness then underwent a cross examination by twelve of the prisoners, but which only tended so much more to fix the identity of the man asking the question, that in more instances than one, the humanity of the court interfered, and cautioned the prisoner against adopting such a line of interrogatory. The sittings of the subsequent days discovered nothing else material as to the origin and general history of the mutiny, although different facts were more or less brought home against the individuals who had been concerned in it.

On Saturday the prisoners entered on their defence, in which they had been previously assisted by Mr. Barry, a gentleman of the bar, casually present, and whom they had entreated to undertake the task. Mayfield was first called on. He handed in a paper denying *in toto* the charge, appealing to the character that would be given of him by officers under whom he had served. He said, that he had fought in St. Fiorepzo Bay, had volunteered his services at the storming Fort Matilda, and had done the same at Toulon and Convention Hill. He then proceeded to call his witnesses; the first of which stated him to have remained forward after the people had pushed violently aft; and a conversation, in which the prisoner had professed to decline the business, for fear of its consequences; saying, at the same time, that it was a matter of very little concern to him whether he went to the West Indies or not. Another said, that at the time the drinking and administering an oath, as proved by the first witness for the crown, had been supposed to have taken place, he was on the spot, and must, if it had been done, have seen it, which he denied he had. The examination of these witnesses by the members of the court, went to find if the prisoner had taken any active steps in assisting the officers in suppression of the mutiny; and the answers were uniformly in the negative. Chesterman handed in a paper, relying on his character during nine years' service, and mentioning his having been in the battles of the 14th March, 1795, the 13th July, and the 14th of February. Daley admitted he had been in error, and begged for mercy; as did Jones and Cross. Ward, Cumings, and Hillyard relied upon their character. Fitzgerald stated his services of twenty-one years, and admitted that a sudden impulse had seized him when ordered for the West Indies, instead of being at liberty, as he hoped, to join his friends in Ireland. He, too, pleaded his services under Lord Rodney, on the 12th of April, 1782, and denying all intentions to have committed murder, implored mercy. White and Collins denied the charges of mutiny and intention to murder, as severally imputed to each. Rowland, Cook, and Lockyer, did not attempt a defence.

Monday was occupied with hearing witnesses in behalf of the prisoners. These were principally to character, and, if at all to fact, were the same as were stated in Mayfield's case; and on Tuesday the court having met at nine, and deliberated until two; proceeded to pass sentence, in which, after recapitulating the commission under which they sat, the prisoners' names, and charges against them, they declared,—That the charges are proved against all, except White, and doth adjudge them to suffer death, by being hanged by the neck. And the court is further of opinion, that the charges against Christopher White are in part proved, and doth order and adjudge him to receive 200 lashes on his bare back.

Collins then said, permit me to return my sincere thanks to the Court for the patience and indulgence shewn me. I acknowledge the justice of my sentence. I have violated the laws of my country, and the discipline of the navy; but I declare to Almighty God that the intention of murder never entered my head. I solemnly call God to witness this declaration, and trust to the truth of it all my hopes of pardon in the other world. May God protect the British Isles, and the government! and may God receive my soul!—At these words all the other prisoners devoutly exclaimed "Amen."—Chesterman said, 'I hope they will allow a friend of mine to bury my body;' and concluded by praying the court to allow him a little time to prepare himself for eternity. The President replied, 'That does not rest with us, but with other authority!'—Fitzgerald owned he had offended against the laws; but he solemnly declared, that he never entertained any intention of committing murder. The court then broke up.

Chesterman, Hillyard, Fitzgerald, Collins, Ward, and Mayfield, the mutineers, were on Friday noon hanged at Spithead; the four former on board the *Temeraire*, Mayfield on board the *Formidable*, and Ward on board the *Vengeance*. A boat from each vessel in the fleet attended round the ships during the execution, which appeared to make a suitable impression on their several crews. The wretched sufferers behaved with great penitence, and one of them had a prayer-book in his hand when launched into eternity. They acknowledged the justice of their sentence, and addressed a letter to their shipmates, exhorting them to loyalty and obedience. Chesterman, on ascending the scaffold, applied for a glass of wine, which being given to him, he drank with great composure.

General Miollis has ordered a bust of Virgil to be placed in the principal square of Mantua, to which he has given the name of the poet.

Petersberg, Dec. 4.—The Emperor, whose reign is each day distinguished by acts of benevolence and justice, has for ever abolished the practice of putting criminals to the rack for the purpose of extorting confession.

During the late gales, the crews of several vessels were saved by the Scarborough life-boat. Common boats could not live in the sea from which these men were rescued. It is much to be wished that a life-boat was stationed at every port of the empire.

OYSTERS.—Tilburina's observation in the Critic, that "an oyster may be *effused* in love," has been lately verified, to the profit of the speculators in this new amour. The advantage which has resulted from crossing the breed of cate-

tle, induced a like experiment upon *oysters*, and an extensive dealer in Kent lately imported several tons of Carlingford and other celebrated Irish oysters, which he laid down in the beds of the best English natives, about Milton, Faversham, and Whitstable; the effect of this union has greatly exceeded his expectation, the produce being greater than heretofore, and of considerably improved flavour.

Kotzebue, whose history of the most important year in his own life has certainly conferred no great honour on the memory of the monarch Paul I, from whom it had acquired its consequence, amongst other anecdotes of that emperor, says, that Paul had built a most magnificent palace, in which he had collected a great number of pictures and statues, which he had ordered to be purchased in France and Italy: the expence of the whole amounted to 18,000,000 of roubles. The palace was built in a most unwholesome situation, and his physicians requested him not to reside there, but in vain. He employed M. Kotzebue to draw up a detailed description of the palace, which, the latter says, would have been one of the duldest books ever composed. The death of Paul, however, put an end to the work, and all the valuable articles were taken from the palace, which is now completely deserted. Paul was determined that none of his daughters should be married contrary to their inclination. When the archduchess Alexandra was about to depart, he displayed the most violent affliction; he returned several times to the carriage in which she was, and wept while he embraced her. A few days before his death, he made the empress a present, which he prefaced by saying, that he knew it would give her pleasure. It proved to be a pair of embroidered stockings, worked by some young ladies in a seminary of her majesty's foundation.

When the Russian prisons were opened, after the death of the emperor Paul, many very affecting scenes (says Kotzebue) were witnessed by those who were charged with that office. Among others, an old colonel had just been put in prison, and his son, a gallant young officer, covered with wounds, having in vain applied for his release, desired to be shut up with his father. His request was partly complied with, for he was put in prison, but not with his father, who never knew of this noble conduct of his son until the latter came to announce to him their common liberty. The first person who appeared in a round hat in Petersburg, after Paul's death, was followed by crowds, and people ran to their windows to look at him.

A discovery has lately been made in Newcastle, which promises not only gratification to the curious, but vast utility to chymical science. The discovery consists in the combustion of the oxygen and hydrogen gasses, by means of a blow-pipe. The gasses are conducted in due proportions, by tubes, from their respective reservoirs, and made to terminate in concentric circles, where a flame, the most rapid, takes place, causing a heat of such intenseness, as till now has baffled the efforts of chymistry to produce.

Dumourier is living at Hamburgh, on the pension granted him by the prince of Hesse; where he is said to be occupied in literary labours.

The lords of the Treasury have approved a plan proposed by the postmaster general, to guard such of the principal mails of the kingdom which are conveyed

on horseback by night. This is in all respects a national and important measure, and has been long and anxiously desired by the public.

The hop duty is now found to be £. 208,000 for the present year.

Mr. Goodhall has succeeded Dr. Heath, as head master of Eton school.

Among the several vessels lost in the North Seas in the late storm, a letter from Copenhagen mentions a ship at Flensburg, the crew of which, as it was sinking in the port, endeavoured to save themselves on the mast. A merchant, who was present, offered a reward for saving the crew. A carrier of Elsinour, immediately put off with his people, and saved all but a cabin boy, but refused the reward, alledging that *he did not save the lives of men for money*. The merchants of the city had a medal struck by subscription for this friend of humanity.

On Friday the 11th December about seven o'clock in the evening a very melancholy circumstance happened at Gloucester-lodge, in Hamptoncourt Park. Mr. Dallan, who had lived as page in the Duke of Gloucester's family near forty years, was discovered by the maid servant, on entering his room, in the act of holding his arm over a bason, and bleeding profusely, having with great deliberation cut all the arteries of it. The girl, shocked at the discovery, ran out of the room for assistance; when the unfortunate gentleman took advantage of her absence, cut his throat from ear to ear, and soon after died. Coroner's verdict lunacy.

A grey eagle was taken alive, some days ago, in a trap, on Lord Mountrath's estate, in Norfolk. It measures 7 feet 8 inches between the extremities of the wings, and 4 feet from the beak to the tail.

Some time ago, as a child of about a month old lay asleep in a bureau-bed, near Halifax, its grandfather entered the room, and, not seeing the child, turned up the bed, by which the little innocent was smothered, and quite dead before the accident was discovered.

A theatre was lately opened at Cape-town, and the profits arising from the first six nights' performance were applied to the fund of the Lying-in Hospital for soldiers' wives.

The Bank has advanced half a million on the new Exchequer bills lately issued.

The present Emperor of China, says a letter from Canton, has suspended some arrangements intended to be made for the benefit of the empire. It is a custom of the Chinese, that no decision of a deceased Emperor shall be altered by his successor, until the expiration of three years after his death. The Emperor, therefore, has not yet removed or changed any mandarin or officer from the post in which his father placed him, except the minister Ho-xen, who was deprived of his office, and executed, for peculation.

An extraordinary instance of skating took place in 1760, from Montreal to Quebec, by two couriers, sent by General Amherst to General Murray, who, in the space of eighteen hours, went over a surface of ice extending 190 miles.

The Pope has, through the medium of Dr. Douglas, titular bishop of London, addressed a letter to such of the French bishops, resident here, as have given in their resignations; and another to those who have refused to do so. It is singu-

lar enough, that although the former have ceased to be bishops, his Holiness addresses each of them by the style of "venerable brother:" and having, as the only remuneration in his power, bestowed on them his apostolical benediction, he gratuitously presents the same to those bishops who have not complied with his wish, and whom he exhorts to re-consider their resolution.

A matter worthy of the most serious investigation, though long since of public notoriety, has come officially forward in the trial of the officers of the Kent Indiaman, for the loss of that ship. It appears that the cutlasses with which the crew were provided had originally cost but 3s. 6d. each, and were cut through at the first blow given by the French. Of the muskets, most went off at the first fire, but scarcely any even at the second, and the crew had recourse to the hopeless expedient of rather trusting for their safety to the former weapons. The captain's pistol missed fire from the badness of the lock, and, according to his decided opinion, upon oath, (an opinion agreed in by the Maritime Committee of Inquiry, and the Marine Board at Bengal) "*owing to the badness of the arms, the ship was captured.*" It now appears that the number of passengers and crew killed and wounded on this occasion was between 50 and 60. The ballot at the India-house, for the purpose of determining on the conduct of the officers, was determined in their favour, by a majority of 325 to 10.

Early in the ensuing summer, a commission, it is said, will be appointed, consisting of the first mineralogists in England, to proceed on an experimental examination of the several mines in Ireland, especially those of iron or stone ore; so that they may, if found productive, be fully wrought; a national object on the largest scale.

The number of bankers in 1740 were twenty-eight; in 1770, thirty-eight; in 1782, forty-seven; in 1802, seventy-two; and until about 1697, or 8, there were only Child and Co. and Denne and Co.

The Mahomedan religion, notwithstanding the zeal of its votaries to propagate it, seems to lose ground in the East, the intolerant spirit of the late Sulthan Tippoo, who was anxious for its extension, having rather excited disgust than adoption. It is now estimated, that in Hindostan there are at least nine Gentooes to one Mahomedan.

Mr. Jefferson, President of the United States, has been elected, by the National Institute, an Associate for the class of Moral and Political Science. The other candidates were Major Rennel and Count Rumford. M. (Sir Joseph) Banks was elected an Associate for the department of Physics and Mathematics; and Haydn has carried his election against Mr. Sheridan, for that of Literature and the Fine Arts.

BIRTHS.

Of Sons:—Lady Mulgrave; in Dublin, Viscountess Corry; in Northamptonshire, the Hon. Mrs. Gunning. Of Daughters:—The Countess of Poulch; in Dublin, Lady Anne Maxwell; in Harley-street, the Countess of Oxford. Princess Caroline, consort of Prince Maximilian, was delivered of a Prince, on the 13th ult. at Dresden, who has been christened John Nepomucenus, Maria, and eleven other names.

MARRIED,

R. Biddulph, Esq. M. P. to Miss Middleton, of Cheik Castle, Denbeighshire. R. T. Streatfield, Esq. of the Rocks, Sussex, to Miss Shuttleworth, eldest daughter of R. Shuttleworth, Esq. of Barton Lodge, Lancashire. Capt. Pearse, of the 14th Light Dragoons, to Miss M. St. Aubin, daughter of Sir John St. A. of Clowance, Cornwall, Bart. Lieut. Col. J. S. Maxwell, of the 23d Light Dragoons, to the only daughter of P. Heron, Esq. M. P. On the 15th ult. at Norton, near Stockton, Cutlibert Taylor, to Ann Hutchinson. The bride walked with a crutch, the bridegroom had but one arm, the bridegroom's man but one leg, and the bride's maid was blind. In Dublin, the Earl of Meath, to Lady M. A. Meade, fourth daughter of the Earl of Clanwilliam. At Wyke House, Sion Hill, T. Myers, Esq. of Park-place, St. James's to Lady M'Nevill. At Mary-le-bone church, Major Macleod, of the 4th Foot, to the Right Hon. Lady Arabella Annesly, daughter of the Earl of Mountmorris. At Dublin, Mr. Powell, Barrister, to the Countess Dowager of Aldborough.

DIED,

Lately, at Brussels, Sir John Buckworth, Bart. On George's Hill, the Rev. James Philip Mulkaille, R. C. V. G. of the Archdiocese of Dublin. At Vienna, Field Marshal Count Lacy. Mr. T. Aris Pearson, proprietor and printer of the Birmingham Gazette. The Rev. and celebrated Arthur O'Leary. In Henrietta street, Bath, aged 70, Lady Wright, wife of Sir J. Wright, Bart, of Hoy-house, Essex, and only daughter of Sir W. Stapleton, Bart. of Gray's Court, Oxfordshire. In Hereford street, May-fair, R. Udny, Esq. aged 72. At Armathwaite, near Keswick, aged 72, Lady Fletcher, relict of Sir P. W. V. Fletcher, Bart. of Hutton, Cumberland, and mother of Sir F. Vane. On his passage to America, T. M. Catton, Esq. one of the heirs to the great Thurstone's estates, of Norfolk and Suffolk, a distant relation of Lord Nelson. John Shoolbred, Esq. secretary to the African Committee. At Wadley House, Berks, Lord Viscount Ashbrook. At Annabella, near Mallow, Sir J. Hoare, Bart. father of the late Irish commons, in which he had sat as a member for 60 years. At Kingston, Surry, aged 83, Sir T. Kent, Bart. At Castlejordan, in Ireland, Sir D. Giffard, Bart. At Shrub Hill, near Dorking, Surrey, the Hon. Miss C. J. Leslie, youngest daughter of Lord Leslie. At Tarbert House, Scotland, Lady E. M'Kenzie. At Exmouth, the lady of Sir John Whiteford, Bart. At Southampton, B. Langton, Esq. the very disinterested friend of the celebrated Dr. Johnson, and successor to him in his Professorship of Polite Literature, in the R. Academy. At Bath, Lieut. Col. H. Flood. The Rev. H. Mayo, D. D. in his 82nd year, for 38 of which he was réctor of St. George's, Middlesex. The Earl of Kirkcudbright. At Hadley, Middlesex, in her 75th year, the justly celebrated Mrs. Chapone. Captain Russel, of his Majesty's Ship Ceres. At Port Jackson, New South Wales, R. Dore, Esq. his Majesty's Judge Advocate for that settlement. At Buckland, the Rev. J. Hurdis, D. D. of Magdalen College, and Professor of Poetry.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR
FEBRUARY, 1802.

Embellished with

A PORTRAIT OF NATHANIEL LEE, THE CELEBRATED DRAMATIC POET, ENGRAVED
BY RIDLEY, FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING, IN THE POSSESSION OF J. P.
KEMBLE, ESQ.

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1802.

CORRESPONDENCE.

In No. LXXVII. will be given Two Plates. I. A Portrait of Professor PORSON. II. A Landscape, engraved by Springhurst, from a beautiful Drawing by the Rev. William Bree, of Coleshill, in Warwickshire, accompanied by a Poetical Address, from the Pen of Miss Seward.

We have to apologize to T. G. for the delay of which he complains, and for some trifling liberties we have taken with his composition.

Our obligations are due to the Rev. Mr. C——, (*Stamford*) for his kind attentions.

We are sorry we cannot make use of W. M.'s favours; nor of the *Imitation of Waller*, transmitted by FIDELIA.

The Biographical Account of a *Literary Lady*, in high repute, is well written; but there is already a detailed memoir of the party before the public.

A very elegant Sonnet, to the Author of "The Farmer's Boy," by Miss FINCH, shall appear in our next.

Is the Letter, communicated by G. L——r, (*Liverpool*.) original?

We have been favoured with a Ballad by Mr. H. SIDMONS, entitled *Emmeline, or the Knight of the Cross*, which shall appear very shortly.

The Prologue which has been sent us has appeared in all the public prints, or we should have given it a place with much pleasure.

The contributions of JULIUS, (*Newcastle*.) will be very acceptable,—and likewise the MSS. promised by "OLD FREDERICK."

A Poem on Despair, by H. K. WHITE (*Nottingham*), a Sonnet to Miss Abrahams, by CIVIS (*Wolverhampton*), some Original Verses by Addison, transmitted by W. HANBURY (*Rugby*), Lines to Miss H. B. by SOCIUS (*St. New's*), and Anecdotes of Lord Rochester, by A. H. as soon as possible.

C. S. N. has put us to the question with a vengeance; but we are accustomed to the torture of such inquirers. The portrait he alludes to is one of the most admired in our series.

The favours of L. and NOTICA G. are under consideration.

C. M. in his song on a *Rustic Cottage*, has borrowed the precise expressions of a song in the Lord of the Manor.

"Beneath this humble roof shall find"

What gold will never buy."

An elegant criticism on some performances at the *Hull* theatre, by NOTINGAMIENSIS, which came too late for this number, shall have a place in No. 77. We shall be happy to receive the List of which our correspondent makes mention.

The *Literary Mouse*, a *Fable*, shall appear at the same time.

The well known *Fragment* in our last did not pass under the inspection of the Editor, who was indisposed, or it certainly would not have been inserted; though the extraordinary merit of the article scarcely requires an apology for its appearance.

We have this month given another additional half sheet to make room for various articles of poetry.

N. B. The several Booksellers who have been disappointed of sets of this work, are acquainted that Nos. 20, 21, 22, 23, and 34, have lately been re-printed, and that new editions of the other deficient numbers will shortly go to press.





NATHANIEL LEE

the Poet

Pub. by Vernor, & Hood Poultry Feb 27/1802.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR

FOR
FEBRUARY, 1802.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF NATHANIEL LEE, THE POET.

[With a Portrait.]

NEITHER the time of his birth, nor the precise period of the death of this celebrated but unfortunate poet, have been ascertained by his biographers. His father, Dr. Lee, was the minister of Hatfield. He sent his son at an early age to Westminster school, then under the direction of Dr. Busby. From thence he was removed to Trinity College, Cambridge, and was admitted a scholar on the Foundation in 1668. In the same year he took his degree of B. A. but not having the good fortune to obtain a fellowship, he left the University and came to London, with a view of pushing his fortune at Court. Not succeeding in this design, in 1672, he made an attempt on the stage, in the character of *Duncan* in Sir William Davenant's alteration of *Macbeth*. "Lee," says Colley Cibber, in his *Apology*, "was so pathetic a reader of his own scenes, that I have been informed by an actor, who was present, that while Lee was reading to Major Mohun at a rehearsal, Mohun, in the warmth of his admiration, threw down his part, and said, unless I were able to *play* it as well as you *read* it, to what purpose should I undertake it? And yet this very author, whose elocution raised such admiration in so capital an actor, when he attempted to be an actor himself, soon quitted the stage in an honest despair of ever making a profitable figure there." It would almost appear from this, that Lee's attempt on the stage had been subsequent to his appearance there in the capacity of a dramatist. But this was not the fact, for his first play was not represented till the year 1675, so that, instead of being tempted to make his *début* as an actor, in consequence of the reputation he had acquired behind the curtain as a *pathetic reader of his own scenes*; it is reasonable to presume, that his demerits and bad success as a player, induced him to turn his attention to the trade of authorship. By this anecdote from Cibber, the authors of the *Biographical Dictionary* † have been led into the error we have just obviated. His first play was called *Nero, Emperor of Rome*; and be-

* P. 68, quarto edition, 1740.

† Last edition in 15 vols. 1798.

tween 1672, the date of its appearance, and 1684, he produced no less than nine tragedies, besides the share he had with Dryden in *Edipus* and the *Duke of Guise*. On the 11th of November, in the year last mentioned, it was found necessary to confine him in Bedlam, where he remained four years. It has been said of him as a writer, that "his imagination ran away with his reason;" a remark that is, perhaps, applicable to this melancholy incident of his life. But his insanity is more generally supposed to have been owing to the embarrassment of his circumstances, the result of extreme carelessness and extravagance; a belief that receives sufficient confirmation from the following epigram, addressed to Lee, by Wycherly, and first quoted by the ingenious Mr. Neve, in his admirable remarks on our author's poetical character. *

You, but because you starv'd, went mad before;

Now starving does to you your wits restore:

So your life is, like others, much at one

Whether you now have any sense, or none.

A repartee has been ascribed to him while in confinement, which we should, perhaps, be blamed for omitting in this account. A very indifferent author observed to him, that it was an easy thing to write like a madman; "No," replied Lee, "it is *not* an easy thing to write like a madman; but it is very easy to write like a fool."

In April 1688, he returned to society, but did not long survive the recovery of his reason. Whincop tells us, that "he died in one of his night rambles in the street;" and Oldys, in his MS. notes, records the fact rather particularly—"Returning one night from the Bear and Harrow, in Butcher Row, through Clare Market, to his lodgings in Duke Street, overladen with wine, he fell down on the ground, as some say, according to others, on a bulk, and was killed or stifled in the snow." From the same authority, we learn that "he was buried in the parish church of St. Clement's Danes, aged about thirty-five years." Between the time of his discharge from Bedlam, and that of his death, he wrote two plays, the *Princess of Cleves*, and the *Massacre of Paris*; but, notwithstanding the profits arising from these two performances, he was reduced, it is said, to so low an ebb, that a weekly stipend of ten shillings from the theatre royal was his chief dependence. It has been observed, that his untimely end might have been occasioned by his disorder, of which he was subject to temporary relapses; and, in tenderness to his memory, we are inclined to indulge the supposition. This accident occurred about the years 1691-2.

* See our number for April 1801.—Vol. XI. p. 969.

There is a striking coincidence between the fate of Lee and Otway, which, we believe, has not before been noticed. They both became writers for the stage, in consequence of their unsuccessful performances on it; both began to write in rhyme, and deserted it, much to the advantage of their reputation, for blank verse; both were reduced, principally by their own dissipations, to a miserable condition of indigence; and both died, at almost precisely the same age, and within about five years of each other, in a state of the utmost obscurity and wretchedness.

The talents of Nathaniel Lee have met with a most elegant, candid, and critical illustration, in the article already alluded to, by Mr. Neve, to which the reader is referred. It has been too much the fashion, with writers of more taste, perhaps, but of infinitely less genius, to decry the reputation of this author, who has been styled, with reference to his *Alexander the Great*, "a mad poet, who described, in frantic verse, the actions of a mad warrior;" but Addison maintains, that "among our modern English poets, there was none better turned for tragedy than Lee, if, instead of favouring his impetuosity of genius, he had restrained it within proper bounds." Dryden compliments him highly upon his *Rival Queens*, in his copy of verses prefixed to that play.

Such praise is your's, while you the passions move,
That 'tis no longer feign'd, 'tis real love,
Where nature triumphs over wretched art;
We only warm the head, but you the heart.
Always you warm; and, if the rising year,
As in hot regions, bring the sun too near,
'Tis but to make your fragrant spices blow;
Which in our colder climates will not grow.
That humble style which drones their virtue make,
Is in your power, you need but stoop and take.
Your beauteous images must be allow'd
By all but some vile poets of the crowd:
But how should any sign-post dauber know
The worth of Titian or of Angelo?

Cibber has censured, very freely,* the well-known speech, in the *Rival Queens*, beginning "Can you remember," &c. which he calls "a blazing rant," and "furious fustian;" "a rhapsody of vain-glory," and "a flight of the false sublime;" but Dr. Warburton avers that they contain not only the most sublime, but the most judicious imagery that poetry can conceive.

* Apology, p. 64.

We shall conclude this *sketch* with an enumeration of his plays, which were published in the following order.

1. *Nero, Emperor of Rome.* 1675.
 2. *Sophonisba, or Hannibal's Overthrow.* 1676. The prologue by Dryden.
 3. *Gloriana, or the Court of Augustus Cæsar.* 1676.
 4. *The Rival Queens; or, The Death of Alexander the Great.* 1677.
 5. *Mithridates, King of Pontus.* 1678. The epilogue by Dryden. There is a talk of reviving this tragedy, very soon, at Drury Lane.
 6. *Theodosius; or The Force of Love.* 1680.
 7. *Cæsar Borgia.* 1680. The prologue by Dryden.
 8. *Lucius Junius Brutus.* 1681. Forbidden, says Gildon, after the third performance, by Lord Chamberlain Arlington, as an anti-monarchical play.
 9. *Constantine the Great,* 1684. The prologue by Otway, who died in 1685. The epilogue by Dryden.
 10. *The Princess of Cleves.* T. 1689. Prologue by Dryden.
 11. *The Massacre of Paris.* 1690.
- Besides the 2d, 4th, and 5th acts of *Ædipus*, 1679, and the 1d, 3d, half the 5th, and all but the 1st sceptre of *The Duke of Guise*.
- The likeness of Nat. Lee, which appears in this number, is the first that has been published: and the painting from which it is engraved is the only portrait that now exists, or that probably was ever taken of that extraordinary genius.

REFLECTIONS ON LIFE AND ITS PURSUITS.

EVERY man who casts his eyes around him, and beholds the bustle, anxiety, and care, depicted in the countenances of all those busy mortals, who swarm (generally speaking) in every city and in every country; cannot help concluding they are in search of something essential to their happiness. The conclusion is universally true; for be the present object of pursuit ever so trivial, were it not in some degree desirable, consequently an addition, real or imaginary, to our stock of happiness, we should not move a finger to obtain it. Of what moment is it to the discontented man, whether his present uneasiness arises from the want of a luxurious meal, a laced coat, or a pompous title; whether he sighs because he has not seen Peru, or because he cannot play upon the fiddle; the girl who wishes

for, and has not, the means of obtaining a new cap against next Sunday, feels, perhaps, more unhappy moments, than he who has plunged himself in debt, to satiate his silly desires, and is every hour in danger of losing his liberty, as a just punishment for his dissipation and temerity.

The positive wants of nature are few, and fixed : those of imagination, fleeting and innumerable. The wretch who is really hungry, and in need of the necessaries to appease that corroding sensation, will not be very scrupulous about the cleanliness of the cook. Cold cannot be diverted by the fineness of Dresden lace, nor the idea of its reputation—pride may. There is hardly a wretch existing, who has not the permanent means of happiness in his own power. Imagination is the painter ; 'tis she who gives those light and gloomy shades, which make the picture beautiful or horrid, insipid, delightful, or disgusting. We cannot desire stronger proofs of the truth of this assertion, were it possible for even ignorance itself to doubt, than those which observation may every hour furnish us with. We hear the labourer singing on the scaffold, surrounded with dangers, sweating with fatigue, or heaving beneath a burden, with which he mounts, step by step, up a frightful precipice ; his countenance is cheerful, his mind is unembarrassed, he glories in the number of bricks which he can lay, and laughs at the delicate limbs and frippery of an affected being, who calls himself a gentleman. He has not leisure to wish, and therefore feels no want. His necessities are greatest in the hours of idleness, but vanish when hunger drives him again to his labour. He hears, beneath, the rattling of coaches, without emotion, seldom or ever reflecting on the ease or security of those within. " It is the hand of little employment, that hath the daintier sense." Riches are almost universally sought after ; they are thought to be the fountain from whence the streams of pleasure issue. Were men wise, they would be perfectly convinced of the impossibility of procuring happiness with riches. It is in vain, they say, we sigh for power, and riches only can obtain it for us ; we languish for precedence, and men bow but to the wealthy. Philosophy, moral as well as physical, must take Experience for her guide. Sallow looks, gouty limbs, restless minds, and unhealthy bodies, are not the symptoms of Content : she hangs no such signs at the outside of the habitation where she dwells ; she tortures not the fancy with the ideal dreams of present wants, but smiles upon and enjoys what she now possesses : she casts not her eyes upon the earth, and says, " I hope I shall be happy," but lifts them up to heaven and says " I am."

If neither reflection nor instruction have anticipated my purpose, I will discover a truth to thee more precious than gold. Hear and remember; imagine thyself happy, and thou art so; look not with despondency on the objects around thee, but smile and they shall smile also; rejoice, and every thing shall be glad; say not I should be if I had; but say I am because I have; so shalt thou sit down, if such be thy lot, to the most homely viands with pleasure, forming thy lips into smiles, and Content bearing up complacently thy eye lids, while Satisfaction dimples thy cheek, and Serenity smooths thy brow. No longer shalt thou make thy days burthensome, and thy nights restless, with fruitless wishes, but shalt exult and say with Socrates, when he beheld the Athenian market, what a number of things are here that I have no need of.

In wishing nothing we enjoy the most,
 For e'en our wish is in possession lost.
 Restless we wander to a new desire,
 And burn ourselves by blowing up the fire;
 We toss and turn almost our peevish will,
 When all our ease must come by lying still;
 For all the happiness mankind can gain,
 Is not in pleasure, but in rest from pain.

Dryden.

J. D. J.

'ANECDOTE OF DR. JOHNSON.

DOCTOR JOHNSON'S Dictionary was not entirely written by himself; one Steward, a porter-drinking man, was employed with him; Steward's business was to collect the authorities for the different words.

Whilst this Dictionary was in hand, Dr. Johnson was in debt to a milkman, who attempted to arrest him. The Doctor then lived in Gough Square. Once, on an alarm of this kind, he brought down his bed and barricadoed the door, and from the window harangued the milkman and bailiffs in these words: "Depend upon it, I will defend this my little citadel to the utmost."

About this time the Doctor exhibited a proof that the most ingenuous mind may be so debased by distress as to commit mean actions.—In order to raise a present supply, Johnson delivered to Mr. Strahan, the printer, as new copy, several sheets of his Dictionary, already printed and paid for; for which he thus obtained a second payment. The Doctor's credit with his bookseller not being then sterling, and the occasion for money very pressing, ways and means, to raise the supply wanted, were necessary to prevent a refusal.

PLEASANTRIES OF VOLTAIRE.

TRANSLATED FROM

THE TRAVELS OF SCARMENTADO.

Written, as he says, by himself.

SCARMENTADO begins by stating that he was born at Candia, in the year 1600, and, having a great inclination to travel, he visited a variety of countries, in all of which, owing to his ignorance of the customs and religions of the people, he suffered numerous inconveniences and misfortunes. At length, after getting out of the inquisition in Spain, he resolved to visit the Turks, but imagining that they, being infidels, must be much more cruel than the Reverend Father Inquisitors, he determined to be careful of his tongue in their presence. He now proceeds :

“ Arriving, I was strangely surprised to see in Turkey many more Christian churches than there were in Candia; and whole troops of friars, whom they freely permitted to worship the Virgin Mary, and to curse Mahomet; some in Greek, some in Latin, and others in Armenian. I could not refrain from exclaiming to myself ‘What a good people are the Turks!’ The Greek and Latin Christians were, nevertheless, mortal enemies in Constantinople, and persecuted each other like dogs who fight in the streets, until their masters, by beating, oblige them to separate. The Grand Vizier, at that period, protected the Greeks. The Greek patriarch accused me of having supped with the Latin patriarch, and I was condemned, in full Divan, to receive one hundred blows with a lash on the soles of my feet, or redeem myself at the price of five hundred ducats. The next morning the Grand Vizier was strangled, and the following day his successor, who was on the side of the Latins, and who was not strangled till a month after, sentenced me to the same punishment for having supped with the Greek patriarch.—The consequence was, that I was under the sad necessity of going to neither the Greek nor Latin church. By the way of consoling myself, I rented a most beautiful Circassian, the tenderest creature in nature at a tête-à-tête, and the greatest devotee at the mosque. One night, in the delicious transports of love, embracing me, she ejaculated—‘Alla! Illa! Alla!’ which are the sacramental words of the Turks; but I, thinking they were those of love, also exclaimed, with fervour—‘Alla! Illa! Alla!’—‘Ah!’ she cried, ‘the merciful God be praised, you are a Turk!’ I replied, that I

blessed him for having given me so much vigour, and said that I was happy she thought me such. In the morning the Iman came to circumcise me; and, because I made some little objection, the Cadi of that division, a loyal man, proposed, as an alternative, to impale me alive. Highly grateful to him for affording me a choice, but not feeling inclined to relish either, I, at the expence of a thousand sequins, obtained the liberty to abscond, thoroughly resolved never more to hear Greek or Latin mass in Turkey, or ever again to exclaim Alla! Illa! Alla! in my moments of rapture."

After a variety of other adventures of a similar description, in various quarters of the globe, he concludes thus, and perhaps a more simple and forcible argument against the Slave Trade is no where to be found.

"I had now only to see Africa; and I did see it, with a witness to it. Our vessel was taken by negro-corsairs. The master complained bitterly, and asked them why they thus violated the laws of nations? The negro captain replied in these words:—'You have a long nose, and ours is flat; your hair is strait, and ours woolly and curling; you have skin the colour of ashes, and ours is the colour of ebony; consequently we ought to be, by the sacred laws of nature, perpetual enemies. You buy us at fairs on the coast of Guinea, like beasts of burden, to make us work at I know not what employ, but one as painful as ridiculous:—you make us toil, with cruel stripes, amid the mountains, to draw from them a sort of yellow earth, which is, for itself, worth nothing, and is not nearly the value of a good Egyptian onion. So when we meet with you, and prove ourselves the strongest, we make you slaves, and force you to labour in our fields, or your nose and ears pay the forfeit of your obstinacy.'

"To such a sage discourse nothing could be replied. To save my nose and ears I became the slave of an old negress, from whose bondage I was, in the course of a year, redeemed. I had seen all that was beautiful, good, and admirable on earth; and resolved, for the future, never to lose sight of my household gods. At home I married—I was made a cuckold, and I then discovered, that of all the conditions in life that is the most contented."

* * *

THE METAMORPHOSES OF FASHION.

A VISION.

MR. EDITOR,

ONE evening, as I was sitting musing by the fire-side, in a large arm chair, I insensibly fell asleep. Methought I beheld, in the midst of a spacious temple, magnificently ornamented with all that art and ingenuity could effect, a female with a mask : she held in her right hand a wand, and in her left extended a vane.

While I was attentively viewing this figure, a number of young maidens entered, and each bowing before her shrine, became metamorphosed.

One of the most striking of the group, who, on her first appearance, was tolerably handsome, advanced, and was suddenly transformed.

Her face, neck, and arms were spread with a thick white plaster, her cheeks besmeared with a red paint, and her eyebrows also finely penciled.

Her hair, formerly of the finest auburn, was converted to a raven's hue.

Her dress, fantastically decorated, displayed all the colours of Iris.

The next who approached the powerful deity, was presented with a hat, whip, boots, and all the requisites of an *hunter*, which, indeed, she, on her exit, rather appeared than a *female*.

To another fair one was adjudged a gun, which she handled with such infinite dexterity, as enabled her to be ranked under the title of an all-accomplished *sportswoman*.

Others were offered military foils, which they brandished with so masculine and courageous an air, that they resembled the Amazons of old, who, in the days of chivalry, were accustomed to take the field against their country's enemies.

No sooner had these retired, than another group appeared, of what, with a now obsolete phrase, might be termed *old women*.

These the benign goddess, with her accustomed celerity, instantaneously transformed into beautiful young girls ; who, when not attentively examined, might have vied with the preceding, since age made no difference in their dress or manners, by which they could be distinguished, excepting three old ladies, one of whom unfortunately had the gout, which occasioned a limp in her gait ; another, a de-

crepid form, bent double by age ; and a third the palsy, that occasioned her whole frame to tremble, which all her youthful habiliments could not conceal.

These misfortunes, not even the magic wand of the all-powerful enchantress was able to obviate, who, however, as some compensation, presented each with a pack of cards, which they accepted with many thanks, and retired to reap the benefit of this present.

With these exceptions, the remainder tripped nimbly away, with all the activity of fifteen.

Turning my eyes to the opposite side, I beheld, issuing from a plain, but elegant structure, a most engaging object, arrayed in white. Her countenance seemed the index of her heart ; and her manners were devoid of deceit or affectation. A number of the most fascinating forms brought up her train. Her fine golden and auburn locks were encircled with the gifts of Flora : unrestrained by art, they flowed over her lovely shoulders, and playfully sported with the zephyrs.

Struck with surprise and admiration, I uttered an exclamation, which occasioned me to awakê.

Such was the substance of my dream ; and as it may serve to prove the fallacy of FASHION attempting to rival Simplicity, by absurd metamorphoses, I send a relation of it to you, in order to request an insertion of it in the Monthly Mirror, if consistent with the plan of that publication.

I remain,

Your obedient humble servant,

AN OLD-FASHIONED MORTAL.

THE FARMER'S BOY.

MR. EDITOR,

MR. BLOOMFIELD having pointed out two instances, in my "Statement," at page 14, where the variations between the MS. and printed copy did not take place till the *second* edition of the "Farmer's Boy," and consequently were introduced by himself ;—you are requested to specify this circumstance, and to add that these instances occur in SPRING, p. 20, l. 297, and in SUMMER, p. 41, l. 1.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

T. P.

ON THE HAPPINESS OF YOUTH.

AN ESSAY.

MR. EDITOR,

CONTROVERSIES having frequently arisen, concerning the happiness of youth, I am induced to offer a few observations on the subject. Happiness, I conceive, to be nothing more, in reality, than pleasing expectation. The mind of man, from its natural activity, cannot derive happiness from present enjoyment, but immediately fixes upon some expectant good, the hope of acquiring which confers happiness on the enjoyment of the present moment; and thus the man who has no expectant good in view, is incessantly miserable, whatever may be his affluence or enjoyments. A continued series of pleasing expectation, then, constitute happiness; the most pleasing, necessarily confers the greater degree of it. That this is the case, and that happiness is not conferred by the intensity and duration of pleasure, will appear sufficiently evident, if we consider a little the conduct of mankind. We shall find, upon examination, that those amusements are the most eagerly resorted to, and the most highly applauded, which afford the most constant succession of hope and expectation. Thus, for instance, Gaming, to what must be attributed its fascinating powers? Certainly to the pleasing hope and expectation which it continually excites. If we look to the happiness conferred by hunting, an amusement so eagerly followed, there can be little doubt but that it arises solely from expectation. The pleasures of the theatre are eagerly courted by a large class of mankind, because there expectation is kept constantly on the stretch; and when, from repetition, it is not, then the representation of the best written play becomes tedious and tiresome. To what is to be attributed the eagerness with which novels are sought for and read, but to the continued expectation which they excite. The mere act of present enjoyment is totally incapable of filling the mind, which is in a state of constant activity and motion. The more pleasing the future expectation, the more exquisite is the present enjoyment; whilst, on the other hand, the dread of misery will often wholly annihilate the happiness of the very same enjoyments. If then the greater number of the most pleasing expectations confer the greatest degree of happiness, it will necessarily follow, that the scale of happiness will ascend, in proportion to the degree of intellect; and he who possesses the greatest share of the latter, will succeed to the largest portion of the former, unless that superiority of intellect is powerfully counteracted by extraneous causes; because, the more

superior the intellect, the wider extended is the circle of expectation, since this man has not only the ordinary topics of hope and expectation, his sensual enjoyments, and the amusements of the mass of mankind, to look forward to, but he possesses also the peculiar energies of genius and talents, which are a perpetual and never failing source of the most pleasing expectations. Happiness thus ascending, according to the degrees of intellect, must necessarily descend in the same proportion; and thus it will be found, that the man of narrow mind, and confined understanding, will be less happy than he who possesses genius and talents; and, generally speaking, the youth less happy than the man; or, to speak more accurately, that period when reason is in its infancy, will be less happy than the period of maturity. From the proposition that youth is the happiest period of life, a most absurd consequence follows:—happiness must then increase in an inverse ratio to the descending degrees of intellect, and it will require little ingenuity to prove, that the calf, the dog, or the cat, must then be happier than man, exactly by so much as they are inferior to him in intellect; an absurdity which I presume the advocates for the superior happiness of youth are not prepared to support.

W. C. P.

FALSE CONJECTURES.

A CHARACTERISTIC TALE.

From the French.

DALANCOURT brings into society a singular failing; he would penetrate the meaning of every one's actions. Ever since he thought himself a comic author, merely by writing a few farces, he imagines that he ought to be continually on the watch for new matter; to every trifling gesture he gives a mysterious meaning; he explains the most insignificant signs, and fathoms the intentions of all that he sees. If you walk out with him, he tells you the profession of every passenger, from whence they come, on what they think, and where they are going; if you press him, he will even tell you what business will occupy their attention the whole week.

Unfortunately Dalancourt has more curiosity than penetration, so that he is often, by following his first ideas, grievously mistaken in his conjectures, and, as he has still more self-love than curiosity, he will not easily alter his first opinion; on the contrary, every discovery only tends to confirm it, and every thing appears possible except that he is mistaken.

Dalancourt is married ; his wife has a sister, who has been a widow several years, but still young and beautiful : the two sisters have the warmest friendship for each other, and are often together.

One day, on returning home, Dalancourt found them both alone : the eyes of his sister-in-law were still red with tears. When he entered, they rose with precipitation, and affected an air of gaiety.—He heard his sister-in-law whisper the following words to his wife, which soon awoke his observing genius :—“ *Above all things, say nothing of it to your husband.*”

He immediately sets his imagination at work to find out this great secret which they wished to conceal from him.

A few days after he conducted his wife to his sister-in-law's :—they had scarcely embraced each other, when the former said to the other, “ *Well, is he not returned ?*”—“ *Alas ! no,*” replied the sister-in-law ; “ *I plainly see that I must no longer hope for it, and I shall endeavour to console myself.*”

The question and answer were both spoken in an indifferent manner ; but nothing is indifferent to the observing Dalancourt ; he has remarked in his sister-in-law a rooted sorrow ; he immediately interprets the cause of it ; her lover has abandoned her, and she regrets his absence. She is young, and full of sensibility. Dalancourt pitied her sincerely.

Dalancourt was at a loss to conjecture who the faithless lover could be. His sister-in-law lived very retired, and saw no person. This he construed into another proof of love : when one loves, all company is disgusting except that of the beloved object.

Firmly bent upon penetrating this mystery, he went to see his sister-in-law ; he examined her ; threw out several equivocal words ; told her he had noticed her melancholy, and even gave her to understand that his wife had let out the secret. At last he said—“ I know, in short, what afflicts you, and I am come to console you for the loss which you have sustained.”—“ *Pshaw,*” cried the lady, “ *you mock me with your compassion ; for you men have not the least feeling on such occasions.*”—“ *Pardon me,*” replied Dalancourt, “ *I always participate in the affliction of a friend.*”—“ *Well, then scold me, make me ashamed of my weakness. I will never indulge any more of these foolish affections : I have sworn it to myself, and I will keep my word.*”—“ *Do not be too certain of any thing, my dear sister ; have not you often resolved to have no more ?*”—“ *Yes, truly, two or three times—every time that they went from me.*”—“ *You have only had two or three different ones ?*”—“ *That*

is enough."—"It proves, at least, that you have kept them a long time."—"Always as long as I could; when I lost them it was not my fault."—"I believe it."—"I feel the stroke the more sensibly, because I would not wish any one to notice the chagrin which I endure."

— After this conversation, Dalancourt was more convinced than ever of the justice of his suspicions.

— A few days afterwards he found, in his wife's chamber, a letter from his sister-in-law: it was unsealed: curiosity, and the insatiable desire of verifying his observations, hurried him on: he read it.

— After several trifling things, commissions, &c. he came to the following lines, every word of which made him tremble:

"I am much afraid that your prying husband has found out the cause of my sorrow. Can it be you who have betrayed me?—I flatter myself that you have not. But be assured that I am half consoled for the loss which I have suffered. I wait with impatience for the birth of that little-being, who will fill the place in my heart which its father occupied. I will give it the same name; and I hope it will be as pretty as he was; but I flatter myself it will not be so ungrateful, and that it will never quit me."

Dalancourt's suspicions now became of an alarming nature.—"It is but too clear," said he to himself, "I am not deceived. Unfortunate woman! But the mischief is done, and I must endeavour to console her."

Full of this idea, he hired an apartment in a retired part of the country, and a nurse. These precautions taken, he returned to his sister-in-law's. The next thing was, how to introduce so delicate a subject.

— He began by slightly mentioning the misfortune which had happened to her, and the suffering she had endured in consequence of it.—"I am sure, my dear sister," said he, "you must be in want of a little amusement. Suppose you were to pass some time in the country: my wife and myself intend to take a lodging there."—"I thank you: I will come and see you sometimes; but I must remain at Paris."—"I advise you not to do that; your neighbours and the public will find out the cause of your sorrow."—"Oh! that they have done already; I have not concealed it, and they may think of it as they please."—"That is acting with spirit, but your health will require care and better air."—"Don't be afraid; I am not yet so foolish as to let such a trifle injure my health."—"What! not in

the state you are in?"—How, in the state I am in; what do you mean?"—"You know that I am very observing."—"Well, and what have you observed?"—"You also know how much I love you, and I flatter myself that you owe me this confidence."—"What confidence?"—"Confess—pardon me, but I must speak plainly; confess—that you are with child," added he, bashfully, and lowering his voice. "I will sooner confess that you are mad," cried she, in a rage: "but where did you learn this?"—"It is strange that you should pretend to deny it; you have written to my wife; I have seen your letter; and, since every thing must come out, an apartment in the country is hired for you, and all ready for your lying-in."—"What are you talking about?"—"Don't be offended; here is your letter; be upon good terms with a brother who loves you."

The sister-in-law looked at the letter, burst into a fit of laughter, quitted the room, and entered a moment afterwards with a basket, in which was a pretty little Angola cat. "Here it is, here it is," said she, holding her sides; "this is the little being which is to supply its father's place! It is the son of Lubin, that I was so fond of, and whose loss I have so much lamented. Your wife has deceived you, brother, or else this is a trait of your genius, one of your profound observations."

Dalancourt was petrified! His self-love suffered for a moment; but he soon raised the siege, and departed, saying to himself, "She has parried the thrust very cleverly; but I saw in her eyes that she meant to deceive; there is certainly something under all this which cannot long escape my penetration."

N. G.

A HINT TO LETTER WRITERS.

MR. EDITOR.

I LABOUR under a misfortune, which, when you have maturely considered, I am sure you cannot fail to commiserate. I am condemned to bear the accumulated shafts of calumny, and my reputation, as well as that of my brethren, is daily subject to the grossest and most unjust accusations.

I am in the service, Sir, of a young man who is fond of carrying

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on what he calls an epistolary correspondence with his friends, and notwithstanding the frequent assistance I have afforded him in this his favourite pursuit, and the little trouble he has had in guiding my laborious operations, he never concludes an epistle without the following unhandsome reflection on the humble instrument of his pleasure.

"Dear Dick, excuse the writing, which to be sure is bad enough, but this confounded pen of mine *scratches and scrawls so*—" Now I am confidentially informed, by my companions in confinement, that the same fault is constantly imputed to them all, whenever it happens to be their turn to be employed in this ungrateful master's service. Thus, you see, Mr. Editor, how unfortunately I am situated. Do, pray, be so good as to insert this in your Mirror, that (if possible) some redress may be obtained for, dear Mr. Editor, your much injured and humble servant,

GOOSEQUIL.

ANECDOTES

FROM

STRUTT'S "SPORTS AND PASTIMES."

JAMES the first preferred this amusement (hunting) to hawking or shooting.* One time when he was on a hunting party, near Bury St. Edmund's, he saw an opulent Townsman, who had joined the chase, "very brave in his apparel, and so glittering and radiant, that he eclipsed all the court." The king was desirous of knowing the name of this gay gentleman, and being informed by one of his followers that it was *Lamme*, he facetiously replied "*Lamb* call you him? I know not what kind of *lamb* he is, but I am sure he has got a good *fleece* upon his back."

In the middle ages when beasts went together in companies, it was observed by sportsmen that there was a *pride* of lions; a *lepe* of leopards, &c. &c. It is well worthy notice that this sort of phraseology was not confined to the brute creation, but was extended to the various ranks and professions of men, and often very expressively, viz. A *state* of Princes; a *skulk* of friars; a *lying* of *pardners*; a *multiplying* of husbands; an *incredibility* of cuckolds; a *safe*-

* It is said of this monarch in Wellwood's memoirs, that he divided his time betwixt his standish, his bottle, and his hunting, the last had his fair weather, the two former his dull and cloudy.

guard of porters; a *blast* of hunters; a *draught* of butlers; a *melody* of harpers; a *poverty* of pipers; a *drunkenness* of cobblers; a *superfluity* of nuns; a *nonpatience* of wives; a *gagle* of women; and a *gagle* of geese.

Birds assembled in companies were frequently denominated with equal aptness—as, for instance—a *murmuration* of starlings; an *exaltation* of larks; a *flight* of swallows; a *watch* of nightingales; and a *charm* of goldfinches.

LETTER

*From Brigadier General Stuart, to the Mother of Colonel Dutens,
who fell in Egypt.*

[They to whose lot it has, at any time, fallen, to give intelligence of the death of a worthy character, to a dear and tender relative, will feel, in their fullest force, the considerateness, delicacy, and truly amiable sensibility, which distinguish the following letter. It is certainly a model in its kind, and the liberty that has been allowed us of presenting a copy of it to the readers of the MIRROR, we consider as a very peculiar indulgence.]

Camp near Alexandria, March 28, 1801.

MADAM,

It is with extreme concern that I charge myself with the painful office of conveying to you the melancholy tidings of the death of your son, Colonel Dutens, who was killed by the instantaneous effect of a shot in the action of the 21st.

A consideration of the gallantry with which he led the regiment at whose head he fell, and which was animated by his example, can hardly be expected to afford your poignant feelings a consolation for his loss—and yet the reflection that he closed a short career with distinguished honor, and in circumstances that must record him in the grateful memory of his country, will surely combine with the more effectual arguments of religion to soften your distress, and to reconcile you to the decree of an all-wise and almighty God.

I have the honour to be, with very sympathising sentiments,

Madam,

Your most devoted obedient servant,

I. STUART.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S LETTER TO KING JAMES,

AT HIS RETURN FROM GUIANA.

May it please your most excellent Majesty.

IF, in my journey outward-bound, I had my men murdered at the islands, and yet spared to take revenge ; if I did discharge some *Spanish Barks* taken without spoil ; if I forbear all parts of the *Spanish Indies*, wherein I might have taken twenty of their towns on the sea coasts, and did only follow the enterprize I undertook for *Guiana*, where, without any direction from me, a *Spanish village* was burnt, which was new set up within three miles of the *Myne* ; by your Majesty's favour, I find no reason why the *Spanish Ambassador* should complain of me. If it were lawful for the *Spaniards* to murder twenty six *English men*, tying them back to back, and then cutting their throats, when they had traded with them a whole month, and came to them on the land without so much as one sword, and that it may not be lawful to your Majesty's subjects, being charged first by them, to repel force by force ; we may justly say, O miserable *English* !

If *Parker* and *Metham* took *Campeach*, and other places in the *Honduras*, scattered in the heart of the *Spanish Indies*, burnt towns, and killed the *Spaniards*, and had nothing said unto them at their return, and myself forbore to look into the *Indies*, because I would not offend, I may as justly say, O miserable Sir *Walter Raleigh* !

If I have spent my poor estate, lost my son, suffered by sickness, and otherwise, a world of miseries ; if I have resisted with manifest hazard of my life the robberies and spoils with which my companions would have made me rich ; if, when I was poor, I would have made myself rich ; if, when I had gotten my liberty, which all men and nature itself do much prize, I voluntarily lost it ; if, when I was sure of my life, I rendered it again ; if I might elsewhere have sold my ship and goods, and put five or six thousand pounds in my purse, and yet brought her into *England* ; I beseech your Majesty to believe, that all this I have done because it should not be said to your majesty, that your Majesty had given liberty and trust to a man whose end was but the recovery of his liberty, and who had betrayed your Majesty's trust.

My mutineers told me, that if I returned for *England*, I should be undone, but I believed in your Majesty's goodness more than in

all their arguments. Sure, I am the first that, being free and able to enrich myself, yet hath embraced poverty and peril. And as sure I am, that my example shall make me the last : but your Majesty's wisdom and goodness I have made my judges, who have ever been, and shall ever be,

Your Majesty's most humble vassal,

WALTER RALEIGH.

REMARKS ON THE EARLY POETS,

BY PHILIP NEVE, ESQ.

DENHAM.

SIR John Denham was son of one of the Barons of the Exchequer, in the reign of James I. He was born in 1615; took the degree of A. B. at Oxford; and entered of Lincoln's Inn, in 1634. In his youth he was much addicted to gaming; and, soon after the death of his father, in 1638, dissipated and lost nearly his whole patrimony. In the troubles of Charles I. he took an active part; and, when that King was in the hands of the army, was employed, first in messages and intelligence between him and the Queen, and then in managing all his domestic and foreign correspondences; the latter of which rested chiefly upon him and Cowley, who had retired to France just before the surrender of Oxford to the parliament, in 1646. When the King's fate was decided, he went abroad, and returned not till 1652. At the restoration he was made surveyor of the King's buildings; and, at the ensuing coronation, knight of the bath.

Of the several claims of Sir John Denham to the regard of posterity, that of having improved our versification is the most popular. Though his title on this head be undisputed, he enjoys it in common with Waller, and in some measure with Fairfax: and Drummond, almost before Denham's birth, had written in numbers, that stand nearly in parallel with the most harmonious lines of Pope. But Denham's fame rests not here; he gave, in the short preface to his second book of Virgil, the best rules for translation, that had then appeared, or will perhaps ever appear. His Cooper's Hill is universally admired. The species was new: and here he stands as an original. In it the apostrophe to the Thames has never received too great an encomium; and is not, perhaps, at this day, any where equalled.

These celebrated verses, however,

O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream

My great example, as it is my theme !

Though deep, yet clear—though gentle, yet not dull ;

Strong, without rage ; without o'erflowing, full.

Heav'n her Eridanus no more shall boast ;

Her fame in thine, like lesser currents, lost ;

Thy nobler streams shall visit Jove's abodes,

To shine among the stars, and bathe the gods—

were not in the first printed edition of the poem ; though the general sentiment is there. The passage was,

O, could my verse freely and smoothly flow

As thy pure flood, heav'n should no longer know

Her old Eridanus ; thy purer stream

Should bathe the gods, and be the poet's theme !

Among his other poems, the "verses on Cowley," "on Lord Strafford ;" and "on Fletcher," exhibit instances of the same force of sense and harmony united. He has translated from Homer, Virgil, Martial, and Mancini ; but his versions are without the spirit of his own rules, or the practice of his own example in his original pieces. His "imitation of D'Avenant," and "poem on Brother Green," shew great ability, in different modes of composition : and though his tragedy, *The Sophy*, can be praised neither for much dramatic, nor poetical excellence, it still affords some proof of the versatility of his genius. Considering, therefore, the history of his life ; how general and lasting a distraction gaming leaves on the mind ; how much and how early he was employed in the public affairs ; how deeply he must have partaken of the distresses of the times ; and the little encouragement given to poetry, by his master, Charles I. his genius must have operated very strongly against his habits, in the production of pieces so various, and some of such distinguished excellence. Whoever so far exceeds his contemporaries, as to furnish precepts for the improvement of his followers, and good models for their imitation, is entitled to the admiration and gratitude of posterity, as an inventor ; and his praise is reflected in every future work, produced or influenced by his rules or example.

In 1668, the year in which he died, Sir John Denham collected and published his poems, with a dedication to the King, well worth perusal ; and from which may be gained a good idea of the different tastes of the two Charles's, with respect to poetry.

ORFORDIANA.

Arlington Street, February 17th, 1759.

THE NOBLE AUTHORS.—Now to my distress—you (Thomas Gray) must have seen an advertisement, perhaps the book itself, the villainous book itself, that has been published to defend me *against* the Critical Review! I have been childishly unhappy about it, and had drawn up a protestation or affidavit of my knowing nothing about it, but my friends would not let me publish it. I sent to the printer, who could not discover the author—nor could I guess. They tell me nobody can suspect my being privy to it; but there is an intimacy affected that I think will deceive many: and yet I must be the most arrogant fool living, if I could know and suffer any body to speak of me in that style. For God's sake do all you can for me, and publish my abhorrence. To day I am told it is that puppy, Doctor Hill, who has chosen to make war with the magazines through my sides. I could pardon him any abuse, but I never can forgive this *friendship*. Adieu.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

It was called "Observations on the account given of the catalogue of royal and noble authors of England &c. &c. in article vi. of the Critical Review, No. 25, December 1758, where the unwarrantable liberties taken with that work, and the honorable author of it, are examined and exposed."

Paris, Nov. 19, 1765.

A NEW RECIPE FOR THE GOUT.—You are very kind to enquire so particularly after my gout. I wish I may not be too circumstantial in my answer: but you have tapped a dangerous topic—I can talk gout by the hour. It is my great mortification, and has disappointed all the hopes that I had built on temperance and hardiness. I have resisted like a hermit, and exposed myself to all weathers and seasons like a smuggler—and in vain. I have, however, still so much of the obstinacy of both professions left, that I think I shall still continue, and cannot obey you in keeping myself warm. I have gone through my second fit under one blanket, and already go about in a silk waistcoat with my bosom unbuttoned. In short, I am as prejudiced to my regimen, though so ineffectual, as I could have been to all I expected from it. The truth is, I am almost as willing to have the gout, as to be liable to catch cold; and must run up stairs and

down, in and out of doors when I will, or I cannot have the least satisfaction. This will convince you how readily I comply with another of your precepts, walking as soon as I am able.—For receipts you may trust me for making use of none. I would not see a physician at the worst, but have quacked myself as boldly as quacks treat others. I laughed at your idea of quality-receipts, it came so à-propos. There is not a man or woman here that is not a perfect old nurse, and who does not talk gruel and anatomy with equal fluency and ignorance. One instance shall serve—Madame de Bouzols, Marshal Berwick's daughter, assured me there was nothing so good for the gout, as to preserve the parings of my nails in a bottle close stopped.—When I try any illustrious nostrum, I shall give the preference to this.

Arlington Street, February 18, 1768.

BOSWELL'S CORSICA.—Pray read the new account of Corsica. What relates to Paoli will amuse you much. There is a deal about the island and its divisions one does not care a straw for. The author, Boswell, is a strange being, and like —— has a rage of knowing any body that ever was talked of. He forced himself upon me at Paris, in spite of my teeth and my doors, and I see has given a foolish account of all he could pick up from me about king Theodore. He then took an antipathy to me on Rousseau's account, abused me in the newspapers, and exhorted Rousseau to do so too: but as he came to see me no more, I forgave all the rest. I see he is now a little sick of Rousseau himself, but I hope it will not cure him of his anger to me. However, his book will, I am sure, entertain you.

Pembroke College, Feb. 25, 1768.

GRAY'S OPINION OF THE SAME WORK.—Mr. Boswell's book I was going to recommend to you, when I received your letter. It has pleased and moved me strangely, all (I mean) that relates to Paoli. He is a man born two thousand years after his time! The pamphlet proves what I have always maintained, that any fool may write a most valuable book by chance, if he will only tell us what he heard and saw with veracity. Of Mr. Boswell's truth I have not the least suspicion, because I am sure he could invent nothing of this kind. The true title of this part of his work is, a dialogue between a green goose and a hero.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

FLECTERE NON ODIUM COGIT, NON GRATIA SUADET.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Peasant's Fate; a Rural Poem: with Miscellaneous Poems: By William Holloway. 12mo. 5s. Vernor and Hood. 1802.

WELL has it been observed, by our moral and ingenious Knox, that 'Poetry is not one of the necessities of life: the information it conveys might be conveyed in prose: it is sought only as an excellence, a refinement, an elegance: if, therefore, it is not excellent, refined, and elegant, it may be dispensed with; since we are better pleased with a plain good dinner, than with a desert of pretended sweetmeats, in which there is nothing sweet or delicious?'—In the poetical repast here set before us, our moralist himself could have no cause to find fault with the *traiteur*. He has given us a substantial dish, at the top of his table, which cannot fail to please every unvitiated taste: and has garnished the rest of his board with lighter delicacies, for those whose palates require diversity of flavour, or variety in the luxuries which they are invited to share.

Though critics of grave and wrinkled brow, we have been led unwittingly to deck our sentiments with metaphor; and if criticism be deemed the handmaid of poetry, she surely may be allowed, like other abigails, to set off her antiquated form in the threadbare trappings of her mistress.

Proceed we now to state our author's designation of his principal poem, from his very modest and sensible preface:

"The changes in rural life and manners, which have taken place in this country, in the course of a few years, furnish ample matter for reflection and regret. The spirit of avarice and monopoly has possessed almost all ranks and degrees of people, and appears to have rendered the heart callous to the feelings of humanity. The drift of this little attempt [*The Peasant's Fate*] is principally designed to shadow forth the evils arising to the peasantry of this country, from the system of engrossing small farms, and driving the hereditary occupiers to the necessity of embracing a maritime or military life for support, or being reduced to the galling hardships of becoming *servants* on the spot where they once had been *masters*.

"The character of this poem is purely English; the good sense of the present age having prevailed over ancient prepossession in favour of far-fetched subjects of the Arcadian cast, which have to boast neither of nature nor truth: shepherds and shepherdesses in a state of perfect happiness,—bowers of unfolding bliss, and

streams of inexhaustible pleasure, exist no longer, but in the wild vagaries of imagination; and the majority of mankind has become weary of following her through long labyrinths, which resemble 'passages that lead to nothing.'* A Thomson, a Goldsmith, and a Cowper, with others of a later date, have pointed out a track, which might still be pursued with pleasure and with interest."

Mr. Holloway has very judiciously followed this track, and has successfully illustrated the truth of his own reasoning. Goldsmith appears to be the model chiefly studied: nor could a better have been chosen by the writer of a rural poem. Natural description, and tenderness of sentiment, conveyed in grateful diction and measured numbers, must ever be more welcome to a cultivated mind and ear, than the affected strains of our poetic reformers, which wander into lawless sapphics, iambics, and anapests. Singularity is with them the test of genius, and innovation is the criterion of excellence. Our ancients are regarded as superannuated teachers, and our moderns are treated as infant rhymers, if not of the *new school*. We enter our protest, however, against all prejudices which 'distort the judgment or destroy the taste.' The present reviewer desires to rank as one of those *qui miror antiquos, non tamen ut quidam temporum nostrorum ingenia despicere*.

As the "Peasant's Fate" is a regular descriptive poem, connected by village history and moral inference, we can convey no idea of its general merit by any casual extract. We must, therefore, content ourselves with giving a specimen of the author's striking talent for picturesque delineation from his minor productions. It is the opening of "A Familiar Story," which confers high credit on the skill of the narrator.

" Wild on the heath, where waves in every breeze
A clump of dark, tall firs, and here and there
A ragged colt strays through the rustling broom,
With goat-like beard, and foretop, yet unshorn,
Blinding his eyes;—beside the sandy way
Where crawls the dusty waggon, who is he
That 'holds high converse' with the bending hinds
Who shave around the edges of the bog
Broad peats, that form the peasant's wintry store?—
'Tis poor blind DANIEL, garrulous and old;
He leans upon his staff; a few white hairs
Hang lank on either ear; behind 'tis bare,
Nor Time one lock has spar'd, with decent flow,
To hide his barren cape; well kept his coat,
Whose ample sleeve and spacious skirt present
A faithful model of the mode antique,

* Gray's "Long Story."

In days remember'd with a fond regret,
 Or pleasing anguish,—and which furnish still
 Abundant subject for the social hour.
 Much of himself, and of his rare exploits,
 With venial pride, he tells :—how he subdu'd
 The sprightliest wrestler known at *Clerk's-ale tide* ;*---
 How many yards on level ground he leapt ;---
 At back-sword or at cudgels how he oft
 Had triumph'd, while he bore away the prize ;--
 Jerkin or hat, with lace and ribbons grac'd,
 Amid the plaudits of the village maids.
 Far other tale detains him now ; for though
 The light of heav'n no more illumines his eyes,
 So perfect still are his memorial pow'r's,
 That, in the faithful ' record of his brain '
 Are treasur'd up th' events of num'rous years ;
 And to this chronicle the curious swains,
 For needful information, oft refer."

The tale of Daniel is introduced with characteristic simplicity, and told with impressive effect ; but it is too long for insertion, and will not bear to be abridged. The remaining pieces in this elegant little volume, entitled "*Radipole*," "*Poor Jack Gilbert*," "*Ca-tharine*," "*Patty*," &c. display singular versatility of design, and facility of execution. The whole may be warmly recommended as affording a rich and diversified entertainment for the heart and understanding. Four handsome plates embellish the work, by Ridley and Mackenzie, from the drawings of Corbould and Thomson.

Poems on several Occasions, by the late Rev. Thomas Browne, of Kingston-upon-Hull. 8vo. London, Vernor and Hood ; Liverpool, Merrit ; Hull, Brown. 1800.

THIS very pleasing volume of miscellaneous poetry has escaped our observation much too long. It comprises the unlaboured effusions of a polished and feeling mind, and had an additional claim upon our early notice from being a posthumous publication. Of the author, who was little known to literary fame, we have the following account from his affectionate friend, the editor.

"Mr. Browne, son of the Rev. Tho. B. of Lestingham, in Yorkshire, was born in 1771, and at the helpless age of two years was deprived of his father. His mother, however, did every thing in her power to forward the task of his

* *Clerk's-ale tide*. A term well known in the West of England for the season of Easter, when the parish-clerks sell cakes, and give their ale to the neighbours ; in return for the latter of which an optional compensation is made.

education, and, after finishing his classical studies under the Rev. Joseph Miller, of Hull, and accomplishing himself in such branches of knowledge as are requisite in an instruction of youth in the country, he undertook the care of a school at Yeddingham in his native country, where he resided near four years, generally esteemed and beloved. Thence he removed to Bridlington, where the sphere of his exertion was enlarged. In 1797 he removed from Bridlington to Hull, and became the editor of a weekly newspaper, called the "Hull Advertiser," in which several of his poetical pieces and prose essays appeared. This publication he conducted with great credit to himself, and much satisfaction to the proprietors and the public. Having obtained holy orders, he undertook the tuition of two young gentlemen from Bridlington Quay, who were sent to reside with him at Hull. Thus uniting in himself the two most honourable of all professions, he bid fair to arrive at eminence in both, when his premature death, in the year 1798, frustrated the hopes of his friends, and deprived the world of his talents and virtues, before they had time to emerge from the obscurity in which fortune had placed them."

About three months before his lamented decease, Mr. B. married, while yet his establishments were far from permanent, and we have heard, from credible authority, that the expences attending this volume were defrayed by a generous patron of the author's, for the benevolent purpose of doing a pecuniary service to his afflicted relict and her infant offspring. With the lovers of simple, unaffected, and harmonious strains, this intimation hardly can be necessary to make them become purchasers of this elegantly printed work. The poems of Mr. Browne have much intrinsic merit to recommend them to general perusal. The feelings of their author were susceptible of the most lively impressions, and every species of suffering to which human or inferior nature is subject, found a sympathetic chord in his bosom. This is observable in his most trifling productions. In the following stanzas, entitled "The Slighted Maid," it is peculiarly obvious. A forsaken damsel is supposed to hear the village bells announce her perfidious lover's marriage.

"The bells that from yon distant tow'r,
So jocund, Damon's marriage tell,
Tho' now they hail his blissful hour,
Will soon proclaim my funeral knell:
Ah! Damon, ere thy flatt'ring tale
My unsuspecting nature won,
'I gaily sung o'er hill and dale,
Blythe as the bird that hails the sun.

Amidst the hymeneal train
Ah! should it to thy ear be borne,—
Thy slighted nymph along the plain
Strays, wretched rover! all forlorn:—

Say, will a gentle struggling sigh
 Escape amidst the festive scene?
 Will memory's retrospective eye
 Look back on days that once have been?

When roving o'er the hallow'd ground,
 Encircled all with mournful yew:
 Should the green sod that clasps me round
 Obtrusive catch thy careless view:
 Say, as thou gazest on my dust,
 With conscious feelings wilt thou glow?
 And, to thy once-lov'd Anna just,
 Will pity's glistening current flow?

Ah, no! in earth's cold bosom laid,
 Let me, unwept, forgotten, lie;
 Nor, tho' 'twould soothe my lonely shade,
 Bestow on me one single sigh---
 'Twould wrong the fair, the happy bride,
 Whom kinder fates have join'd to thee;
 Be then that last sad claim denied,
 And never once reflect on me,

The songs and canzonets are delicately turned, and denote that the gentle Shenstone was a favourite of our author. The "Ode to November" is of a more elevated cast, and bespeaks the "Musset forceful power," in a moment of felicitous inspiration. The specimens of verse in the Yorkshire dialect are ingenious curiosities. We should be glad to possess similar compositions from the pens of those who are conversant with the dialects of different counties, for the sake of comparing the shades of our provincial phraseology. For Cumberland this task has been well performed by Relph, for Lancashire by Collier, and it will be seen, from a short extract, that Mr. Browne was qualified to give us the peculiarities of the northern Yorkists. The passage we cite is the close of an eclogue entitled "Awd Daisy," a faithful old mare who was found "deed as a steeton i' Johany Dobson's dyke," and is thus lamented by her rustic master.

"My poor awd Dais! afor I dig thy greave,
 Thy weel-worn shoon I will for keep-seeakes seave;
 Thy hide, poor lass! I'll hev it tann'd wi' care,
 'Twill mak' a coyer to my awd airm chair,
 An' pairt an apron for my wife te wear,
 When cardin' woul, or weshin' t' parlour floor.
 Deep i' t' cawd yearth I will thy carkass pleece,
 'At thy poor beans may lig, and rist i' pceace;

Deep i' t' cawd yearth, 'at dogs may'nt scrat' thee out,
 And rauve thy flesh, an' trail thy beens about,
 Thou's been se faithful, for se long to me,
 Thon sannat at thy death neglected be.
 Seyldom a christian 'at yau now can fynd
 Wad be mair trusty, or mair true a frynd.

The Follies of Fashion, a dramatic Novel. 3 Vols. 10s. 6d. Longman. 1801.

IT is said of those who are attached to the perusal of novels, that they are fond of light reading; but, judging from our own feelings, we consider the epithet LIGHT as by no means justly expressive, since, of all the reading that falls to our share, we have little or none so heavy and tedious. To wade through three, five, and sometimes seven volumes of chaotic matter, with scarcely the light of one poor idea to cheer us on the way, is but too frequently our doom, and will, we think, amply justify what we have asserted. Our situation is, indeed, often like that of Milton's daughter reading Greek to her blind father—we have all the toil of reading, without any of the pleasure or advantage. Or we resemble the miser with his hoard; or, what is precisely similar, an ass bearing a load of gold—we suffer all the burthen and inconvenience, without being able to enjoy any part of it. These blank productions are, however, in such great request; abound so plentifully, and are so much read; that we are apt to believe the public not unlike an eastern prince* we once heard of, who, in the excess of luxury and idleness, delighted to repose on a sofa, and to have tales related to him, but peremptorily commanded his slaves not to introduce any wit in their stories, as, in the first place, it required some operation of the mind to comprehend it; and, in the next, he wished on no account to undergo the fatigue of laughing.

While this, or something not very dissimilar from this, is the case, we must not complain of authors who write for circulating libraries, for composing according to the taste of the times, nor must we wonder at the utter contempt in which novel-reading is held by the patrons of common sense. Still we are willing, and deem it just to confess, that a good novel is, in its kind, as meritorious as a good epic poem; and we are convinced, that were as many vile epics written as there are novels, epic poems would soon labour under the same odium and disgrace.

Having advanced thus much with regard to this kind of production, we shall proceed to the work before us, which we may

* Cabinet des sées.

premise, is written by one who, professedly satirizing the *follies of fashion*, and having evidently no fear of the *eastern prince* before his eyes, has often ventured to agitate the feelings with scenes of distress, and to shake the sides with the sallies of good humour.—As such, we view him in our course through this province of literature, as the way-worn traveller, after traversing a wild and dreary heath, beholds a pleasant village, in which he may find both relief and entertainment.

The story is extremely simple, but so managed as to preserve a tolerable interest throughout. In the characters there is nothing strikingly marked, or that appears to claim any title to novelty; and they are, therefore, perhaps the more natural. Of his satire, we may say, using his own words, that it is “blended with a lively wit, and a just indignation of the follies of the age, qualified by great candour and liberality of thinking.” p. 3. vol. 1.

As examples of the agreeable way in which he sometimes makes his remarks, we shall quote two or three that struck us, as not less true than gay and spirited.

“The ground must first of all be prepared by *vanity, ignorance, conceit, apathy*, and *ill-nature*, before the seeds of fashion will grow in it.” Vol. 1. p. 54.

“*A patriot*!—there is no such character in existence. A man turns patriot because he can’t get in place, as an old maid rails at matrimony because she can’t get a husband.” p. 42.

“Is not courtship a kind of masquerade, in which both parties wear a borrowed character? and the mind and dispositions of *each* are then only discoverable when they are joined inseparably for life. When the mask then is pulled off, and the hideous deformity detected; when both endeavouring to be *swindlers*, are found both to have been *dupes*, what dissensions, what unhappiness, what vexation must necessarily ensue!” p. 79.

The thread of the story meets with but one interruption; and that will be readily forgiven, as it gives rise to an affecting episode, describing the unmerited misfortunes, sorrows, and afflictions of a virtuous couple. Marmontel’s plan of omitting the “*disoit-il*,” and “*disoit-elle*,” said he, and said she, in his conversations, has, we think, been wisely adopted by our author (see vol. 1. p. 128); but we cannot equally commend the preference he has given to epistolary relation, as it continually occasions, and by necessity, what is exceedingly irksome—repetition. The lover, in part, often unavoidably repeats to his friend what the lady has already described

to her's, and vice versâ. This too is, perhaps, not the only objection that could be made to a narrative in letters.

The style of the writing is perspicuous, and not unfrequently elegant. We are sorry, however, to be obliged to notice several errors that have crept in, possibly through inattention. At p. 103, v. 1. instead of "different *to*," it should have been *from*—p. 247, for *where*, we want *whither*—at p. 245, *will* is an Irishism which usurps the place of *shall*—and, in vol. 1, the passage from Horace is misquoted.

The use of italics to such an excess; as in the scene, v. 1. p. 146, and almost every where else, is much to be reprehended. This vice of young writers, which, in lieu of augmenting, decreases the intended effect, will, we are sure; be acknowledged by our author, and in his future labours; he will, without doubt, "reform it altogether."

"Qui monet amat."

In the conduct of our review of this work, we have followed a very sensible canon of criticism, propounded by its author in a letter from Miss Aubrey to Miss Maitland, vol. 1. p. 137.

"I again," she observes, "request you, Louisa, not to spare me, and by your impartiality in censuring me, your praise, when you bestow it, will be more welcome; because it will be judged to be more sincere."

Such we should imagine to be the wishes of every writer of good sense, and such are undoubtedly the true sentiments of the author of "the Follies of Fashion," which we shall now dismiss as a production of considerable merit, and of most unexceptionable moral.

Strutt's Sports and Pastimes of the People of England, &c. Continued from Page 35.

WE proceed in announcing the contents of this curious publication.

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nances—Respect paid to the ladies—Justs less honourable than tournaments—The round table—The nature of the justs—Made in honour of the fair sex—Justs and tournaments exhibited with great splendour—The nobility partial to these sports, and why—A challenge for both.

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BOOK IV.

CHAP. I.---Secular music fashionable---Ballad singers encouraged by the palace---Music houses---Origin of Vauxhall---Ranelagh---Sadler's Wells---Marybone Gardens---Operas---Oratorios---Bell-ringing---Hand-bells---Burlesque music---Dancing---Shovel-board---Anecdote of Prince Henry---Billiards---Mississippi---Swinging---Tetter-totter---Shuttle-cock.

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CHAP. IV.---The popular pastimes among the men, imitated by children---A general description of the children's games---Various pastimes, the names of which are unknown---Amusements mentioned by different writers, but not described.

[To be continued.]

The Unjustifiableness of Cruelty to the Brute Creation, and the Obligations we are under to treat it with Lenity and Compassion: a Sermon. Printed at Sherborne. 8vo. 1s. Rivington. 1801.

FROM PROVERBS, c. xxxi. v. 8, "Open thy Mouth for the Dumb," the author of this admirable discourse, which does not appear to have been delivered from the pulpit, takes occasion to extend the sense of Solomon, who had in view the helpless part of the human race, and to reprehend the cruelties which are too frequently practised upon the brute creation, "wretches who have no kind advocate to plead in behalf of their invaded rights; no helping hand to procure for them redress from their furious assailants; no friend to truth ready or willing to expose the cunning devices wherewith they have been entrapped." The writer has treated his subject with very considerable ingenuity. The arguments he uses are irresistible, inasmuch as they are strengthened by the authority of religion and morality; and his style is as eloquent and impressive as his senti-

ments upon the subject are just, manly, and pious. We shall make one short extract from this sermon, in support of the opinion we have advanced, as a specimen of the sensibility and animation with which the whole discourse is conceived and written. We could wish the observations of the writer impressed upon the bosom of every promoter of *horse-racing, cock-fighting, and bull-baiting*, throughout the kingdom.

"If we are not, either as christians or moral agents, impelled to "regard the lives of our beasts," surely the common feelings of humanity, that sympathizing, tender principle, which causeth us to shudder at the agonies of our own species, and to transfer them in some measure to ourselves, will not suffer us to turn a deaf ear to the voice of nature, crying out for mercy on dumb, helpless, animated beings. The nerves that vibrate at the woe of a suffering human object, should, one would think, be proportionably agitated, on a view of the pitiable condition of abused, or neglected creatures, which have a stronger claim to our watchful attention to them, from their being, as was our own case in a state of infancy, unable to express, otherwise than by their cries, their uneasy sensations; not to promote their happiness, as far as their nature is susceptible of it, (and that it is so in some degree, may reasonably be inferred from their occasional lively gestures and exultations,) argues a deficiency of that benevolent spirit, which rejoiceth in universally doing good: not to endeavour at least to soften the rigour of the constant round of labour, to which some of them are devoted, cannot but proceed from an unfeelingness for the most serviceable part of the inferior animal creation, at which gratitude revolts; —but, to proceed to acts of positive cruelty against them; to take a horrid delight in plaguing and tormenting them, what words can describe the blackness and malignity of the heart, which could be worked up to such a pitch of the most unnatural depravity?"

Annexed to the sermon are several interesting extracts from various publications, relative to the barbarous treatment of dumb animals. The following anecdote, which is new to us, reflects as much disgrace on the country, as it confers immortal honour on the dignified character of whom it makes mention.

"It is not much to the credit of the attendants, 'amongst our own countrymen,' at these exhibitions, [*cock-fighting*] that the King of Denmark, (when in England, 1768) on having been invited to one of them, and after a formal oration addressed to him in their praise, retired from a sight so distressing to his feelings, highly disappointed, and with the utmost disgust."

Our best acknowledgments are due to the anonymous author of this essay, for the pleasure we have received in the perusal of it, as well as for his energetic appeal to the public feeling in behalf of those mute and innocent creatures, "possessed, like ourselves, of the powers of animation, alive as we are to the sensations of pleasure

and pain, and equally the operation of his hands, whose "tender mercies are over all his works."

A Defence of public Education, addressed to the most Reverend the Lord Bishop of Meath. By William Vincent, D.D. In Answer to a Charge annexed to his Lordship's Discourse, preached at St. Paul's, on the Anniversary Meeting of the Charity Children, and published by the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Cadell and Davies. 1801.

As the head master of one of the most celebrated public schools in the country (*Westminster*), Dr. Vincent comes forward, with great propriety, to repel the charge advanced by Dr. Rennell, and supported by the Bishop of Meath, accusing the masters of public schools with neglect of Christian instruction. Dr. Vincent's situation is alone a sufficient authority for his entering upon the present defence; but the Doctor had other reasons, which are satisfactorily explained in the pamphlet, for undertaking this office, and which, indeed, seem to have rendered it *necessary* for him to offer something before the public in justification of his own conduct, and in defence of a system of public education. He reduces the charges brought by Dr. R. to three heads.

1. That a preference is due to the religious education in charity schools, compared with instruction in public seminaries. 2. That the Paganism taught in public schools, is noxious to the cause of Christianity. 3. That public schools are guilty of a systematic neglect of all religious instruction.

To these specific charges Dr. Vincent replies at length; and, with equal facility as success, removes the objections thus weakly and intemperately urged against 'our best endowed seminaries.' In defending the system of public education, against the accusation of *Paganism*, he is particularly happy both as to argument and expression. Nothing could be more ingenious, more just, or more convincing, than the following observations.

"The first point I have to complain of, is, that the reading of Pagan Authors is converted into a Pagan education; a perversion of terms that conceals a fallacy under a most invidious assumption. For who is a disciple of Fo, because he learns Chinese? or a Bhuddist, because he reads Sanskreet? If the wild mythology of Hindoestan is thought an object worthy the labours of a Sir W. Jones, a Wilkins, or a Maurice to explore; if some men of the most consummate learning have dedicated their lives to investigate the extravagancies of the Egyptian, Persian, Peruvian, or Druidical system; does it follow that they are tainted with the respective superstitions?—but it will be said these are men,

and we teach children; be it so. Yet I assert, that I never yet found a child of ten years old, who believed in the transformation of Jupiter into a bull, or a sun, or a shower of gold; nor a child, in the nursery, convinced that crows sung, or trees talked, or asses played on the fiddle. The scruples of Dr. Rennell, after banishing the abominable beathen Poets out of our schools, may wish to discard Æsop and Pilpay from our families. He has read Rousseau,—Rousseau complains, that in La Fontaine, foxes lie; and his *élève* must not suspect that there is such a thing as a lie in the world. Sweet innocence! he will find plenty of lies, and falsehood, and deception too, when he shall enter upon the scene of life; and perhaps it were better that he should learn the distinction in theory, before he suffers from them by experience. But children of five years old are not deceived by fables, more than by the parables in scripture. If Jotham makes a bramble talk, why may not Æsop? And children of ten, are no more misled by the Gods of Ovid, than men are by the miracles of Apollonius or Crecenna." P. 20.

"The luminaries of the Church in all ages, from Bede to Roger Bacon, from Bacon to the Reformation, and from the Reformation to the present hour, were all formed upon classical instruction. And if the writings of our English Divines stood higher than all others in the estimation of Europe, for solidity of reasoning, and superiority of composition, what other cause can be assigned for it, but the excellence of the models by which their style was formed, and their judgment corrected? And if we are now forbidden to have recourse to the same means of information, it is one step towards the re-establishment of the *imprimatur* of our own country, or the *index expurgatorius* of the Inquisition. We know that Chrysostom, Gregory Nazianzen, and Jerom were as well versed in the elegancies of classical literature, as in the sublime language and important truths of the Scripture. And we know that Tillotson, Pearson, Butler, and Sherlock, were all trained under this execrable Pagan institution, which is continued in our schools, both public and private, to the present hour. Are all who read the Koran disposed to become Mahometans? All who read Iamblichus, Mystics? or all who read Manetho, astrologers? These, indeed, are depths of corruption which we do not fathom; but we assert, that our pupils are no more liable to delusion from the miracles of Livy, or the oracles of Herodotus, than men are from these seductions of deeper research. In history and oratory the gods are not *always* presented to our contemplation; in poetry, the finest passages are not dependent on mythology; but it is the composition itself, the style, the diction, the manners, the sublimity, the perfection of the model that is ever before our eyes, ever present to our mind, ever instructing and forming our understanding, and ever stimulating us to a desire of equal excellence or competition." P. 25.

The last article of charge is really so false and silly, that it scarcely merited the serious attention which has been paid to it in this spirited and eloquent defence. But, the imputation of *systematic neglect of all religious instruction*, which Dr. Rennell has thrown upon the public schools of this country, has been productive of, at least, one good effect, for it has brought forth an explicit statement of the

religious exercises of Westminster school, an institution to which we owe some of the most eminent and remarkable characters in this nation for learning and piety. Many of our most virtuous judges, our wisest legislators, and our most exemplary prelates, have received their education under this Pagan system. It will be gratifying to parents and guardians to know what they have to trust to on the score of religious instruction; and it will put to eternal silence the babbling of those over-zealous declaimers, who, through ignorance or malevolence, want of deliberation, or bitterness of spirit, may hereafter attempt to revive a calumny so injurious to the excellent establishment in question.

That the practice of the school with respect to the enforcing of religious duties and attendances on the office of worship has been honestly stated, we have had the opportunity of knowing. We have been eye-witnesses of "the will, the mind, the example, the fervency, the zeal of the instructor," and, as Dr. Vincent has said of his own preceptor, the venerable metropolitan of York, "we remember to this hour *his* tone, *his* manner, and the elevated warmth with which *he* compared the language of Cleanthes, Plato, Socrates, and the Stoic school with the doctrines of revelation;" and we firmly believe that he delivered his sentiments upon these occasions "with all his heart, with all his mind, and with all his soul, with all the powers that he possessed, with all the knowledge that he had acquired."

The Beauties of England and Wales, or Delineations Topographical, Historical, and Descriptive of each County. By John Britton and Edward Wedlake Brayley. Vol. 1. 8vo. 13s. on Large Paper, £. 1.

THERE are few literary pursuits more eminently useful than topography; not the mere outline of the face of a country, but the expression of its every feature, rendering the portrait clear and fascinating; and it is of great importance to the interests of patriotism, to excite and confirm sensations favourable to local attachment in the mind of every individual. From a thorough acquaintance with the internal treasures of the country, it is presumed, much useless travel might be dispensed with, and much of the money prostituted in foreign climes, be preserved for the support of our native arts; for surely it is a reflection on the national character, that so many young men are allowed, under the specious idea of travelling for improvement, to expend vast sums in becoming the dupes of pretenders to science, and laughing stocks to possessors of sense; when by

a proper application, they might attain as much knowledge as most of those who *do* make good use of their time on travel, at a very trifling expense, without leaving their native land.

The work under our notice embraces, what every topographical publication should, a perfect analysis of the country; pursuing its most remote arcana, and combining the whole into one interesting picture, with the pencil of a master. Soil, situation, vegetation, productions, ruins, mines, manufactures, seats, local characteristics, antiquities, curiosities, scientific collections, traditions, anecdotes, biography, public works, improvements, &c. are subjects minutely investigated and impressively detailed, while the various researches have evidently been acquired through unremitting industry, connected with an adequate capacity of professional knowledge, and corroborated by local certainty and information of the most authentic records. The language is in general plain, concise, and nervous; the plates are many, picturesque, and charmingly executed, and comprise the most beautiful, celebrated, and interesting views in the kingdom.

DRAMATIC.

The Rosciad, a Poem. By Geo. Butler. 4to. 3s. R. Butler, No. 9, Bruton Street, 1802.

The title of this work will naturally remind every one of Churchill, but, alas, not so the poem.

Not to make bad worse, by writing a long and heavy review of a flat and tedious book, we shall confine ourselves merely to a few words on its plan and execution. The former we may describe with great brevity and correctness by the vulgar saying, "one down, 't'other come on;" which is the mode adopted by Mr. Butler in his progress through both our theatrical houses. Churchill, (we almost blush to prophane his name a second time on this occasion,) Churchill's subjects contend for a "vacant chair" and the poet, with the two-edged sword of truth and satire, clears the way for his hero. Mr. Butler's sock and buskin-friends contend for *nothing*, and are, in our opinion, all successful, by participating the author's nearly unvaried strain of insipid and often ill-judged praise.

We now come to the execution, by which we understand the poetry, if poetry it may be called, which, taking away the deceit of rhymes, is, in general, the veriest prose we ever encountered. The rhymes, it is true, are tolerable; but, after all, we should not fear to pit Mrs. Inchbald's RHYMING BUTLER against our poet for the finest pig in Boeotia. As we read, we could not at one time help thinking of our champion and affirming, with the clown in *As You*

like it—"Why, he would r hyme you so, eight years together ; dinners and suppers and sleeping hours excepted : it is the right butter-woman's rate to market !"

As it is possible that Mr. Butler may, by this hour, be penitent for the sin he has committed against the Muse ; or, being, as we are bound to suppose, a young man, may yet pursue the broad, vast, wide-extended way, that stands open to his improvement, we will not treat him with such rigorous severity as to quote any of his verses, but deserve his thanks by observing that golden precept of justice which teaches us "to do as we would be done by."

The Histrionade, or Theatric Tribunal, a Poem, in two Parts. By Marmaduke Myrtle, Esq. 2s. 6d. Kirby. 1802.

WITH the merits of Mr. Butler's *Rosciad* fresh in our minds, we are free to confess that when we saw this poem, we were so fearful of its being "like the first," that we felt strangely tempted to exclaim "Another yet? Filthy hags! We'll see no more!" But, as the sun shines equally on the good and the bad, so is it our task to set forth, with like impartiality, the deserts of all that come before us. From this duty of our office we cannot shrink ; but, under such an impression, the reader of the *Histrionade* will easily conceive the agreeable surprise that awaited us.

If Mr. Butler's work recalled to our memory the name of Churchill, the production of our author reminded us, in a considerable degree, of his spirit and manner. *Facit indignatio versum*, appears to be the motto of either, if we may judge from their words. Thus our poet :

"Stung by such madness into tenfold rage,
I rise to lash the mongrels of the stage ;
With scale impartial, to decide the plea
Of plaintiff Wit, and set the suff'rer free.
Nor yet to actors is the fault confin'd,
It clings more closely to the scribbling kind,
Dull fops, damnation proof, whom duns compel
To forge stale farces, ere they learn to spell.
Blockheads, with brandy and assurance warm,
Who "bide the pelting of the pitiless storm,"
Resolv'd to cram their nauseous doses down,
And bully into praise, the crop-sick town.
Tho' dramatists we boast, inspir'd by spleen,
Who pick the vilest gleanings of the scene,
Or sketch the eccentric fashions as they rise:
They never vaunt the plaudits of the wise."

And this the nervous language of Churchill :

No—tho' half-poets with half-players join
To curse the freedom of each honest line ;
Tho' rage, and malice, dim their faded cheek ;
What the Muse freely thinks, she'll freely speak.
With just disdain of ev'ry paltry sneer,
Stranger alike to flattery and fear,
In purpose fix'd, and to herself a rule,
Public contempt shall wait the publick fool.

'Squire Myrtle, like many of our modern dramatists in their plays, has, in his *Histrionade*, observed a mode of conduct proposed by Churchill in "The Apology."

"Others for plot, and underplots may call,

"Here's the right method—have no plot at all."

His poem has none, but is, as it were, a collection of "pictures in little," which, being drawn by no flattering hand, but for the most part with the pencil of truth, are, in our opinion, of no trifling value.

As the first taste of his satire we shall introduce him exercising the lash on our own ill-fated backs.

Merit's indignant sons you wish, in vain,
Madly, to level with your dirty train ;
Thus lately when eloping from their shop,
Smir'd with the love of a St. Giles's hop,
Millers and mealmen drest in white so gay,
And powder'd without licence danc'd the Hay,
The envious sweeps rush'd, dismal, thro' the crowd,
And shook their sooty stumps ; and yell'd aloud,
"If we in whiteness cannot match those elves,
"By G——, we'll make them dingy as ourselves."

This is severe, Master Myrtle, but your wit recommends you to mercy.—The dull abuse of ignorance and stupidity is the only sort of attack we never can forgive.

In most of the portraits we find a mixture of the *utile dulci*, the sweets of due praise mingled with the useful ingredient of salutary admonition. After paying a high tribute to the merits of Mr. Cooke, in Richard, Sir Archy, and other characters, he proceeds in this animated strain :

For some bold flights, the vulgar tribe decry,
Barren of heart, who comment with the eye,
I quarrel not with thy stupendous soul,
Nor for a petty blemish blame the whole ;
Such glorious faults have lighten'd, not obscur'd,
And Genius would but languish, were they cur'd—

and concludes by candidly pointing out his several defects, which we consider as a style of criticism every way liberal and praise-wor-

thy. With the ladies he may be thought, from the following lines, which contain a hint well deserving attention, to be rather too rigid :—

Say, up the stage, why oft do you retire,
To bid the pl't your radiant backs admire ?
Quite careless of your suitor's sad distress,
While he, poor fellow ! sighs to the P. S.

However, in the course of his remarks, he will be found always alive to their deserts, and evidently pleased to acknowledge them.

It seems proper, before we finish, to state that we do not constantly agree with our poet in all his strictures on the dramatic bodies he has called into review ; but as a brother has, in another department of this work, so often and so fully advanced his judgment respecting them, we deem it unnecessary, on this occasion, to indulge in repetition. We differ also from him in our sentiments with regard to some of those authors he has noticed by their initials, because we are convinced that his satire is here, more than once, too petulant and saucy. Now, passing over these little objections, we are ready to allow the *Histrionade* to be the production of a man possessing a strong vein of satiric humour, with the rare power of just discrimination ; and not doubting that it will be read by all our professors of the histrionic art, we sincerely hope that they will not only rejoice at its praise, but have the good sense to improve by its advice.

Chains of the Heart, or, the Slave by Choice. In three Acts, performed at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden. By Prince Hoare. 8vo. 2s. Barker and Son 1802.

The literary merit of this opera is certainly far superior to similar works produced at the present day. We were rather particular in our notice of "Chains of the Heart" on its first representation, from a conviction that Mr. Hoare is not only a first-rate dramatist, but also eminently gifted to shine in the various walks of literature. This opera is well written ; and in consequence of the cavils it has excited, the author very judiciously quotes the great Dryden, as an authority for the plan he has pursued.

The Roses ; or King Henry VI. an Hist. Tragedy. Represented at Reading-School in 1795. Compiled principally from Shakspeare, by Dr. Valpy. 8vo. pp. 43. Robinsons.

THIS alteration is published, as it was performed, for the benefit of the cheap repository for moral and instructive tracts. The four last acts of Henry VI. part 3, have furnished the plan, and a few appropriate passages are introduced from the former parts, and from Richard II. with advantage to the general effect.

 THE BRITISH STAGE.

IMITATIO VITAE, SPECULUM CONSUETUDINIS, IMAGO VERITATIS. *Clare.*
 The Imitation of LIFE---The Mirror of MANNERS---The Representation of TRUTH.

 THE NEW PRIVATE THEATRE.

 TO THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

MY LORD,

WITH a mingled degree of indignation and surprise, I have heard it asserted, that a few idle people of fashion have it in contemplation to establish a private theatre, by subscription; and, in addition to the reprobation which the parties must naturally bring upon themselves, by such a proceeding, they have presumed to calumniate your character, by declaring that the scheme is sanctioned by your authority.

As the guardian of our public amusements, your lordship can assuredly never listen to such folly:—as an husband and a father, it must meet your decided reproof. Prevention has ever been considered better than cure. You have the power to prevent, but you can never administer successfully to the miseries that must ensue, from a scheme (if carried into effect) pregnant with mischief, and replete with licentiousness.

Of all amusements that presumptuous confidence can devise, or feeble vanity embrace, those of *private theatricals* have ever been considered by the sensible the most absurd; by the correct the most dangerous; and, by the man of true theatrical taste, the most stupid and unprofitable. The parties rush before the audience, buoyed up with self importance, and inflated with a degree of presumption, which never fail to meet with their due reward—the sneers of the judicious few, and the ridicule and contempt of the many.

Paltry envy soon pervades the little theatrical community; discord reigns triumphant; and the listlessness of the audience, and the *yawnings* of friends, soon exhibit a lamentable proof of the performers' want of talent, whose downfal and disgrace are attended by the most marked and agonizing indifference.

But were this the only consequence, few would interpose between them and their exposure, by offering a single remark on the subject. As a parent, my lord, I claim your attention to a few concise observations on private theatricals. When the modest restraint of youthful female diffidence is cast off, and boldness and assurance usurp

the place of feminine modesty, who is the man sufficiently daring, to say, "*thus far shalt thou go, and no further?*"—The profligate man will knowingly and willingly expose himself, regardless of his fame, to gain an opportunity of performing those love scenes in public, which, by the aid of baseness and perseverance, he is confident he shall *realise* in private. If the husband, by such intrigues, should become bereft of his conjugal comforts, what resource is left to punish the seducer?—where can the legal scourge be found "*to whip the villain naked through the world?*" The wanton act of subjecting the wife to such miseries and evils, renders the law a dead letter, and fashionable miscreants can revel in debauchery, regardless of the punishment otherwise due to their abominations.

In a public theatre the circumstances are totally different. The actress proceeds to her labours, anxious only to arrive at celebrity, and her whole mind being absorbed in that single consideration, there is little danger of her becoming the victim of the actor, who is influenced by the same motive, and devotes himself entirely to the duties of his profession. Besides, any daring act of seduction is punished by the honest indignation of the public; and the loss of character and of bread operates to protect the *weak*, and keep in order the *strong*.

Thus far, in a moral point of view, no parent nor guardian can for a moment countenance a scheme, which, exclusively of the dangers already manifest, would expose their wives, their children, and their wards, to the miseries of midnight revellings, the vice of gaming, and all the evils and calamities that must arise from nocturnal dissipation, unrestrained ebriety, and vigilant licentiousness!

In a political point of view, I would ask your lordship if this is a proper period to try the experiment of drawing that marked line between the higher and the lower orders of the community, which, in this happy and free country, has never yet been attempted. The labourer and the mechanic, and even the respectable tradesman, will be totally excluded from this *fashionable* theatre. It is the pride of Englishmen, my lord, that the PRINCE and the PEASANT can enjoy the same public amusement. I contend, that the flimsy pretext of a SUBSCRIPTION theatre, does not exempt it from the vagrant act. The *advance of money* for admission, is required from those who wish to participate in the amusement, and whether taken at the door, or not, it signifies little, where people, no matter how high their character, exhibit themselves on a public stage. That it is such is indisputable, for money is necessary to the exertion of the actors, and without a subscription we should have no such theatre. The

opera-house is chiefly supported by subscription, but it never entered the head of the most *daring innovator*, to exclude the public from its amusements.

The subject to which I have thus briefly alluded, my lord, has excited no little sensation throughout the metropolis. There is but one sentiment pervades all ranks, and that sentiment accords with the opinions I have advanced. The town look up with confidence to your lordship, and expect that you will weed our theatrical soil of this mischievous FUNGUS, which, if suffered to exist, will sap the foundation of those regular establishments that are at once the pride and boast of the country.*

DRAMATICUS.

ORIGINAL LETTERS

FROM GARRICK TO LE KAIN,

The late Roscius of the French Stage.

[As a specimen of Mr. GARRICK's proficiency in the French language will, perhaps, be acceptable to many of our readers, we accompany our translation of these letters with the original, pointing out, at the same time, a few inelegancies and errors, as well in point of idiom as of grammar, which are noticeable in the composition. The second Letter appears to have been written in England, soon after Garrick's return from the Continent. There must be some mistake in the date of the first letter, for in January, 1765, he was still abroad. He left London the 15th September, 1763, and did not return till April, 1765. The son of Le Kain, who published these Letters, in Paris, last year, states that he has copied them literally.]

LETTER I.

Londres, 31 Janvier, 1765.

MON CHER LERAIN,

MILLE et mille remerciemens pour votre lettre très-affectionnée.

Si la connaissance de la langue française voudrait [*voulait*] me permettre de vous dire autant des [*de*] choses obligeantes que vous me dites et que je pense sur votre compte, je ne serai [*serais*] pas réduit à vous écrire seulement quatre lignes comme je fais.

Je suis à vous, de tout mon cœur,

Votre ami et très-humble serviteur,

D. GARRICK.

* See some remarks in our number for June 1796, [vol. ii. p. 106.] on a similar undertaking, projected and carried into execution in Dublin, to the very serious detriment of the patent-property, and the very great advantage of the gentlemen of the long robe.

TRANSLATION.

London, 3 January, 1765.

MY DEAR LEKAIN,

A THOUSAND and a thousand thanks for your very affectionate letter.

If my knowledge of the French language would permit me to say as many obliging things to you as you have done to me, and which I feel in your regard, I should not be reduced, as I am, to the necessity of writing only four lines to you.

I am, most truly,

Your friend and very humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

LETTER II.

Hampton, 25 Juillet 1765.

J'ESPÈRE que votre parent (à qui vous aviez confié la lettre que vous m'avez écrite, et que j'ai reçue avec le plus grand plaisir) vous aura averti de ce qui occasionnait mon retardement à vous répondre. J'ai envoyé [*je lui ai envoyé*] un de mes domestiques exprès à lui pour le prier de vous écrire et de m'excuser sur cet article. Je viens de le voir, et il m'assure qu'il vous a fait part de cette affaire : je ne vous dirai donc rien là-dessus. Pour votre parent, il peut s'assurer que je serais [*serais*] tout ce qui dépendra de moi pour l'obliger à votre égard ; mais passons, mon cher Lekain, un peu à causer sur votre théâtre. Quoi donc, Monsieur, c'est tout de bon que votre résolution est prise de quitter le théâtre ? Pauvre Paris, que je te plains ! les Lekain, les Dumesnil et les Clairon ne peuvent pas être trouvés [*se trouver*] tous les jours sur le Pont-Neuf, malgré qu'on les [*le*] croirait à la manière dont vos ducs les ont traités.*

Je vous assure, de bonnefoi, que toutes ces considérations me donnent de la peine, et que je suis toujours de mauvaise humeur lorsque j'y pense ; mais de quelle [*quelque*] façon que les affaires se tournent, soyez persuadé que j'irai vous voir en quel [*quelque*] endroit que vous soyez : mes résolutions sont prises, et nonobstant que j'ai [*quoique j'aie*] été reçu de mes compatriotes d'une [*de la*] manière la plus honorable pour moi, je suis presque déterminé de quitter le théâtre comme comédien, toute de suite, et aussitôt que je le pourrais [*pourrai*], comme directeur. Je suis très-heureux avec ma femme, ma famille et ma fortune, et il n'est pas dans le [*au*] pou-

* This alludes to a circumstance which happened during the performance of the Siege of Calais, and which shall be explained in a future number.

voir du premier homme, dans le [du] royaume, de me faire le moindre tort ; mais mon inclination est passée, et voilà mes raisons. Quand voulez-vous venir en Angleterre, et prendre part de [à] ma félicité ? J'ai une fort jolie maison de campagne, un petit ordinaire, et assez [d'assez] bon via dans ma cave, et, plus que tout cela, j'ai un cœur toujours ardent et ouvert à mes amis, entre lequel nombre, [parmi lesquels, ou du nombre desquels] j'ai la satisfaction de vous compter.

Votre ami et très-humble serviteur,

D. GARRICK.

TRANSLATION.

Hampton, 25 July, 1765.

I hope your relation (to whom you confided the letter you have written to me, and which I have had the utmost pleasure in receiving) has apprized you of what occasioned my delay in returning an answer. I sent one of my servants to him express, to beg him to write to you, and make my excuses for this neglect. I have just seen him, and he assures me that he has acquainted you with the circumstance. I shall, therefore, say nothing further upon that head. With respect to your relation, he may rest assured that I shall do every thing in my power to serve him on your account : but let me proceed, my dear Le Kain, to talk a little about your theatre. Have you seriously determined to quit the stage ? Poor Paris, how I pity thee ! Le Kains, Dumesnils, and Clairons, are not to be found every day on the *Pont-neuf*, notwithstanding it may be thought so, by the manner in which your dukes have treated them.

I assure you, that all these considerations make me uneasy, and that I am always in ill humour when I think of it ; but, however things may fall out, depend upon it, that wherever you may be, I am determined to see you. My resolution is fixed ; and though I have been received by my countrymen in the most honourable manner, I am almost determined to quit the stage as an actor immediately, and as a manager also as soon as I am able.* I am very happy with my wife, my family, and my fortune ; and it is not in the power of the first man in the kingdom to do me the least injury ; but I have no further inclination for it, and that is a reason sufficient. When will you come to England, and participate in my happiness ? I have a

* Whatever might have been Garrick's serious sentiments at this period, he did not judge it prudent to carry his threat into immediate execution. It was not till June 10, 1766, that he retired from the stage and the management : but he had long previous to that event been very sparing of his appearance before the curtain.

very pleasant country house, a *petit ordinaire*, and some good wine in my cellar, and, what is better still, I have a heart that is always warm and open to my friends, in the number of whom I have the satisfaction to reckon you.

Your friend and most humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

MR. SEYMOUR'S NOTES UPON SHAKSPEARE.

[Continued from page 48.]

OTHELLO, ACT II.

15. "And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole."

This alteration from the first quarto, which reads "ever-fired pole," at once impairs the metaphor, and weakens the expression.

54. "Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,

"Stand in bold cure."

Therefore, the sickly inquietude of Hope being in me restrained to moderate bounds, and not indulged to that excess which commonly ends in impatience and despair, rests confident of being cured at length by the general's arrival.

70. "She were a wight, if ever such wight were."

Desd. To do what?

How should Desdemona know, thus exactly, the form in which Iago's speech was to proceed?—he had only said "She was a wight, if ever such wight were."—Well! Desdemona would naturally exclaim, upon the pause, proceed—let us hear the rest; but she could not be apprised that the "wight" was going to do any more than to *suffer* any thing. Is it not probable, the author pointed the passage thus:

"She was a wight, if ever such wight were,

"To——"

The essay is extemporaneous; and Iago has already said, he is no expert poet; he therefore pauses for a concluding thought and expression—

"To——"

What? exclaims Desdemona; and then Iago, with some humour, at once disappoints her by his "lame and impotent conclusion."

261. "That hath an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantage, tho' true advantage never present itself."

He will interpret her looks of affable innocence into signals for solicitation; and his address and impudence will support him in taking advantage of his artful mistake.

328. " Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
 " For——
 " ——practising upon his peace and quiet,
 " Even to madness."

This part of Iago's conduct has always appeared to me to have been either mismanaged or neglected by the poet: there are no sufficient motives apparent for this excess of malignity: jealousy, indeed, a real jealousy, might do much, as with Othello; but that pernicious affection is so faint in Iago's breast, and has so little influence on his actions throughout the play, that, if he had not himself hinted at it in two places, nobody could suppose that it at all belonged to him: as for his wife, he seems perfectly indifferent towards her; and though he tells us once that he loves Desdemona, we see no effort made to prevail with her, nor the slightest solicitation; and Cassio, as well as the Moor, is "suspected" of wearing his night-cap, without any corresponding manners between the parties, to render the fact probable.

ACT III.

255. " It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
 " The meat it feeds on."

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads "make," and the change is so slight, that the succeeding commentators are more solicitous about the sense, than tenacious of the word. Mr. Steevens remarks, there is no animal that makes its own food, and that, therefore, Shakespeare could never have mentioned such a creature, especially as it is introduced with the definite article, whereby the reader is supposed to be already acquainted with it; but let the critical naturalist consider, that a monster is here talked of, and that general rules, of course, will not apply to it.—"A green-eyed monster" would nearly have satisfied Mr. Steevens; but does not "the," which here is the same as "that," more closely appropriate the monster to the object which it is meant to illustrate?—and does not the singularity of the attribute, *the making his own meat*, constitute the monstrosity? A tiger cannot, with any degree of propriety, be called a monster, or "the green-eyed monster," so long as there are not only multitudes of his kind, but while leopards, lions, and other animals have eyes as green as his; and, with great deference both to Mr. Steevens and Mr. Henley, I cannot but agree with Mr. Monck Mason, who denies that the tiger's mocking or sporting with the

animal he intends to devour, is justly figurative of the treatment which a wife receives from the jealousy of her husband : for, besides that, the woman, (whom we must here suppose the subject of the mockery) in the interval between suspicion and assurance, is neither literally nor metaphorically, neither during her probation, nor at her conviction, *the meat* on which the jealous husband feeds, it is by no means an admissible inference that she is to be destroyed. That is, indeed, the dreadful catastrophe of Othello's jealousy, but it is an extremity of which, as yet, he has no conception ; and which Iago, whatever he might design hereafter, would have too much prudence to suggest at present.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES

RESPECTING

THE STAGE, AND THE ACTORS OF THE OLD SCHOOL,

WITH REMARKS ON

MR. MURPHY'S "LIFE OF GARRICK.":

BY TATE WILKINSON, ESQ.

[Continued from p. 48.]

Mr. Murphy is right, as to the revival of "*Rule a Wife, and have a Wife*," but he is wrong, in supposing that it was got up as a *stock play*.* It was revived on Thursday, March 25th, 1756, for the benefit of Mr. Woodward, with Mr. Murphy's farce of the Apprentice ; (Mrs. Pritchard's benefit was the preceding Tuesday ; the Stratagem, and a new farce called "*The Villagers*,") when Mr. Garrick appeared for the first time in Leon. I must, at the same time, take notice that Mr. Murphy mistakes when he speaks of Woodward's excellence in the Copper Captain, joined with that of Mrs. Pritchard in Estifania,† as Mrs. Cibber (asserting her prerogative as to choice of parts) at that time performed the character ; tho' I cannot add, with much effect : as the part required a rich vein of humour, which she certainly did not possess ; and yet, (strange to relate) she was the best, and strongest comic speaker of an epilogue, of any actress I recollect. Mr. Murphy is very wrong again, when he states that "on Mrs. Pritchard's benefit night he revived the farce of *Lethe*, with the additional character of Lord Chalkstone, perform-

* "*Fletcher's comedy of Rule a Wife and have a Wife*, with some alterations by Garrick, was brought forward early in the season." Vol. I. p. 293.

† P. 294.

ed by himself.* This could not be the case ; her benefit (as stated above) being on Tuesday, March 23rd, and Lethe (with the additional character) was performed for the first time on the Saturday following, March 27th, for the benefit of Mrs. Clive ; after the revived play (the first time for 10 years) of the "*Lady's last Stake, or the Wife's Resentment*." See the bill in 4th vol. of my memoirs, page 217, where it is printed in the exact manner of the play-bills of that day. This error is the more strange, as Mr. Murphy was engaged, and on duty as an actor at that very period, his benefit-night, as a performer, being on Saturday, April 3rd. Besides, Mr. Murphy must well know that Mrs. Clive, the original and much admired *Fine Lady* (with her little dog) in Lethe, would never have forgiven the insult of such a preference to Mrs. Pritchard, and indeed Clive's valour was so prodigious and unrestrained, that Garrick dared not have paid the compliment Mr. Murphy has assigned to Mrs. Pritchard, without incurring almost the certainty of a *predestinate scratch't face*.

Now the second representation of "Rule a Wife, and have a Wife," was on the 26th of April, for the benefit of Mr. Cross (prompter.) Mrs. Cibber pleaded illness, then Mrs. Pritchard acted Estifania, and it was advertised as her first appearance in that character. Her great merit, as a comic actress, would not admit of any comparison between her and her competitor, Mrs. Cibber: and she ever after retained possession of that whimsical character.

Mr. Murphy mentions Mr. Garrick's excellence in pronouncing, as Virginius, (in the 5th act of the tragedy of Virginia) "*Thou traitor !*"† The effect was certainly wonderful ; and whoever has seen him, though possessed of the dullest memory, must recollect his demeanour, action, and expression, in that character. But I think I can point out a passage (and I believe Mr. Murphy's recollection, as well as many others, will bear me testimony) in which he was infinitely superior, and, in which, I am sure he has never been, by any actor whatever, equalled. The sentence I allude to, is in the 5th act of the tragedy of King Lear ; and is a reply to the speech of an attendant who says to Albany, "Look here, my lord, see where the generous king has slain two of 'em." To which the king answers, "*Did I not, fellow ?*" The display of his figure at that instant ; the pride, pleasure, exultation, and fire, visible in his countenance ; but which, in a moment afterwards, (as if exhausted by the sudden exertion) gave place to languor, feebleness, and all the weakness of age and infirmity, is not to be described ; and raised

* Vol. I. p. 307.

† P. 249.

sensations in the audience throughout the theatre, which bid defiance to all description: it would have made the deaf to hear, the blind to see, and *all to feel*. It is undeniable that, in the hands of every actor of merit, it is a fine situation: yet Mr. Barry, who was great in many parts of that difficult character, did not manage those words so as to produce any considerable effect. Indeed, I must take the liberty to hint, that I have never, since Mr. Garrick's performance of *Lear*, witnessed the same judicious order and arrangement of the business of the scene, in which he was so skilful an artist. On the P. S.-side he slept on Cordelia's knee, and when, with parental phrenzy, he had slain the two ruffians, he fell breathless against the MIDDLE pillar of two high arches that stretched across the stage, (behind which was spread a quantity of straw, but none towards the front, in the slovenly manner I have often seen it); consequently, on turning round to pronounce "did I not, fellow?" he was in the centre; the characters equally divided, and the figure open to command the whole theatre: it was not higher up than the second wing from the frontispiece. In many parts, however, Mr. Barry will never be forgotten by any who have seen him, "whilst memory holds her seat:" particularly in his tender and pathetic tones in the fifth act of the *Earl of Essex*, and especially when, addressing the lieutenant of the tower, pointing at the same time to his wife, the Countess of Rutland, who is lying apparently lifeless before him) he pronounced, "*Oh! look there.*"—That short sentence he never uttered without drawing a general sigh from the whole audience, accompanied by floods of tears. Not but that we have many instances of *living* merit in several performers: one I shall take the liberty to point out: I mean in the tragedy (by no means a successful piece) of the *Castle of Montval*; in the fourth act of which, our present ornament of the stage, and the nation, Mrs. Siddons, in the character of the Countess, bursts out, and exclaims, "*I knew he was a villain!*"—I fear that Mr. Murphy's prophecy, relative to Mr. Whitehead's *Creusa*, will not so soon be accomplished as Mr. Murphy seems to wish: it certainly is a pleasing story, and an elegant production, and every one who peruses it critically must be struck with the beauties and construction of the fable; but at the same time he will perceive that it is too heavy and tedious to be ever likely to gain universal and lasting estimation, unless submitted to the theatrical guillotine, which has too frequently lopped many good plays from five to three acts: leaving to exist in that mutilated state what has escaped the merciless axe of the manager.

[To be continued.]

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Bennet Street, Cambridge,

[MR. EDITOR,

Mond. 8 Feb. 1802.

I have the Honor and Satisfaction of sending you two Sonnets, which I am permitted to say are by Miss SARAH WATSON FINCH, of CAMBRIDGE, the Author of the Sonnets of the preceding Series. I send to you at the same time a Sonnet which it will be seen was occasion'd by the elegant one without signature in your last published Number.

Your's,

CAPEL LOFFT.]

SONNET.

BY MISS SARAH WATSON FINCH.

Author of the preceding Series.

XVI.

LONG as Remembrance can look back on years
Of artless Childhood's unperverted Taste,
Whate'er by Nature's glowing Pencil grac'd,
When she or wild or cultivate appears

2.

Won on the candour of the infant Mind,
Fann'd dawning Hope, awakening feeling fir'd
Imagination's earliest flights inspir'd
And its faint powers to finner aim inclin'd.

3.

And must I now the wonted Charm refuse
That Nature gave, and Years have rendered sweet?
Must I no more its soothing influence meet;
The tranquil source of all my better views;
Mild solace of a Mind to no fair Prospects born
Which too intensely feels stern Trials' thorn.

June 1801.

TO INDIFFERENCE.

By the same.

XVII.

THERE are whom cold Indifference can sustain,
Calm, mid the shock of unsuspected woes
That or the World or Friendship on them throws.
These mid Life's troubled sea, peaceful remain.

2.

Come then, Indifference, hitherto unknown,
And blunt the feelings of this harrass'd Mind :
Which erst to other views although inclin'd
Now bends, a suppliant at thy frozen throne.

3.

Still I recoil !—Ah, with how ill a Grace
Could I from Man's peculiar Right be wrought,
Renounce the soul's fair privilege of thought,
And mingle with the brute unconscious race !
Then shall this Heart, regardless of its meed,
Triumph in sentiment, though doom'd to bleed.

SONNET

Occasioned by the one address to the Author of the preceding Series.

THE Traveller, night-wandering through the Wood,
Sees with surprise a sudden radiance gleam ;
Glide near the darkling path, glance on the stream,
And charm, uncertain whence, his Solitude :
Doubtful if from a friendly dome it beam,
Or if by elfin lights his step pursu'd.
It is Night's lucid Grace* ! she, mildly bright,
Advancing rises : and contest is seen
Of silent, tender, hallow'd thoughts the Queen :
Then the pathetic Harmonist of Night
Chaunts to the blissful Orb.—The Shadows rude
Softens : Hills, Woods and Streams emerge to Light ;
And every Glen and late obscuring Shade
Now borrows Grace and Lustre from her aid.

Bennet Str. Cambridge, 7 Feb. 1802.

C. L.

SONNET TO CAPEL LOFFT, ESQ.

LOFFT, unto thee, one tributary song,
The simple Muse, admiring, fain would bring ;
She longs to lisp thee to the list'ning throng,
And with thy name to bid the woodlands ring.
Fain would she blazon all thy virtues forth,
Thy warm philanthropy, thy justice mild,
Would say how thou didst foster kindred worth,
And to thy bosom snatch'd misfortune's child :

* *Diana*

Lucidum Cali Decus.

HOR.

Firm, she would paint thee, with becoming zeal,
 Upright, and learned, as the Pylian sire,
 Would say how sweetly thou could'st sweep the lyre,
 And shew thy labours for the public weal :
 Ten thousand virtues tell with joy supreme,
 But ah ! she shrinks abash'd before the arduous theme.
Nottingham. H. K. W.

MARTIAL, LIB. II. EPIG. 48.

IMITATED.

Grant me, ye Gods divine, a competence,
 A wife, at least possess'd of common sense,
 A pleasant cot, with ancient British cheer,
 A few choice authors, and a friend sincere :
 Let me from proud Augusta's scite remove,
 And on thy banks, delightful Menai*, rove.
Beaumaris. W. TOONE.

JOHANNIS SECUNDI BASIUM III.

Desiderium irritatum, vel os fugitivum.

Da mihi suaviolum (dicebam) blanda puella,
 Libasti labris mox mea labra tuis,
 Inde, velut presso qui territus angue resultat,
 Ora repente meo vellis ab ore procul.
 Non hoc suaviolum est dare, lux mea, sed dare tantum
 Est desiderium flebile suavioli.

TRANSLATION.

One honey'd kiss, sweet wench, I cried,
 And quick as thought thy lips complied ;
 But swift, as there some serpent lay,
 Those swelling lips thou took'st away.
 Ah, call not this a kiss ! 'twas none—
 And only makes me long for one !

EPIGRAM

BY MR. WARTON.

*On Mr. K—t, Fellow of Trin. Coll. celebrated for having a very large nose, and
 for writing bad Verses.*

Our K**t not a poet !
 Why, how can you say so ?
 For if he's no Ovid,
 I'm sure he's a Naso.

* The straits of Menai divide Anglesey from Carnarvonshire

LOUISA, THE LADY OF THE HAYSTACK,

A BALLAD,

Among the fair, Louisa shone
 The brightest of the village train,
 Her eye surpass'd the morning gem
 That sparkles on the dewy plain ;
 But ah ! she sought the lonely shades,
 Near weeping willows would she stray,
 And vain was ev'ry gentle art,
 To lure the lovely prize away.

Full many a swain with grief beheld
 The frequent tear of sorrow flow ;
 Full many a bosom sigh'd to hear
 Those sighs that spoke *her* bosom's woe ;
 But no consoling tongue could calm
 The plaintive wildness of her lay ;
 And vain was friendship's gentle voice,
 To charm the lovely prize away.

Ah ! mourn, ye swains ! ye maidens weep !
 The boast of beauty, now 'is o'er ;
 The pink her pallid 'lip forsakes,
 And roses paint her cheek no more.
 The latent anguish of her breast,
 No more control'd by mortal clay ;)
 Its feeble confines burst—and Death
 Then bore the lovely prize away*.

3*

LINES

On the Conduct of the Populace at a late public Execution.

BY W. HOLLOWAY, AUTHOR OF THE PEASANT'S FATE.

O ! let it not in foreign lands be told
 That British bosoms have forgot to *feel* ,
 Lest blood-stain'd wretches, at the news, grow bold,
 And learn to vindicate their rack and wheel.

The heart that melts not, when its' fellow bleeds—
 Tho' injur'd Law directs the vengeful blow—
 The Muse suspects is capable of deeds
 As black as those which wrought the *culprit's* woe !
 Feb. 8th.

* It is supposed that the *Lady of the Hay-stack* died lately in a public Hospital.

LINES

Written on seeing the Children of the Naval Asylum.

(FIRST CALLED THE BRITISH NATIONAL ENDEAVOUR.)

A Society established by Voluntary Contribution for the Support and Education
of the Children of the Sailors who have fallen during the War.

SONS of renown! ye heirs of matchless fame,
Whose Sires in Glory's path victorious fell;
Adding new honours to the British name,
That future ages shall with transport tell.
Yet not unpity'd nor forgot they die,
For gen'rous Britons to their mem'ry raise
A tribute will their children's wants supply,
A living monument of grateful praise.
To the sad mother, who, in speechless grief,
Mourn'd o'er her infant's unprotected state,
Benignant charity affords relief,
And bids her bosom glow, with joy elate.
Great your* reward, who thus impassion'd move,
By nature taught the heart's persuasive play;
Such deeds your God with pleasure shall approve,
And endless blessings cheer your parting day.
What better boon can feeling hearts bestow,
What nobler ornament can deck our isle,
Than one that robs the wretched of their woe,
And makes the widow and the orphan smile?
*Barnard's-Inn, March, 1801. T. G***.*

INSCRIPTION,

FOR A CAVERN IN THE VALE OF GLAMORGAN.

*I, intro! nec timeat justus faciemque caverna,
Ceu quanquam noctis sedes tenebrosa videtur,
Cæterum ad Elysii campos certissima porta.*

O thou, who hither com'st from far,
From tranquil vales, or fiend-like war,
From Wolga's fiercely rolling tide,
Or Arar's banks (whose tranquil side
With thyme so sweetly covered o'er)
Here rest! and try the world no more!

* The promoters of the charity.

R—VOL. XIII.

Here, where flowers of beauteous hue,
 In modest pride, attract thy view,
 Where rills from mountain heights descend
 In gurgling streams, and slowly bend
 Their wandering course adown the vale,
 Where peace and blooming health prevail,
 And where the birds their notes prolong,
 Sigh to the woods their sweetly varying song.
 O pilgrim ! fly from every earthly woe,
 And taste those raptures which these scenes bestow ;
 Fly from the world ! beset with passions rude,
 And own no home but blissful solitude.

Abergavenny.

LAOCOON.

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA.

DRURY-LANE.

DEC. 23.—Mrs. Siddons, who had been announced for *Lady Randolph*, falling suddenly ill, the character was undertaken by Mrs. Yates, an actress of much merit, and who executed her task with considerable success.

JAN. 2.—Dowton, in *Little Isaac*, proved a very good substitute for Mr. Quick, who was under the necessity of fulfilling his country engagements.

4.—*Festival of Bacchus*.—A ballet by Mr. Byrne, who, in compositions of this kind, displays much classical taste, and an elegance in the arrangement of his dances and *grouping*, which is scarcely excelled on the stage of the opera house. The present is a very pleasing and ingenious *Divertissement*, and deservedly met from the audience a most favourable reception. Master Byrne, in the *infant Bacchus*, discovered abilities of a very surprising order, and promises literally to *tread in his father's steps*. The celebrated skipping rope *pas de trois*, was introduced with the happiest effect.

6.—*Distress Mother*.—Mr. Barrymore appeared for the first time in *Pyrrhus*, and declaimed the part (which is all that can be done with it) very respectably ; but we trust he will be more perfect on the next representation, or we shall expect the ghosts of *Racine* and Ambrose Philips to rise in terrible judgment against him.

11.—*Henry V.*—Falstaff is unquestionably one of the most arduous characters in which a performer can appear ; but we think the merits and well-earned reputation of Mr. Palmer should have forbidden him to stoop to the humiliation of *begging the question*, as it were, by announcing his performance only as an *attempt* ; at any rate, this expression should have been omitted after the first night, for it is folly for a man to talk of *attempting* a character in which he has succeeded to the satisfaction of the house. This, however, was an error in the bill, for which

Mr. P. perhaps was by no means accountable. Much has been said of the Falstaff of *Quin*, whose excellence in the character is now scarcely to be known but from tradition, and of HENDERSON, whose rich and jovial humour in the part the theatrical amateur still mentions in terms of rapture. Our stage experience does not go far enough back to include even *him*;—but of the adventurers who have followed Henderson, in this character, we know no actor with whom an encounter need be much dreaded. The late Mr. Palmer, however, had certainly great merit in Falstaff, and, though not surprising in any scene of it, his performance was such as gave uniform pleasure to the spectator. Mr. R. Palmer follows the track of his brother without much deviation. From natural resemblance and congeniality of habits, this was to be expected, and it must at least be conceded to this very serviceable and industrious comedian, that though he may not in all points have satisfied the expectations of the critical admirers of Shakspeare, he certainly has displayed considerable comic genius in this “attempt,” and acquired no trifling addition to his reputation as an actor. He discovered a correct conception of the author’s design, and, upon the whole, afforded a spirited and entertaining representation of the “huge bombard of sack,” who, with all his vice and villany, will ever remain a favourite with the English audience. Mr. Kemble’s *Hotspur* has been noticed heretofore. It is, indeed, a most masterly and highly finished performance; but, perhaps, it is a refinement which had better be dropt, to halloo in Worcester’s ear the name with which Hotspur threatens to disturb that of the king. We wish the carriers had been less solicitous to wound the delicacy of the audience; for though they are “stung like a tench,” there is no occasion to *‘sue the action to the word’* so unequivocally and so repeatedly as was done on the night we saw this play. An actor, as well as a painter, may colour too high; and, what is in itself disgusting, should be thrown as much as possible into shade.

15.—*Venice Preserved*.—See below Feb. 10th.

20.—THEIR MAJESTIES honoured the theatre to see Deaf and Dumb; with Harlequin Amulet.

28.—*Mourning Bride*.—The *Zara* of Mrs. Siddons, which is decidedly one of her very best characters, attracted an overflowing audience on this evening. She never played the part better: indeed nothing can possibly go beyond it. It is a concentration of every thing grand, animated, and sublime in the art. Mr. Raymond rescued the part of the *King*, from its usual insignificance, by exhibiting the impetuosity and tyranny of his disposition in their strongest colours. Mr. Aickin was the last representative of *Manuel*, but it was not suitable to his mild and sober style of acting.

FEB. 1.—*Romeo and Juliet*.—Mrs. Pope made her curtsy to the audience on this evening, in the character which has been assigned to her by the public voice, as possessing a legitimate and uncontested claim to it. She was welcomed on her entrance by universal and repeated bursts of applause, and through the whole of the character, which she never performed in a more excellent style, she received the most flattering testimonials of approbation from all parts of the theatre. The person of Mr. Pope is too manly, and his tread too firm, for the *Lover*, who, according to Friar Laurence,

" May bestride the gossomers
 " That idle in the wanton summer air,
 " And yet not fall—"

but in point of voice, feeling, and the higher order of stage qualifications, he is not only competent to this, but to undertakings of much more difficulty. In the great scene with the *Friar*, in the 3d act, and in the deep solemnity and despair of the last, he was particularly successful. Bannister's *Mercutio* is certainly a pleasant piece of acting; but the predominating excellence of Mr. Lewis in this part, has taken so strong possession of us, that it is, perhaps, hardly fair to pronounce a judgment upon Mr. B.'s performance, till he has had the benefit of further practice.

4.—*Measure for Measure*.—Mr. Wroughton succeeds Mr. Aickin in *Escalus*, and it is needless to say that the part could not be in better hands.

5.—*Heigho! for a Husband*—a comedy in four acts, was acted for the first time at this theatre. It was performed originally under the title of *Imitation*, at the old Drury, for the benefit of Mr. Waldron, whose intention has evidently been to parody the principal characters of Farquhar's *Beaux Stratagem*, which is here converted into a *Belle's Stratagem*, with a female *Archer* and *Aimwell*. Much of the play, however, is original; and if the composition is not that of a master, it is yet sufficiently creditable to the author's talent, and the various incidents are productive of a considerable share of merriment. The piece, in its present state, was played several nights at the Haymarket theatre, a few years ago, with much success, for which house it is perhaps, upon the whole, better calculated than for the winter theatres. It was well supported by Messrs. Suett, Barrymore, Dowton, De Camp, Wewitzer, Miss Mellon, Miss De Camp, Mrs. Sparks, and Mrs. Harlove.

9.—This evening Mrs. Billington commenced her performances of *Rosetta*. The male department is not, by any means, so well supplied as at the rival theatre, as Messrs. Kelly, Dignum, Suett, and Dowton, in *Young Meadows*, *Hammer*, the *Justice*, and *Hodge*, are certainly inferior to Inclendon, Johnstone, Munden, and Knight. The *Lucinda* of Mrs. Mountain cannot be surpassed, and Mrs. Bland, in *Madge*, may be allowed to contest the palm of victory with Mrs. Martyr, who has deservedly acquired great reputation in that character. The *Bravura*, by Giordani, is introduced, as at Covent-Garden, with the addition of a new duet, composed by Kelly.

16.—*Venice Preserved*.—We had no opportunity of attending the revival of this noble tragedy till this evening, when the pleasure we experienced suffered material diminution through the indisposition of Mr. Kemble, who appeared incapable of the great exertion which the part of *Jaffier* demands from the actor: but the *Belvidera* of Mrs. Siddons abounded with the most transcendent beauties, and "amazed indeed the very faculties of eyes and ears." We have often admired Mrs. Siddons in this fine character, but we think she never appeared to higher advantage than on the present occasion. Her impressive pathos throughout, her agonizing looks and shrieks in the parting scene with her husband, and her *madness* in the last act, which was absolutely terrific, produced a most deep and powerful effect on every part of the audience. Barrymore's *Pierre* is much above mediocrity; his appearance tolerably denotes the "fine, gay, bold-fac'd villain:" and in the se-

nate scene, and the subsequent interview with Jaffier, there were traces of discrimination, and a display of spirit, which gave us much satisfaction. Powell performed Priuli very sensibly. Packer's Renault is quite in character. Raymond raised the *Spanish ambassador* into more than usual consequence. Even the conspirators, who formerly looked as if they had been selected from Falstaff's ragged regiment, had the appearance of men embarked in some dangerous enterprise; and the Duke and his attendants in council, were something better than in the time of Churchill,

"When candle-snuffers grave in senate sat."

We congratulate the lovers of the drama on the restoration of this play to the stage, of which it has been too long deprived by the *political panic* of the day.

12.—*Fair Penitent*.—Lothario and Sciolto (1st time) by Mr. C. Kemble and Mr. Wroughton. We shall take advantage of some future occasion to speak of their performance.

15.—*Pizarro*.—Mr. Raymond, in consequence of the illness of Mr. Kemble, represented the *Peruvian hero* with great spirit and success. In the scene where he supplicates Pizarro in behalf of Alonzo's infant, and finally rescues her from the Spanish chieftains, he was highly interesting and animated, and made a strong impression on the spectators. There was another alteration in the cast through indisposition. Pizarro was acted by Caulfield in the room of Barrymore, and made a respectable stand in it; but there seemed to be some strange confusion in the scenes between him and Mrs. Siddons: and in the fight at the conclusion, Pizarro was disarmed instead of Alonzo, which prevented *Elvira* from appearing to present the latter with a second sword, and of course the audience were deprived of Mrs. Siddons's last speech in the nua's habit. Mrs. Young (late Miss Biggs) was very warmly applauded in *Cora*. It was her first appearance since her marriage.

17.—*Pirates*.—Nothing but the confinement of Mr. Kemble could render the shameful manner in which this opera was got up at all excuseable. The scenery suffered deplorably from the ignorance or the negligence of the *shifters*, and the *properties* were none of them in readiness for the respective performers. The indignation of the audience was at length roused to such a pitch that they would not suffer the opera to conclude, and we were, at one time, under considerable apprehension for the safety of the building. Miss De Camp is exceedingly arch and lively in Storace's part of *Fabulina*. The other characters rest with the original actors, except the part of *Aurora*, which Mrs. Mountain performed very pleasingly, in the absence of Mrs. Crouch (indisposed), and sung the airs with her usual taste, accuracy, and feeling.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Our notices of the Drury-Lane novelties have extended so far, that we fear we shall be obliged to curtail our remarks on those of this theatre, which are no less numerous and interesting.

Dec. 26.—*Richard III.*—A riot took place on this evening, in consequence of the change of the farce from the *Review* to the *Jew and the Doctor*, some of the actors in the former piece not being to be met with, as the musical entertainment of *Selima and Azor* had been previously advertised, but withdrawn on ac-

count of the illness of Mr. Incedon. A bottle was thrown from the ships at Mr. Betterton, who narrowly escaped its direction. The ruffian who committed this daring outrage was secured and taken to Bow-street. He proved to be a sailor, very much intoxicated, and could assign no motive for his conduct. At the commencement of the farce, the riot assumed a serious aspect;—apologies were made, but not attended to; the actors successively appeared, amid showers of apples, oranges, penny-pieces, &c. and skipped about, to the great amusement of the galleries, tho' at the expence of their own limbs. The ladies were in the utmost terror, and at the end of the farce, which was converted into a *pantomime*, and that a very short one, the one and two shilling deities, for some time, kept possession of their regions, but were at length reluctantly compelled to resign their *thunder* to the *staff* of the constables, headed by Mr. Braudon, the housekeeper.

28.—The Christmas pantomime, under the title of *Harlequin's Almanack; or, the Four Seasons*,—afforded infinite gratification to the holiday folks, who were closely wedged in to salute the appearance of their motley favourite. It is the invention of Mr. T. Dibdin, and, besides possessing every accustomed attraction of trick, song, transformation, scenery, dress, and decoration, it has to boast of a tolerably connected story, and some originality in the construction. We do not think it very necessary to enter into the particulars of the fable, which we suppose all the great and little masters and mistresses in town are, by this time, better enabled to furnish than ourselves. Its attraction has been equal to almost any pantomime of late years. Mrs. Wybrow resumed her station at the theatre in *Colombine*, and tripped, and danced, and looked as engagingly as ever. The *Hall of Winter* is one of the most beautiful scenic efforts we have ever witnessed.

2.—*As you like it*.—The revival of this play attracted an elegant audience.—Mr. COOKE, in *Jaqes*, was much applauded, particularly in the recital of the *seven ages*; but the part, though beautifully characteristic, and very carefully written and finished by Shakspeare, does not require any extraordinary exercise of talent, and therefore will not rank among Mr. Cooke's most popular or attractive characters. Miss Murray was the *Rosalind*, and gave some passages prettily and effectively enough, but the task is, at present, rather too weighty for this interesting young actress. She sung the song, however, delightfully. Knight, in *Touchstone*, Mrs. Mattocks, in *Audrey*, Murray, in *Adam*, and Blanchard, in the little part of *William*, were every thing that could be expected or desired.

4.—*Revenge*.—There are many beauties in Mr. Cooke's *Zanga*, particularly in all the scenes with Alonzo, previous to the success of his villanous contrivances. The appeal also to Mahomet was finely energetic and impressive; but the last scene was somewhat deficient in princely grandeur, and did not convey, with all the necessary force, the *triumphant spirit* of the vengeful Moor, upon the full accomplishment of his purposes. Even here, however, some of the passages were boldly marked, and we were much pleased with the manner in which he unveiled his character to his Spanish foe:—"Know then—'twas—I"—giving the entire stress of the passage to the pronoun. The conception was good, and it varies from Mr. Kemble's style of pronouncing it:—"Know then—'twas I"—though either way may be adopted with equal justness and effect. But we think variations are to be applauded, when they are not adopted at the expence of propriety.

Mr. Siddons brought *Alonzo* (a difficult and what the profession calls an *uphill* part) remarkably prominent, and displayed his judgment and powers to peculiar advantage in the impassioned situations. Mr. Brunton's Carlos was portrayed with spirit, and Mrs. Litchfield gave to the heroine of the tragedy all the interest and importance of which it is susceptible.

5.—*Love in a Village*.—Mrs. BILLINGTON has been quite as successful and attractive in Rosetta as in her other characters. It is needless to say how exquisitely she sings the various airs, and what amazing taste and execution she displays in the new duett by Giordani. She is inimitably well supported by Incedon, Knight, Munden, Mrs. Atkins, and Mrs. Martyr.

8.—*King Lear*.—Much as we admire the great and surprising talents of Mr. Cooke in their proper province, we cannot think that his performance of Lear will add any thing to the fame he has so justly acquired on the London boards. Mr. Siddons was extremely happy in Edgar, especially in the assumed part of the character, and the success he met with is the more flattering, since this was one of the most striking and universally admired efforts of Mr. Holman. Cordelia found a very pleasing representative in Miss Murray. Mr. Cory's Bastard wanted grace and vigour.

14.—*Speed the Plough* and *Harlequin's Almanack*—were performed this evening by command of their Majesties.

15.—*ALFONSO, King of Castile*.—A new tragedy from the pen of Mr. Lewis, author of the *Castle Spectre*, and other favourite dramatic performances, was produced on this evening, and received with universal applause. We find our limits will not permit us to enter into the merits of the play, so as to do it the justice to which it is entitled—and as we shall, perhaps, be enabled, next month, to furnish an ample review of the tragedy both in its original and altered state, we shall forbear from offering any other remark at present, than that we think it the best tragedy that has been presented to the stage for many years, and that it received very powerful support from the principal performers; Mr. Cooke, (*Orsino*) Mr. H. Johnston, (*Cesar*) Mr. Murray, (*Alfonso*) Mrs. H. Johnston, (*Amelrosa*) and Mrs. Litchfield, (*Ottilia*).

9.—*Cabinet*.—A new opera, by Mr. T. Dibdin, of which, for the reason assigned in the last paragraph, we must postpone a regular account, was received without a dissentient voice, and is now performing nightly to crowded and fashionable audiences. The music is composed by Braham, Davy, Corri, Reeve, and Moorhead. We shall speak more particularly of this piece in our next Number.

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

Mr. Cumberland has withdrawn, for the present, his play of *The False Demetrius*, from Drury-Lane. The ballet announced at Covent-Garden is by Mr. Fawcett, and will be produced under the superintendence of Mr. D'Egville, of the Opera House. There is to be a great change in the Haymarket company next season. Mr. and Mrs. H. Johnston have withdrawn themselves. Mrs. Litchfield has also declined renewing her engagement, and intends to visit the provincial theatres. Neither are Mr. Powell, Mrs. Mills, or Miss Menage in-

cluded in the new arrangements. These vacancies are to be supplied by Mr. C. Kemble, Mr. Murray, Mr. De Camp, Miss Howells, Mrs. St. Leger, and other recruits of inferior quality. The affairs of Drury-Lane are nearly adjusted—we shall conclude our account of the law proceedings in No. 77.

PROVINCIAL DRAMA, &c.

Theatre Royal NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE.—Our theatre closed, for the winter season, on Wednesday, Jan. 27, with the play of *King Lear*, and the entertainment of Paul and Virginia, for the benefit of the manager, Mr. Stephen Kemble. The particularly ill success which Mr. K. has this season experienced, is to be entirely attributed to the imperfect state of his company, which, with the exception of four or five individuals, is, I dare say, one of the most wretched ever tolerated on the boards of a theatre royal. When the theatres of Edinburgh and Glasgow were included in the circuit of Mr. Kemble, the companies he brought, tho' far from excellent, could boast of several actors who, even in the metropolis, would be admired. These, however, have gradually departed, and left "but a wreck behind;" indeed, as long as the manager pursues his present system of performing three nights in the week at Newcastle, and two at Shields, which is at the distance of eight miles, he never can expect any actors of merit to submit to such drudgery and inconvenience. For several seasons young Siddons was the principal support of the company, and I am happy to observe, by the favourable report of his abilities which has appeared in the *Mirror*, that he has proved himself worthy of the applause which he constantly received in this town. No actor has yet been engaged to fill the characters of Mr. Siddons, which are parcelled out amongst the rest of the performers.

The company at present consists of Messrs. Kemble, Egerton, Noble, Bew, Scriven, Twedale, Liston, Kelly, Bland, Mills, &c. Mrs. Kemble, Miss Heard, Mrs. and Miss Bew, Mrs. Mason, Jones, Bland, Egerton, &c. Of these there are not many who are deserving of particular notice. The manager himself is prevented, by the corpulency of his figure, from personating a very extensive range of characters: in spite, however, of this *weighty* objection, he undoubtedly excels in some particular walks. In passionate old men, as Sir Anthony Absolute, Don Lewis, &c. and in philanthropic and benevolent characters, as the English Merchant, Sir Christopher Curry, and the Abbé de L'Épée, his acting is impressive, pleasing, and correct. In some characters in tragedy, where his figure is no great objection, as Old Norval, Sciolto, Dumont, &c. he is also very respectable.

Egerton has the advantage of a good face and person, and could he acquire a more graceful gait and carriage, would be a very pleasing actor in comedy: in the lively characters of Mr. Lewis he succeeds best, though he seems frequently to imagine that ease and vivacity consist in uttering his words with the most fluent volubility, and keeping every part of his body in a state of perpetual motion.—His tragedy is but indifferent: his voice is thin and weak, and incapable of violent exertions, and his action frequently stiff, awkward, and unnatural. These

defects I particularly mention, as he is certainly an actor who, by a little more attention to the duties of his profession, might obtain a much higher degree of excellence than he at present possesses. Noble is a promising young performer; in country boys he is excellent, particularly in Robin Rough-head, in the farce of Fortune's Frolic, in which he displays many strokes of true humour and comic force. Some of his old men are tolerable enough, tho' he is apt to endow them with a little too much of the vigour of youth. There is, however, a great sameness in his acting, and he is, in general, less intent upon the business of the scene, than upon obtaining, by buffoonery and grimace, the applause of his numerous friends in the gallery. Bew possesses some judgment, a good figure, and genteel address, but an invincible impediment in his speech will ever prevent his arriving at any eminence in his profession. As none of the rest of the gentlemen have any claim to notice, I now proceed, with pleasure, to give you a more favourable account of the ladies.

To the great and various merits of Mrs. Kemble the audiences of the metropolis are by no means strangers; but, though the simplicity and chasteness of her acting, and the force of her pathetic powers, are almost universally allowed, yet it is only in a country theatre that she can have an opportunity of shewing how easily her superior abilities can accommodate themselves to almost every walk of the drama. As an instance of this, I will only mention a few characters, in which she undoubtedly approaches very nearly to that perfection with which they are represented by the Melpomene and Thalia of the age. In Portia, Imogen, and Mrs. Haller; in Rosalind, Angela, and Cora, she is truly excellent; but to enlarge on her various merits, in these opposite characters, would take up too much room. There is also a pleasing naïveté and natural archness about her, which are displayed with much effect in Margaretta, Flora, Beatrice, Nell, and several other farcical characters of Mrs. Jordan. In Ophelia, Yarrico, and Cowslip, which are more peculiarly her own, she is certainly without a rival: indeed, whatever she attempts is sure to be pleasing and correct, though her powers are inadequate to the ease and elegance of Lady Teazle, or the violent and conflicting emotions of Isabella and Jane Shore.

Of Miss Heard it is unnecessary for me to say much, as she has so lately left the boards of Drury Lane. She is certainly an acquisition of the highest importance, and the elegance and vivacity of her manner, the propriety of her emphasis and action, and her perfect knowledge of the business of the stage, fit her admirably for many characters in the higher walks of comedy, to which *alone* the talents of Mrs. Kemble are unequal. Mrs. Mason is a sister of the manager, and, of course, of our first tragic actress, Mrs. Siddons. She possesses some of the judgment and discrimination of her family. Miss Bew is young, and is certainly a very elegant dancer, but I would recommend it to her to refrain at present from speaking and singing. Mrs. Bew in waiting maids and country girls is tolerable, and her singing is very decent. Though Mrs. Kemble has not so good a voice as Mrs. Bew, and is besides frequently out of tune, there is a plaintive expression in the style of her singing, which renders it very pleasing. These ladies are the only two persons in the whole company, male or female, who have the power of singing a common song in a decent manner. Why the manager parted with Mrs. Brannwell (who was a most excellent singer and a use-

ful actress) or why he does not supply her place by some other, I am at a loss to conceive; but it is peculiarly unpardonable to be destitute of singers at present, when the whole kingdom re-echoes with the merits of Billington, Incedon, Braham, and Storace.

From this account of our performers you will perceive that in Mr. and Mrs. Kemble, Egerton, Noble, and Miss Heard, are combined the whole strength of the company; and of these the merits of the ladies only are beyond mediocrity.

As by this time you will probably think I have trespassed sufficiently on the limits of your valuable publication, I shall conclude by assuring you that, in the foregoing sketch, I have endeavoured to give you as favourable an account of the company as justice and impartiality would allow me to do.

Feb. 6, 1802.

JULIUS.

Theatre Royal HULL.—The theatre in this town is about to close, after a very fortunate season for both manager and actors. Our old favourites Messrs. Cummins, Mathews, and Melvin, had each bumpers for their benefits; and indeed we know no men more worthy of public patronage. Mathews is rising in his profession with wonderful rapidity; his performances are seldom if ever charged with buffoonery; his Baron Willinghurst, in "Of Age to-morrow," and his Caleb Quotem, in "The Wags of Windsor," may be adduced as particular instances of his excellence. Melvin is a fine performer: he is never below mediocrity, and his performance of Jews, sailors, and many of Mr. Lewis's characters, places him in the very first rank as a general actor. We need only instance his Abednego, in "the Jew and Doctor," his Jack Junk, and his Young Rapid. Amongst the novelties of the year, we have a Mr. Dwyer, a gentleman whose person qualifies him to play some characters respectably enough; but where much intellect is required, he completely fails: his Macbeth is a striking proof of the truth of our last assertion. We would advise this gentleman not to aspire so high, but be content to play second rate characters. The American Mrs. Johnston is a very deserving actress. We were sorry to observe she had so indifferent a house. She must console herself with the thought that the *grown up children* were waiting for the pantomime which was produced on the Friday evening following. The lady who played *Beatrice* in "Much ado about nothing," on that night, much exceeded our expectation. We do not recollect having witnessed more naiveté, as well as complete knowledge of the stage, than we did in this meritorious young actress. We are sorry she made her début on a night when a pantomime was the afterpiece, as on such an evening, the audience is not the most discriminating. Our other performers of merit are Messrs. Denman, Dunn, Williams, and Bennett; Mrs. J. Wilkinson, Mrs. Jarman; Misses De Camp and Jackson.

A. FRIEND OF THE DRAMA.

Theatre MANCHESTER.—Mr. Quick has performed here three nights, and, during that period, made a *quick* demand upon the public, as the full houses on the occasion testified. The style of this gentleman's acting is so natural, that we wonder he attracted so many to the theatre; our critics, by many late absurd applauses, seem more inclined to relish what they see not every day. That, too, many of our performers are apt to violate nature, is a melancholy truth. The

managers have got up some new pieces; the town has, in particular, contributed greatly in favour of the Poor Gentleman. Mr. Swendall's Humphrey Dobbins deserves much commendation; it aims directly at perfection. In this gentleman, I wish true merit to be rewarded by the most *solid* tokens of public esteem. Mr. Faulkner and Mrs. Bellamy are also peculiarly impressive, as Lieutenant and Emily Worthington. Were Corporal Foss as destitute of merit as his representative (Mr. Carr) he would long since have been drummed out of the regiment. The managers, by their choice of plays, seem bent upon producing a moral reformation in the minds of the lower classes. On the first of January, a day generally set apart for the enjoyment of the mobility, was performed *George Barnwell*. To make the exit of this unfortunate dupe to lewd women more awful, suitably succeeded *The Anatomist*; he was then, of course, ready for *Harlequin's Skeleton*. No one will doubt the force of this association or train of ideas. Mr. Muddart promises to become a great favourite with the town. Mrs. Addison's musical abilities are of the first rate: she may be said to serve *three* masters, taking the lead in the Manchester and Liverpool concerts.

I am, &c.

Manchester, Feb. 13, 1802.

A PLAIN DEALER.

FOREIGN THEATRICALS.

PARIS.—The grand theatre, called Theatre Francais de la Republique, belongs to the principal performers; after their salary is allowed them, they share the profits. The French government has, ever since the Revolution, given the concern annually 100,000 livres Tournois. The Grand Opera belongs to the government, that is to say, the house; but, although the house is filled the very instant the doors open, they could not subsist if not supported by government, who allow them 600,000 livres Tournois annually. The reason is, that the expences are so very great. To the French Comic Opera the government also pay 50,000 livres per annum. The Italian Comic Opera has made an agreement with government that no other Italian singers are allowed here; for this they pay very handsomely. All the rest are on their own bottom, except paying to government for their licence.

Dramatic authorship is paid in rather a singular manner. In the principal theatres the authors are allowed one seventh of the profits every night *ad infinitum* that the piece is played. This is a small annuity to the author's posterity.

Theatre FRYDEAU.—A new comedy, called *Lystrata*, in imitation of Aristophanes, the Greek dramatic poet, has been recently performed at the Theatre Feydeau. "It is *scandalous*," exclaimed all the pretty women, on the first night of this piece, who, however, bit their lips to keep themselves from laughing. The author has, indeed, written with rather too much freedom; but if it is not easy to justify him in this respect, it is equally difficult to condemn him on the score of wit, talent, and originality. Let us pardon, therefore, a little liberty, not very common to the stage in the present times, in favour of the three latter qualities, which are now still more rare.

The following is the plot:—The Spartans and the Athenians have been long at war. The Spartan women, wearied of the kind of widowhood to which they are subjected, meet to consider of the means of terminating it. *Lysistrata*, who assembled them, points out the necessity of a definitive treaty of peace, and proposes that they shall constantly reject the amorous addresses of their husbands, until peace is concluded. This proposition at first greatly alarms the *Areopagites*, but it is at last adopted, after a great deal of discussion. Meanwhile the Lacedæmonians return to Sparta, in consequence of a truce which has been concluded for some days, and are greatly astonished at the coldness with which their loving spouses receive them. The husband of *Lysistrata* had, however, received information of this strange resolution entered into by the ladies, and, far from approaching his rib with any marks of affection, he tells her that he has made a vow to renounce her for ever. *Lysistrata*, enraged that she should not be addressed in the language of love, after she had prepared for so excellent a resistance, soon forgets the oath she had taken, and uses all her efforts to make her *deary* break his; he replies to all her endearments with sighs, and is about to make a sorrowful retreat, when she throws herself at his feet, and conjures him not to forsake her. How could the temptation be resisted? The Spartan, transported with love, embraces her, and exclaims, "Ye Gods and Goddesses, shut your eyes!" Very fortunately for the audience, and the oath of *Lysistrata*, the other good women arrive at this critical moment. Witnesses of the tender scene, they reproach *Lysistrata* with having broken her vow. It is, however, immediately announced that peace is concluded, and all the ladies retire, determined to celebrate that happy event with the greater pleasure, since they can do so with safe consciences.

This short analysis will be sufficient to shew that our comic repertory contains many pieces more moral than *Lysistrata*; at the same time we believe it would not have been thought quite so shocking by that age which applauded the *Amphitruon* and *George Dandin* of Moliere.

DOMESTIC EVENTS.

The Right Hon. Charles Abbot, the late Irish Secretary, has been elected speaker of the house of commons in the place of Sir John Mitford (now Lord Redesdale) who has been appointed Lord Chancellor of Ireland, *vice* the Earl of Clare deceased.

GOVERNOR WALL.

On Wednesday the 20th January, a special commission sat for the trial of Joseph Wall, for the murder of James Armstrong, by flogging him with a cord, on the 10th July, 1782, of which flogging he languished for a few days, and then died. The lord chief Baron presided, assisted by Mr. justice Rook, and Mr. justice Lawrence. The prosecution was opened by the Attorney General. The prisoner had been Governor of Goree, and the deceased a Serjeant in the African corps doing duty there. It being known that the former was coming

over to England, the day previous to his intended departure, the deceased, with about fifteen or twenty more, passed by the governor's house, and stopped at the commissary's, who was to accompany the governor home. On a message sent by the prisoner to know what they wanted, they returned for answer, that they wanted the commissary, in order to settle with him for their short allowance of provision (a compensation always made by government in money, when there has existed a preceding necessity of putting soldiers or sailors on reduced allowance of provisions.) The prisoner ordered them to return to their barracks, or that he would flog one half of them. They quietly went away immediately. In about an hour or an hour and a half, a body consisting of about as many more, was proceeding to the same place; the prisoner went out to meet them, and calling to the deceased, asked what they wanted? to which the latter, with his hat off, and in a very submissive manner, gave the same answer as he had given before. They were again ordered to go back, and quietly obeyed. They were without arms, and not in uniform; this was in the forenoon. After dinner, the governor coming upon parade, struck one of the guards who was under arms, and who was believed by the witness to have been in liquor; the weapon he used was a bayonet, which he had taken from the sentry at the main guard, and whom he confused along with the other; he then had the men summoned to parade, though before the usual hour, and a circle of two deep being formed, the officers came into the centre, into which was brought part of the carriage of a six pounder. The governor, after speaking to the officers, called the deceased from the ranks, and ordered him to be tied to the carriage, and whipped by blacks, whom he by menaces incited to be severe in the infliction; it was with a kind of rope he was flogged; he was then carried to the hospital, where in a few days he died. The cause of his death was proved by the surgeons, as were the number of lashes, and the very identical rope produced. The deceased was also proved to have been a healthy man previous to this treatment.

A lieutenant, a serjeant-major, and several privates deposed as to the fact of there being no appearance of mutiny. Except this lieutenant, all the officers then present were proved to be now dead. A letter was proved written by the prisoner to the secretary of state in the August following, and a garrison return signed by him, in neither of which was mention made of the mutiny. A proclamation for his apprehension was also proved, and his escape from the officers who were bringing him from Bath to London. A letter was read, dated in 1784, addressed by the prisoner to lord Sydney, then secretary of state, promising that as soon as he could procure his witnesses, which he expected to be able to do in a few months, he would surrender; and a letter to lord Pelham, dated in October 1801, declaring, that he was then ready to stand his trial. The deputy judge advocate proved that he had made search in the office for the proceedings of a court martial on the deceased, but that there were none found; and that there are no proceedings of field courts martial transmitted, except in the article of mutiny. The defence set up by the prisoner when called upon for it, was much the same as that which had been taken by his counsel in their line of cross-examining the witnesses for the crown: it stated the existence of an actual mutiny;

a trial of the prisoner by a court martial, all the members of which are now dead; the infliction of punishment by persons not usually employed on such occasions, on account of all the drummers being drunk; and justified the weapon with which it was inflicted (and which was proved to be more fatal than the cat-of-nine-tails) on the ground that none other could at the time be procured; and imputed the death of the man to his having drank to excess in the hospital. This had been denied by one surgeon, and the other only proved that the deceased *might* have drank the hospital allowance, which was half a pint of brandy, or a pint of wine mixed with water, but by no means that he had done so. The circumstance of his escaping from the officers of justice who had him in custody, he accounted for by saying that he did not know the charges against him, and not being prepared with witnesses, was afraid that public prejudice would run so high against him as to make it unsafe to abide a trial at that time. To support this statement, he called the widow of the officer next in command, who swore she was in the government-house on the morning in question: she stated the number of men who had come to the government-house to have been 70 or 80, headed by serjeant Armstrong, who addressing the governor, swore that if he did not comply with their demand, they would break open the stores, and satisfy themselves. The governor requested a few hours to consider; they said, he should not leave the island till they were satisfied. On their going away, which they did turbulently, the governor sent for the officers off duty, who agreed that the conspirators should not be taken at once, but tried separately by a court martial: and that the drum-major, on being ordered to prepare for punishment, reported, that all the cats had been destroyed, and that the men were determined not to submit to any of them being punished: she was certain that the witness who had sworn himself to have been orderly serjeant on that day, was not the person employed on that duty. This man was again called up, and contradicted her. The wife of an artillery private deposed as to the mutiny: the short-allowance claim had not arisen during the government of the prisoner, but during that of his predecessor. Her husband deposed to the same effect: he denied the identity of a rope produced in court, which he swore was twice as thick as the one used. A non-commissioned officer gave evidence of the mutiny, and said, that Armstrong had after his punishment walked unassisted to the hospital. The prisoner produced several respectable witnesses to character. The crown brought witnesses to rebut some of his former evidences.

The evidence being closed, the Chief Baron, in a most excellent charge to the jury, defined the authority of masters and parents in inflicting punishment, and having then gone into the recapitulation of the evidence, minutely scrutinized the probability of every part of it. He observed the contradictions that had taken place between the prisoner's witnesses; and having acquainted the jury, that if they had any doubt, they should incline to mercy, sent them to consider of their verdict. They retired for about half an hour, and returned with a verdict of *Guilty*. The recorder then passed sentence on him, to be executed on Friday. He was then removed from the bar. A respite was afterwards granted, delaying his execution until Monday, and another till Thursday, when he was executed.

Two other indictments for murder were found against the governor, upon which he would probably have been tried, had he not been found guilty in the first instance. These were for the murder of William Patterson, a corporal, and Thomas Upton, a private in the African corps, both of whom died of the wounds inflicted by order of the governor. In the case of Patterson the evidence would have been stronger against him than in either of the others; inasmuch as the pretended charge of mutiny would not apply to the deceased.

EXECUTION OF GOVERNOR WALL.

On Thursday morning, this unfortunate officer was executed for the murder of Serjeant Armstrong, at Goree, on the coast of Africa, pursuant to his sentence. At a little after four o'clock the scaffold began to be erected by torch-light, and was completed soon after seven, except the black hanging, which is not permitted to be displayed, nor the prison bell to toll, for the departure of any one convicted of murder. The prisoner had an affecting interview with his wife, the Hon. Mrs. Wall, (sister of the late Lord Seaforth) the night before, from whom he was painfully separated about eleven o'clock. This disconsolate and affectionate lady, unremitting in her solitudes, caused the colonel to write a note to Mr. Kirby, the gaoler, about nine o'clock, requesting that she might be permitted to remain in the cell until eleven; thus cordially manifesting her fond but delusive hopes to the very latest moment. Mr. Kirby, with a feeling of humanity highly creditable to his character, readily complied with this request. But, greatly unfortunate lady! she had not any acquisition of reasonable hope at the hour fixed for her departure. Eleven o'clock came, and she saw the end of all her earthly joys! Numberless tender embraces now took place: the loving wife reluctantly departed, overwhelmed with grief, and bathed in tears, while the unfortunate husband declared that he could now, with Christian fortitude, submit to his unhappy fate.

During the greater part of the night the colonel slept but little. About four o'clock in the morning, his sleep was however observed to have become sound, and, according to the best recollection of his attendants, he continued in this sleep rather more than an hour; so that he could not have heard the fatal machine in its passage to the debtors door. His voice preserved its usual strength and tone to the end; and though very particular in his questions respecting the machinery in every part, yet he spoke of his approaching execution and death with perfect calmness.—At half after six in the morning, his prison-attendant going to his cell, was asked by him, "whether the noise he heard was not that of erecting his scaffold?" He was humbly replied to in the negative. The Ordinary, Dr. Ford, soon after entered, when the prisoner devoutly joined him for some time in prayer. They then passed on to an anti-room, when the governor asked, "whether it was a fine morning?" On being answered in the affirmative, he said, "The time hangs heavily: I am anxious for the close of this scene. One of the officers then proceeded to bind his arms with a cord, for which he extended them out firmly; but, recollecting himself, he said, "I beg your pardon a moment;" and putting his hand in his pocket, he drew out two white handkerchiefs, one of which he bound round his temples, so as readily to conceal his eyes, over which he placed a white cap, and then put on a muslin

hat; the other handkerchief he kept between his hands. He then observed, "The cord cuts me; but it's no matter." On which Dr. Ford desired it to be loosened, for which the prisoner bowed, and thanked him.—As the clock struck eight, the door was thrown open, at which sheriff Cox and his officers appeared. The governor approaching him, said, "I attend you, Sir;" and the procession to the scaffold, over the debtors door, immediately succeeded. He had no sooner ascended it, accompanied by the Ordinary, than three successive shouts from an innumerable populace, the BRUTAL EFFUSION of one common sentiment, evidently deprived him of the small portion of fortitude which he had summoned up. He bowed his head under this extreme pressure of ignominy, when the hangman put the halter over it, but took it off again to replace it; this done, the governor stooped forward, and spoke to the Ordinary, who, no doubt at his request, pulled the cap over the lower part of the face, when, in an instant, without waiting for any signal, the platform dropped, and he was launched into eternity!—From the knot of the rope turning round to the back of the neck, and his legs not being pulled, at his particular request, he was suspended in convulsive agony for more than a quarter of an hour. After hanging a full hour, his body was cut down, put into a cart, and immediately conveyed to a building in Covercross-street, to be dissected.—He was dressed in a mixed coloured loose coat, with a black collar, swan-down waistcoat, blue pantaloons, and white silk stockings. He appeared a miserable and emaciated object, never having quitted the bed of his cell from the day of condemnation till the morning of his execution.

During the time of his confinement, previous to trial, he occupied the apartment which was formerly the residence of Mr. Ridgway, the bookseller. His wife lived with him for the last fortnight; she is a very accomplished woman, about his own age. Although he was allowed two hours a day, from twelve to two, to walk in the yard, he did not once embrace this indulgence, and, during his whole confinement, never went out of his room, except into the lobby to consult with his counsel. He lived well, and was at times very facetious, easy in his manners, and pleasant in conversation; but during the night he frequently sat up in his bed and sang psalms, overheard by his fellow prisoners. He had not many visitors, his only attendant was a prisoner, who was appointed for that purpose by the turnkey. After trial he did not return to his old apartment, but was conducted to a cell; he was so far favoured, as not to have irons put on, but a person was employed as a guard to watch him during the night, to prevent his doing violence to himself. His bed was brought to him in the cell, on which he threw himself in an agony of mind, saying it was his intention not to rise until they called him on the fatal morning. The sheriffs were particularly pointed and precise in their orders in confining him to the usual diet of bread and water preparatory to the awful event. This order was scrupulously fulfilled.

The prisoner, during a part of the night, slept, owing to fatigue and perturbation of mind. The next morning his wife applied, but was refused admittance without an order from one of the sheriffs. She applied to Mr. Sheriff Cox, who attended her to the prison. From the time of the first respite, until twelve o'clock on Wednesday night, he did not cease to entertain hopes of his safety.

At eleven o'clock on Wednesday night, Mr. Kirby went into the prisoner's cell with the man who was appointed to sit up with him. He inquired if any news had arrived? he was told none. Mr. Sheriff Cox, who called on him frequently before trial, about this time visited him in his cell. He expected a respite till twelve o'clock—none then arriving, after the lapse of near an hour, he inquired particularly whether the machine, in being brought out of the press yard, would make a great noise, and inquired at what time? The attendant being unwilling to discompose his mind, pretended to be ignorant of those matters. He fell asleep between four and five o'clock, and did not hear the noise of the fatal machine, which was brought out at five o'clock, although it shook the whole prison; but about twenty minutes after, a mail coach going by, he started, and said, "Is not that the fatal scaffold?" The same person answered no, observing it was the mail, and he might hear the horn blow with it. He did not go to sleep again; he asked many other questions, and inquired whether, being a tall man, he could not avoid the jerk in the falling of the scaffold, although it was done, he apprehended, to dislocate the neck of the sufferer, and put him sooner out of pain.

The crowd, though prodigious, was said to be not so great as that which attended the execution of Adamson and Wilkinson for forgery, about three years ago; but the public indignation has never been so high since the death of Mrs. Brownrigg.

It appears when Mr. Wall came over from France, finding some of the witnesses still living, who, he thought might have been dead, he had views of going again abroad: and from a conversation he had with a friend in his room, it appeared he had consulted Mr. Gibbs, and one of the Secretaries of State, upon the propriety of so doing; they advised him to stand the event of a trial.

The late Captain Armstrong was his private agent, as well as agent to the African corps, of which Mr. Wall was commandant. Mr. Wall was only Lieutenant-Governor of Senegambia, but acted as Chief, the first appointment being vacant. It was an office he held but a short time, not more than two years. His emoluments were very considerable, as, besides his military appointments, he was superintendent of trade to the colony.

His family were originally Roman Catholics, but of course he conformed to the protestant church, or he could not have held his commissions. He has a son in a respectable line of life: but he thought it prudent, since his misfortune, to say little concerning his family or relatives. Whilst abroad he went by another name.

The interest made to save Governor Wall is well known. The whole of Wednesday his case occupied the great law officers; the judges met at the chancellor's in the afternoon. The conference lasted upwards of three hours.

The petitions presented to the king were numerous, as well as from powerful quarters; but his Majesty, with great firmness, resisted every application, and insisted that justice should take its course. The king has been prevailed upon to grant some very unpopular pardons during his reign. In this instance he has ordered a popular execution. It is impossible persons in the upper circles of life

can believe that the indignation and rage of the lower classes extended to the length they did. They contrasted Governor Wall's case with the sufferings of the mutineers; every one who has a son or a brother in the army or navy became a partizan against Governor Wall, fearing that such Governors might, if he escaped, put their relatives to death with impunity. The cry was, the poor guilty suffer; the rich guilty escape. This subject has engaged more of the public attention than any other, even than the Definitive Treaty.

However lamentable the unhappy fate of Governor Wall, its coincidence with that of the unhappy seamen, who have recently suffered at Portsmouth, is fortunate for the character of the nation and its government. It will bear testimony to Europe, and to the world, that whatever inroads may have been made on British freedom, English justice still retains its original purity, and is still equally and impartially administered to the peer and to the peasant, making no distinction between the private and his commander, but punishing, protecting, and avenging all alike. It will be a consolation to such of the British seamen who may be dejected and cast down by the melancholy though just end of so many of their comrades, to find that no flimsy charge, no groundless imputation, no pretended Mutiny, either imagined at the moment, or afterwards trumped up, as occasion may require, will be admitted as the justification of severities, causelessly and inhumanly inflicted. When they see the death of a simple serjeant, without family or friends, in a country whence the report of his wrongs might have never reached home, now made the subject of a state prosecution, conducted by the two principal criminal officers of the crown, with the assistance of a number of other highly respectable counsel, and the attendance of every witness in the smallest degree necessary, collected with all the anxiety that could have been bestowed on the case at the commencement of the prosecution in 1784, by the widow and orphan children of the deceased (if such he had, and they were rich enough to afford the expence) will they not rejoice to see that punishments are not for them alone, and that the proudest of those who rule them cannot tyrannize over them with impunity? It is natural to the ignorance of low situations, to suppose that suffering is confined to its own class. In some countries this is unfortunately too much the fact. In ours, great crimes are rare in the higher ranks of society; but in the few instances that have occurred, the equality of justice has been enforced in a manner that gives every peasant in the land reason to thank heaven that he was born in such a country.

The circumstances of the conviction and punishment of Mr. Wall are extremely striking. His withdrawing himself from justice in 1784; his voluntary return and surrender last year in the confidence of escaping, and the presence of every witness who could have originally appeared against him, or who was enabled to contradict those brought forward in his defence, will be, to superstitious minds, a strong confirmation of the belief, that heaven interposes in a peculiar manner in the detection and punishment of murder. As a public example, there is nothing to diminish its effect. It is free from all those errors which might have infected a trial had under the immediate influence of popular odium, arising from the recency of the fact. In a period of eighteen years, the malice, (if any there was) of the individuals who instituted the prosecution,

must have subsided, and they must now be governed by truth alone. Public horror and public animosity had abated. The ministers of the present day are free from those passions arising from representations made to them directly of the fact, or from the universal cry of indignation against the man,* which might, in some degree, have actuated those of 1784. There is none of that headlong and over-ardent zeal for justice, ill understood, such as governed the trials of Lally, Byng, and Hastings, and have often led to determinations afterwards lamented and condemned when it was too late. Mr. Wall was unquestionably not sacrificed to private faction, to popular fury, or to ministerial cabal. The statement of the Attorney-General was a mixture of candour, moderation, and energy, perfectly consonant to the idea of Shakespeare,

Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice:

It was a plain narrative of facts, without any other comment than the opinion of the law how far they were criminal. Never did a jury go into a box with less of prejudice, or of any matter extraneous to the cause, that could be supposed to have an improper influence on their decision; never was the whole of the proceedings listened to with more attention; never was evidence summed up more accurately by a judge, law stated more distinctly, or facts put to the jury more fairly and properly.—The verdict of the jury was unquestionably just. The law has done the rest. We shall not do now, what was not done by others, who were more called upon to do it than we; we shall not expatiate upon the crime, after an event which washes away all crimes, and suffers only the bare record to remain for the instruction of futurity. The fact will live in our history, as a monument of national justice, and as a warning to those who are entrusted with great powers, in places remote from control and superintendence, to use those powers with justice and moderation; and our seamen will reflect with satisfaction, that, while the Judge Advocate of the Admiralty is prosecuting disobedience and breach of discipline at Portsmouth, the Attorney-General of the King is obtaining justice against cruelty and abuse of power in London.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT OF GOVERNOR WALL.

Governor Wall was descended from a good family in Ireland, and entered into the army at an early age. He had risen to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel when he was made governor of the Island of Goree, on the coast of Africa. Of a severe and rather unaccommodating temper, he was not much liked among the officers; and he has frequently said to a friend here in London, that his chief reason for avoiding a trial was, because several of those who would have been witnesses were his personal enemies. Though severe, he had the reputation of being just; and even on the trial it appeared that the event which led to his unfortunate end, arose from the idea that had gone forth amongst the troops in Goree, that if they were not paid their arrears in his time, they would never be paid them at all. Those arrears were not, however, incurred during his command, and it appeared he had not allowed any to accumulate. It is therefore but a fair tribute to a man who paid so dearly for his faults, to admit that it was

* *Civium ardor prava jubentium.* Hor.

to his justice the soldiers appealed particularly, as his successor was then on the spot, and must have been equally well acquainted with the circumstances; so that had they not entertained a particularly favourable opinion of Mr. Wall, they would not have been so desirous of finishing the matter with him.

It appeared in evidence that there was a design to urge the matter of arrears to a settlement; and Mr. Wall always expressed a belief, that had he not made some examples, the mutiny would have broken out; and he left the island without knowing the fatal consequences of his extreme violence.

When sent for to Bath by Lord Sydney, two years after, his cruel terms with the other officers, in addition to some exaggerations that had inflamed the public mind, he was afraid of the consequences. This manner of evasion is well known to the public; after which he lived on the continent, sometimes in France, and sometimes in Italy, but mostly in France, where he lived respectably, and was admitted into good company. He particularly kept company with the officers of his own country, who served in the French army, and was well known at the Scotch and Irish colleges at Paris.

In 1797, he returned to this country, as if by a kind of fatality, without any apparent reason; and applied, through the medium of a friend, to obtain a safe retreat, which was procured him at a house in Lambeth Cut, where he remained several months, seldom going out, and that either very late or early. He was frequently advised, by the friend who had procured him the lodging, to leave the country again; and questioned as to the motive for remaining: he never attempted, however, to give any, but appeared, even at the time when he was so studiously concealing himself, to have a distant intention of making a surrender, in order to take his trial.—It is very evident that his mind was not easy, and that he was incapable of taking any firm resolution either one way or another. And even the manner in which he did give himself up, shewed a singular want of determination, leaving it to chance whether the minister should send for him or not! for rather than go to deliver himself up, he wrote to say, "he was ready to do so"—a less becoming, but not a less dangerous mode of encountering danger.

Various exaggerated accounts have gone abroad, and the public attention has, for some days, been in a very uncommon degree attracted towards the fate of this man, who seems to have acted cruelly under the influence of passion, occasioned by his apprehension of danger: but it is difficult to conceive how he could intend to commit murder, as even the surgeon said he was ignorant of the fatal effects of such a punishment in that climate. Governor Wall was allied by marriage to a noble family, and his wife visited him frequently in his concealment in Lambeth; and since that time he lived in Upper Thornhaugh Street, Bedford Square, when apprehended. It is most probable that, had he not written to the Secretary of State, the matter had been so long forgotten, that he would never have been any way molested.

The £200 offered by the King's proclamation in 1784 for his apprehension, has been paid to the police officers who took him in Thornhaugh Street, notwithstanding the governor's voluntary surrender of his person.

Several fires have lately taken place in consequence of the carelessness of servants. It may probably induce increased caution on the part of the persons of this description to be told that, by an act of the sixth year of Queen Ann, chap. 31, and by another of the 14th of Geo. III. chap. 78, "if any servant, by carelessness, or negligence, shall fire, or cause to be fired, any dwelling-house, or out-house, or house, and be convicted on the oath of one witness, before two justices, shall forfeit £100 to the churchwardens of the parish where the fire shall happen, to be distributed by them to the sufferers, in such proportions as to them shall seem just; and, if the same be not immediately paid on demand to the church-wardens, the said justices shall commit the offender to some Work-house or House of Correction for eighteen months, there to be kept to hard labour."

MURDER.—On the 16 January, the six remaining rautineers at Portsmouth, were found guilty by the Court Martial continued on board the Gladiator. Their trials presented nothing which is not to be found in our detail of that of their wretched predecessors. They all acknowledged their guilt, and behaved with much penitence. They seemed to be every one under the age of 20.---Their names are John Allen, Edward Taylor, George Cummane, George Dixon, James Riley, and Thomas Simmonds. The two first would have been put upon their trial with the preceding fourteen, if they had arrived at Portsmouth in time. The other four were tried in consequence of the evidence that had appeared on the preceding Court, and which implicated them. Five of the prisoners were executed on Tuesday morning; four on board the Temeraire, and the fifth on board the Formidable.---At eight o'clock the yellow flag was hoisted, and at nine a gun was fired for the assembling of the boats of the ships at Spithead. At ten, the four who were executed on board the Temeraire, came upon deck, where they remained in prayer for half an hour; they were then executed.---Dixon was executed at the same time on board the Formidable. He acknowledged the justice of his sentence, but denied having had any intention of committing murder.

CORRECT ACCOUNT OF THE LOSS OF THE MARGATE HOY.

MARGATE, FEB. 10.---Repeated as have been the awful visitations with which this town and neighbourhood have been afflicted during this winter, the following has, alas! in every point of view, alarmingly exceeded them all:---The hoy Margate, of Margate, John Goodborn, Captain, Mr. John Sacket, owner, very deeply laden with corn for the London market, having a crew of four men and twenty-eight passengers, sailed from the harbour in moderate weather at three o'clock on Saturday afternoon, and came to anchor in the roads till near nine in the evening, when they again got under sail, and soon after the weather began to be very tempestuous; but they continued working against the wind till they had arrived, about midnight, off Reculver, with the intention of going to anchor under the hook of Margate sand.---On making their last tack towards the land, the strop of the sounding lead broke, and though the vessel was put about, yet, before another lead could be fitted she struck, it was supposed, on the tail of the Reculver Sand: they then let go the anchor, and the water flowing, the vessel swung off and rode clear. They then got up the anchor, and setting the sails, she was drawn off the land, when the jib-tackle broke, which made it impossible to get her head

from the wind: the Captain then lashed down the tiller, and went forward to set an other gib-sail, when, by the vessel's striking the ground, the tiller was rent in two, and before it could be replaced the rudder was beat off, and thereby the vessel was rendered totally unmanageable. They then let go their anchor a second time, but the hoy continuing to beat on the ground in the most alarming manner, and apprehending she had sprung a leak, and finding the pumps were choaked, they were forced to let slip the cable, and let her drive in to shore, on which she was beaten about a mile and a half from the village of Reculver. The scene then became truly horrible, as a most dreadful sea was breaking over the vessel every moment, and the women and children uttering the most lamentable cries. In the midst of this distress, Mr. Bone, passenger, and local Preacher in the connection of the late Rev. John Wesley, like the true Christian and faithful Divine, with great resignation, exhorted and prayed with his fellow-sufferers, and was heard by the survivors to the very last, lifting his voice in supplications and praises to his Redeemer.—Five of the passengers and four of the crew having taken to the shrouds, were saved by continuing there till the water was so lowered that they could get on the shore, about five in the morning. One other passenger, Mr. Jesse Carroway, of Margate, was swept off the deck, but most providentially, after some little exertion, was thrown on the beach by the waves, and escaped; and supposes that very soon after the cabin was filled with water, and seven passengers who remained therein drowned, and the remaining fourteen and the Captain, who were on deck, were then swept away by the merciless waves, as, while he lay on the beach, he heard a general scream of distress, and then all was still! —The scene which the morning presented to the afflicted spectators, who by ten o'clock were some hundreds, from Margate and the neighbouring villages, it is impossible to describe, as within the space of a mile and a half, on the beach, 16 men and women lay dead on the shore, and very soon after seven other passengers were taken in the same state from the cabin, making in the whole 23 persons.

Mr. Fox's reported visit to France is for the purpose of examining some papers in the Scots College at Paris relative to James II. previously to the Hon. Gentleman's History of England being complete.—He will return in time to be re-elected for Westminster.

A poor sweep travelling through Stretton, near Burton-upon-Trent, being benighted, knocked at the door of a farmer, and begged he might sleep in the stable till the approach of day; but was refused. The labourer, however, hearing the answer, and having more humanity than his master, suffered him to take his repose upon some straw in the barn. It happened, about two o'clock in the morning, two villains came with a horse and cart, with an intent to rob the barn, and having nearly filled one bag, said, " 'twas a pity they had not engaged another man to hold the candle." The poor sweep hearing this, and imagining the men belonged to the house, rushed out from the straw, and exclaimed, "O, I'll hold the candle!" The villains, at this unexpected answer, and the appearance of his black face and white teeth, hastily decamped, leaving horse, cart, and bags, at the disposal of the supposed devil.

Sir Edward Hamilton, of the Trent, who distinguished himself in the West Indies by the recapture of the *Hermione*, has been brought to a court martial at Portsmouth, "for sending the gunner and his crew up in the main rigging for three hours, when the gunner was taken down in a fainting fit, through the severity of the cold." And the charge being fully established, he was sentenced to be dismissed from his Majesty's service. We applaud the verdict, although we sincerely lament that it has fallen to an officer of such distinguished gallantry and general good conduct.

Mr. Wilton, of Wadebridge, Cornwall, lately shot a brace of woodcocks; one of them was of a light fawn-colour in the body, the wings striped with fawn, black and brown, the legs and bill milk white; the other had white wings, and a white feather on its breast.

MODERN AMAZONS.—Some years since, a gentleman in the city, extensively engaged in West Indian commerce, was involved in bankruptcy by a misplaced confidence; he retired into the neighbourhood of Bradford with two daughters, and shortly after sunk beneath the pressure of his misfortunes, leaving them wholly without provision. The former affluence of their father had prevented their acquiring a knowledge of any profession by which to earn a respectable maintenance; they could not work, and were ashamed to beg. In this dilemma, their enterprise rose superior to considerations of fear, and prompted the bold expedient of assuming the dress and character of men, and entering into the navy. They went to Portsmouth, and, by their address, obtained a situation on the quarter-deck of a troop ship bound to the West Indies. They were engaged in the reduction of Curacao, &c. and served with credit in two or three actions in those seas, till one of them was wounded by a splinter in the side, when her sex being discovered, she was discharged, and came to England about six weeks since.

The other sister was, at this period, sinking under the fever which has proved so fatal to Europeans in the West Indies, and had been sent ashore at Dominica; there, under an impression of approaching death, she disclosed, to one of the officers of the ship, her sex. The discovery gave tenderness to the esteem he had before entertained for his young friend: his attentions contributed to her convalescence. In short, she recovered, and they were married, and are now on their return to Europe, in the possession of the means to render happy the remainder of their days.

MARRIED,

By special licence, Doctor S. Holland, of Great Portland Street, to Miss Erskine, daughter of the Hon. T. Erskine. Sir F. Vincent, Bart. to Miss Jane Bouverie, fourth daughter of the Hon. E. Bouverie. Colonel Crosbie, to Miss Thomas, daughter of G. White Thomas, Esq. one of the representatives for Chichester. At St. George's, Hanover Square, Samuel Young, of North Audley Street, Esq. to Miss Ann Biggs, of Drury Lane Theatre. Lately, at Woodchester, Capt. Raigersfeld, of the Royal Navy, son of Baron Raigersfeld, to Miss Hawker, daughter of the Rev. Peter Hawker, Rector of Woodchester. Isaac D'Israeli, Esq. of the Adelphi, to Miss Basevi, of Billiter Square.

DIED,

At his house, Grove, Pinner, William Miles, Esq. at the advanced age of 80, formerly a Colonel in the 2d regiment of guards, whose steady and uniform endeavours to promote the cause of liberty, and attachment to his friends, reflect the highest credit on his memory. He quitted the army, though in the line for promotion, on the war with America, rather than draw his sword against his American brethren, preferring retirement to the sacrifice of principle. The whole of his estates he has left to Sir Francis Milman, Bart. At Old Alresford, Hants, in the 5th year of his age, the Hon. Frederick Rodney, 9th son of the late Lord Rodney. In the 79th year of her age, in consequence of a fright occasioned by her cloaths accidentally taking fire about a fortnight since, Lady Jane Courtenay, aunt to the Marquis of Bute. At his house, at Twickenham, in the 89th year of his age, the Right Hon. Welbore Ellis Agat, Lord Mendip. At Bath, the Countess of Leicester. At Pimlico, Rear Admiral Brenton. At Hammersmith, H. House, Esq. late of Pall-Mall. At Chalk Farm, near Farnborough, the youngest daughter of General Floyd, of a scarlet fever and sore throat; and a week after, Mrs. Floyd, the child's mother, of the same complaint, occasioned by her fondly nursing it to her bosom, notwithstanding the expostulations of her friends. At his house, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, Thomas Walker, Esq. Accountant General of the High Court of Chancery, aged 73. Lady Frances Kavanagh, sister to the Earl of Ormond. The Hon. Miss Jefferys, Maid of Honour to the Queen. S. Dick, Esq. in the 69th year of his age, one of the oldest directors, and late governor of the bank of Ireland. T. Plummer, Esq. of Gray's Inn Square.

Lately, at Greenwich, Dr. D. P. Layard, in the 82d year of his age. He was father to the Dean of Bristol, and brother to the Dukes of Ancaster. At Portsmouth, of a paralytic stroke, Mrs. Thomas, formerly Mrs. Simpson, a most excellent actress of the Portsmouth theatre, and for many years a distinguished favourite in Bath, where she succeeded Mrs. Siddons as principal of that very respectable company. In private life she was an very amiable woman, and, as a performer, an ornament to her profession. At Drumgellavie, near Pitmain, on the 23d ult. Baillie Donald M'Pherson, in the 77th year of his age. He was an ensign under a late unfortunate Prince, and was present at the battles of Preston, Penrith, and Falkirk. He afterwards escorted this Prince through Arisaig, and saw him on the borders of Sky. In Mansfield Street, Portland Place, in the 62d year of his age, the Duke of St. Albans. His Grace married in 1763, the daughter of the Earl of Besborough, by whom he had three sons and three daughters. He is succeeded in his titles and estates by his eldest son Aubrey Earl of Burford. At Cadhay, near Ottery, Devon, the Right Hon. Lord Graves, of Thanks, in the County of Cornwall, Admiral of the White, who so gallantly distinguished himself in the glorious battle of the first of June, 1794, in which he received a wound in his shoulder.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR
MARCH, 1802.

Embellished with

I. A PORTRAIT OF MRS. YOUNG, LATE MISS BIGGS, ENGRAVED BY RIDLEY,
FROM AN ORIGINAL MINIATURE.

II. A LANDSCAPE, ENGRAVED BY SPRINGHURST, FROM A BEAUTIFUL DRAWING
BY THE REV. WILLIAM BREE, OF COLESHILL, WARWICKSHIRE.

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1802.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MELANCHOLY HOURS, No. I. in our next. The continuations will be very acceptable.

The Story of Cyrus is under consideration.

The Rustic's Farewell, a Fragment in the Dorsetshire dialect, by W. H. certainly in our next.

Lines presented to the Honourable Miss Courteney, at the late Masquerade at Powderham Castle, and Extract of a Letter from Guernsey, also in our next.

We shall be happy to see the Translations mentioned by G. C.

The Sonnet to the Nightingale, by J-----B-----N (Liverpool) has been received, and the author's wishes, with respect to his former communication, shall be complied with.

H. K. W. (Nottingham) and T. W. F. (*Isle of Wight*) are referred to the contents of the present Number.

The Imitation pointed out by LAOCOON, (*Abergavenny*), has been noticed in some ingenious remarks on CRASHAW, inserted in vol. viii. p. 260, and vol. ix. p. 10. where LAOCOON, will find the merits of that poet properly appreciated

Ode to the Nymph of the Fountain of Tears, and *Inscription for a Spring near Northampton*, by the same Correspondent, shall have a place in some future Number.

The Lines in Memory of a late illustrious Character, transmitted by CAROLUS, are not sufficiently correct for insertion in this Miscellany.

We shall make enquiry about J. B's. Sonnet to Fidelity.

'A NEIGHBOUR,' is informed that the passage of which he complains, crept into our work through an inadvertency.

The Stanzas by G. L. (*Liverpool*) are not forgotten.

We have attended to the request of B. W. (*Derby*) in the present Number.

The merits of all the performers, mentioned by SCOUTE (*Rochdale*), have been sufficiently investigated in this work.

The Lamentation of poor Quiz had been sent to us, by another Correspondent, before the receipt of the letter, dated 25th March.

Manchester Theatricals, by Nottinghamensis, in our next.

~~For~~ The Prices of the Books noticed in our Review, and of the Names of the Booksellers are not mentioned, in consequence of a letter received from the Solicitor of the Stamp office, requiring their omission.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR.

FOR

MARCH, 1802.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MRS. YOUNG (LATE MISS BIGGS.)

[With a Portrait.]

MRS. YOUNG is a sister of the late Mr. Biggs, of whom some account was given in a former volume of this work.* She is a native of Debenham, in Suffolk, and was born in the year 1775. Mr. Biggs, senior, managed a company in the west of England; and in the theatres under his controul, particularly those at *Taunton* and *Barnstaple*, his daughter, Miss ANNE BIGGS, the subject of the present memoir, invited the public attention at the early age of thirteen. After continuing for some years the distinguished favourite of the theatrical circle in which her father moved, she accompanied her brother to *Bath*, where she made her first appearance in the character of *Miss Alton*, in the *Heiress*. Her talents were immediately acknowledged by the Bath audience, and she was rising into high reputation in that city, when, in consequence of an accident which occurred to her during one of the stated journies of the company to Bristol, she was attacked by a severe indisposition, that confined her for several months to her room. Soon after her restoration to the stage, Miss BIGGS had a difference with Mr. Dimond, with regard to salary, which not being adjusted to her wish, she quitted her situation in the Bath company. On the 17th of October, 1797, she appeared at Drury-Lane Theatre, in the *Widow Brady*, and acquitted herself so much to the satisfaction both of the public and the manager, that she procured an immediate engagement from Mr. Sheridan, for five years, on very liberal terms. She was soon put into possession of most of the characters which had been the property of Miss Farren the preceding season, and also considerably strengthened her hold on the public, by her performance of all Mrs. Jordan's sentimental characters, particularly *Angela* in the *Castle Spectre*; *Rosa* in the *Secret*; *Cora* in *Pizarro*, &c. &c.

So rapid an elevation to the first rank in the theatre, renders any comment on this Lady's talents perfectly unnecessary. Her summer

* Vol. vii. p. 237.

seasons have been mostly passed at *Birmingham, Liverpool, Plymouth, Edinburgh, Glasgow, &c.* in all of which places she has been greatly admired and patronized.

Miss BIGGS is indebted to nature for an agreeable and expressive countenance, and a light and very elegant figure, which her peculiar taste in dress enables her to set off to the best advantage. In private society, her manners and conversation are particularly affable, sprightly, and engaging.

Miss BIGGS has been very recently led to the altar by Mr. YOUNG, a Gentleman of education and respectability, with whom we sincerely wish her every happiness that the marriage state can afford.

ANECDOTES OF THE EARL OF ROCHESTER.

From a Sermon preached at his Funeral, by Robert Parsons, M. A. printed 1680.

THE text.—*I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just Persons that need no repentance.* St. Luke, xv. 7.

A wit he had so rare and fruitful in its invention, and withal so choice and delicate in its judgment, that there is nothing wanting in his composesures to give a full answer to that question, what and where wit is? except the purity and choice of subject.

His natural talent was excellent, but he had largely improved it by learning and industry, being thoroughly acquainted with all classic authors, both Greek and Latin. "I never," said he, (the Earl of R. to his chaplain) "was advanced thus far towards happiness in my life before; though upon the commission of some sins extraordinary, I have had some checks and warnings considerable from within, but still struggled with them, and so wore them off again. The most observable that I remember was this:—one day, at an atheistical meeting; at a person of quality's, I undertook to manage the cause, and was the principal disputant against God and piety, and for my performances received the applause of the whole company; upon which my mind was terribly struck, and I immediately replied thus to myself; Good God! that a man, that walks upright, that sees the wonderful works of God, and has the use of his senses and reason, should use them to the defying of his Creator!

But though this was a good beginning towards my conversion, to find my conscience touched for my sins, yet it went off again; nay, all my life long I had a secret value and reverence for an honest man, and loved morality in others. But I had formed an odd scheme of religion to myself, which would solve all that God or conscience might force upon me; yet I was not ever well reconciled to the business of Christianity, nor had that reverence for the gospel of Christ as I ought to have.

He gave strict charge to those persons in whose custody his papers were, to burn all his profane and lewd writings, as being only fit to promote vice and immorality, by which he had so highly offended God, and shamed and blasphemed that holy religion into which he had been baptized; and all his obscene and filthy pictures, which were so notoriously scandalous.

To conclude these remarks, I shall only read to you his dying remonstrance, sufficiently attested and signed by his own hand, as his truest sense, (which I hope may be useful for that good end he designed it) in manner and form following.

“For the benefit of all those whom I may have drawn into sin by my example and encouragement, I leave to the world this my last declaration, which I deliver in the presence of the great God, who knows the secrets of all hearts, and before whom I am now appearing to be judged.

That, from the bottom of my soul, I detest and abhor the whole course of my former wicked life; that I think I can never sufficiently admire the goodness of God, who has given me a true sense of my pernicious opinions and vile practices, by which I have hitherto lived without hope, and without God in the world; have been an open enemy to Jesus Christ, doing the utmost despite to the Holy Spirit of grace. And that the greatest testimony of my charity to such is, to warn them, in the name of God, and as they regard the welfare of their immortal souls, no more to deny his being, or his providence, or despise his goodness; no more to make a mock of sin, or condemn the pure and excellent religion of my ever blessed Redeemer, through whose merits alone, I, one of the greatest of sinners, do yet hope for mercy and forgiveness.—Amen.

J. ROCHESTER.

Declared and signed in the presence of

ANNE ROCHESTER,

ROBERT PARSONS, 19th June, 1680.

JOHN WILMOT, Earl of Rochester, was born 10th April, 1647, at Ditchley, in Oxfordshire, and was educated in Wadham College, under Dr. Blanford, afterwards Bishop of Worcester. The Earl married a lady of the Roman Catholic persuasion, who, during *his* last illness, was converted to our church.

"The time of his (the Earl's) sickness and repentance was just nine weeks; in all which time he was so much master of his reason, and had so clear an understanding, (saving thirty hours, about the middle of it, in which he was delirious,) that he never dictated or spoke more composed in his life: and, therefore, if any shall continue to say his piety was the effect of madness, or vapours, let me tell them, it is highly disingenuous, and that the assertion is as silly as it is wicked."

The Earl of Rochester died at Woodstock-Park, July 26, 1686, and was buried 9th August, at Spilsbury, in Oxfordshire. His mother, wife, and children survived him.

A. H.

COPIE DE LA LETTRE

De LOUIS XVIII. à M. EDGWORTH,

CONFESSEUR DE LOUIS XVI.

[We need not point out to the reader's attention the very exquisite delicacy both of sentiment and expression, that distinguishes the following letter, which has been much and most deservedly admired by the few persons who have been favoured with a sight of it. It obtains a situation in the MONTHLY MIRROR through the same kind indulgence which enabled us to insert the Letter from GENERAL STUART in our last number.—We have attempted to render it into English, for the benefit of those who may need such assistance, though we are conscious that, in several instances, the impressive elegance of the original but faintly glimmers through the translation.]

A Blankembourg, le 12 Septembre, 1796.

J'AI appris, Monsieur, avec une extreme satisfaction, que vous êtes enfin échappé à tous les dangers auxquels votre sublime dévouement vous a exposé. Je remercie sincèrement la divine Providence d'avoir daigné conserver en vous un de ses plus fideles ministres, et

l'unique confident des dernières pensées d'un frère dont je pleurerai sans cesse la perte, dont tous les bons Français béniront à jamais la mémoire, d'un Martyr dont vous avez proclamé le triomphe, et dont j'espère que l'Eglise consacrera un jour les vertus. Le miracle de votre conservation me fait espérer que Dieu n'a pas encore abandonné la France ; il veut sans doute qu'un témoin irréprochable atteste à tous les Français l'amour dont leur Roi fut sans cesse animé pour eux, a fin que connoissant toute l'étendue de leur perte, ils ne se bornent pas à de stériles regrets ; mais qu'ils cherchent en se jetant dans les bras d'un père qui les leur tend, le seul adoucissement que leur juste douleur puisse recevoir. Je vous exhorte donc, Monsieur, ou plutôt je vous demande avec instance de recueillir et de publier tout ce que votre saint ministère ne vous ordonne pas de taire ; c'est le plus beau monument que je puisse ériger au meilleur des Rois, et au plus chéri des frères.

Je voudrais pouvoir, Monsieur, vous donner des preuves efficaces de ma profonde estime ; mais je ne puis vous offrir que mon admiration, et ma reconnaissance, ce sont les sentiments les plus dignes de vous.

(Signé)

LOUIS.

 TRANSLATION.

COPY OF THE LETTER OF LOUIS XVIII. TO M. EDGEWORTH,

CONFESSOR TO LOUIS XVI.

Blankembourg, 19th Sept. 1796.

I learn, Sir, with extreme satisfaction, that you have, at length, escaped all the dangers to which your eminent zeal has exposed you. I return my sincere thanks to divine Providence for having preserved in you one of its most faithful ministers, and the only confident of the last thoughts of a brother whose loss I shall never cease to deplore, whose memory all good Frenchmen will for ever revere ;—of a martyr whose triumph you have proclaimed, and whose virtues, I hope, the church will one day consecrate. Your miraculous preservation gives me reason to hope, that the Almighty has not yet abandoned France. He has, doubtless, ordained that an unimpeachable witness should attest to all Frenchmen the love which their King retained for them to the last, so that knowing the whole extent of their loss, they may not confine themselves to fruitless regret, but seek in the arms of a

Father which are extended to receive them, the only alleviation of which their just affliction is susceptible. I exhort you, Sir, or rather, I earnestly entreat you to collect and publish every particular which you are not forbidden by your holy office to divulge; it will be the fairest monument that I can erect to the best of kings and the most beloved of brothers.

I wish, Sir, it were in my power to afford you any effectual testimony of my profound esteem; but I can only offer you my admiration and my gratitude; sentiments which are the most worthy of you.

(Signed)

LOUIS.

VISITING.

In polite visiting it seems an implied contract that the parties shall not meet. A very fine lady, at stated times, sends round her empty chair, attended by her footmen, to leave her cards at the houses of those who stand on her visiting list: they, in their turn, repay her in like coin, both, on those occasions, ordering their servants to deny them; that is, to say they are not at home; a circumstance so usual, that an innocent country boy, servant to an eminent taylor, who had been chid for telling truth in going to the door, would not answer whether his mistress was at home or not, till he had asked her.

When a fine lady gives a route, and has assembled a multitude of persons, whose coaches and chairs block up the street, it is then that she takes an opportunity of visiting her friends. This she does to shew her superiority to vulgar customs, as low-bred people have the foolish notion that, when they have invited company, it is necessary to stay at home to entertain them. Indeed, as at a polite route there are generally more persons than can be properly noticed by the lady, it is best to speak to none.

Among inferior persons, routes and card parties are meetings for the benefit of the mistress of the house, who, out of the card-money, not only repays all her expences, but also puts something considerable in her pocket. It is inconceivable how low this practice of giving routes descends—I have known a lady living up two pair of stairs in a lodging, have routes weekly, at which she has had more than thirty people, in a couple of rooms, each about twelve feet square, and one of them somewhat incumbered with a bed.

HAPPINESS.

A FRAGMENT.

—“THE scenes of my life have been sad,” said a poor Frenchman, who had scrambled up one of the most precipitous mountains of North Wales, and was now pensively leaning on his stick, and casting a mournful look towards the wide expanse of waters, which bounded his prospect—“The scenes of my life have been sad,” repeated he, and a tear silently stole down his cheek, as the painful recollection of the past again struck upon his soul—“I have pursued the bubble happiness all over the world, and have lived but to find it a phantom of the brain—I have suffered the torture of the inquisition in Spain—I have been chained to the galleys in Italy—I have starved on the mountains of Switzerland—I have groaned as a slave in Turkey—I have languished beneath the republican tyranny in France—and, lastly, I have been whipped as a vagabond in England—and I am grown grey in misery, and old age has overtaken me in wretchedness!”—The tears streamed plentifully down the cheeks of the unfortunate old man, as this painful retrospect presented itself to his mind.—The sun was just casting his last rays over the waters, and the west was tinged with bright streaks of vermillion and gold.—Not a breath of air ruffled the surface of the deep—not a sound invaded the ear—all was stillness and serenity, except when the last notes of the ascending sky-lark sunk on the air, while the feathered songster himself was lost in distance. He insensibly felt his spirits tranquillized by the universal harmony which seemed to reign around—The balm of peace descended upon his soul—He looked upon the wanderings of his past days with a calm, but melancholy regret—It was too late to begin life anew; and, after having spent his youth in toil and vexation, he now felt that a little rest was necessary. When the sun had sunk beneath the horizon, he laid himself on the turf, and soon dropped into a sweet and an uninterrupted slumber. In the morning he arose refreshed.—Beneath the wide-spreading branches of a venerable tree, he constructed a simple hut—His meat was supplied by the roots and the herbs of the valley; and the crystal spring, which bubbled by his dwelling, afforded him a wholesome beverage.—Every evening beheld him sinking peaceably to repose on his bed of leaves; and every dawning day saw him rise refreshed and cheerful.—In a short time he discovered that he was happy—The discovery astonished him.

He was isolated—an outcast—depending on the spontaneous products of the earth for sustenance, and only sheltered from the inclemency of the weather, by a cabin, over which the den of the wild beast possessed many advantages.—Under such circumstances, that he could be happy, was to him incomprehensible.—After musing for some time on the strangeness of the fact, he found out that all the miseries of his past life were to be imputed to himself; that they arose from his own restlessness and ambition; and that the true philosopher's stone, which converts every thing it touches into gold, the real source of all human happiness, is *Contentment*.

Nottingham.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

A HINT TO PEDANTS.

Sesquipedalia verba.

MR. EDITOR,

YOU must know that I belong to a club of friendly citizens, and we meet every Monday night, to discourse of such matters as may entertain and improve, in a way suitable to that industrious and unambitious honesty, which men in trade propose to thrive by: but the intentions of our meeting have been often frustrated by a great scholar, who has got among us, and who makes no more of Greek and Latin, than if it was so much English. Ever since he was introduced, he has had all the talk to himself; but was never understood above three times since the first night he came into our company. He is the Great Mogul of our club, and reigns absolute, and without a ministry, publishing his edicts in a language peculiar to the throne, and which, being unintelligible by any of his vassals, can neither be contradicted nor questioned.

He expatiated, last night, in a style unusually florid, on the *verbosity, loquaciousness, and propension to garrulity*, of a worthy common councilman, whom we took the liberty of commending for a ready speaker: and when one of us, by way of atonement, mentioned my neighbour Huchly, the cheesemonger, as the silentest man in London, he answered that taciturnity was a quality as intelligible as excess of narration, for it dehomilated those persons who were obnubilated by its umbrageousness, and involved their comprehension in a labyrinth of inexplicable internality.

It happened, fortunately for the club, that an honest drunken officer, belonging to the East India company, was among us upon this occasion. He was now what we call half-seas-over, and stared at our man of oratory, for I am sure near a minute, without motion. At last he began to tell him, with the most grave face in the world, that he was charmed with this opportunity of discoursing with a gentleman of so much wit and learning, and hoped he should have his decision in a point that was pretty nice, and concerned some eastern manufactures, of ancient and reverend etymology. Modern critics, he said, were undetermined about them; but, for his part, he had always maintained that Chintz Mulmulls, Morees, and Seersuckers, were of nobler and more generous use than either Doosooties, or Niccanees; not but that he was almost of the same mind with those who held against Byrampauts, in favour of Chundraconnas and Beduncas; only, before he declared it openly, he wished that so accurate a judge of learning would be so kind as to instruct him why the Tapzills and Sallampores have given place to the Neganeapauts, and why Bejutapauts should be more esteemed than the much finer fabric of Blue Cheltoes.

The peal of laughter which this harangue excited, added in no small degree to the confusion already manifest in Mr. Scholar's countenance. Indeed, Mr. Editor, for awhile he appeared dumb-founded; but, on recollecting himself, rose up, and in a speech of the humble kind, such as we could all understand, he acknowledged the justness of the reproof, and in future promises to profit by it.

Thus, Mr. Editor, we, by this fortunate incident, are likely to be restored to our former comfort; and as the misfortune we laboured under, possibly afflicts many other societies and persons, within the circulation of your excellent Mirror, it was resolved that I should communicate the particulars of this transaction to you, for the benefit of the community, in whose service you profess yourself to be entirely engaged.

I am,

Mr. Editor,

Your Constant reader,

Chicapside.

JEREMIAH.

ARE THE TIMES DEGENERATE?

AN ESSAY.

THE degeneracy of the times has, in all ages, been more or less insisted upon. In the present period, the increasing depravity of mankind is admitted, as an indisputable fact, by almost every one. While, however, this depravity affords a subject of lamentation for the moralist and divine, it behoves the philosopher to enquire whether its existence is real or imaginary. That vice and profligacy spread their baneful and destructive influence among all classes and descriptions of men, in the present day, cannot for a moment be doubted; but if we exercise candour and impartiality in our retrospective enquiries, and comparative observations, the result will probably be a conviction of the unjustness and impropriety of stigmatizing the present æra as peculiarly licentious, or particularly profligate. The generality of those who maintain the depravity of the age, attribute it to the incursive spread of infidelity and scepticism. The writer of this paper supposes this opinion to originate in mistaken ideas: ill would it comport with his present intention, to enter into the minutiae of disquisition, on the subject in question; but as departing from opinions generally received, and almost universally admitted, it will naturally be expected he should offer his reasons for the same. It cannot be denied, that the votaries of infidelity, and advocates for deism, are particularly industrious in their endeavours to contaminate the public mind to the utmost of their power, and the extent of their abilities. Never, perhaps, did the press teem with publications of a more blasphemous nature than in the present day. Modern deists, with malignant rigour, aim their deadly shafts, dipp'd in the poisonous streams of infidelity and scepticism, at those truths, which have maintained their ground, notwithstanding the united endeavours of sophistry to refute, and infidelity to oppose.—But their puny attempts at opposition serve only to expose their own imbecility; for while they endeavour to refute, they establish the veracity, and augment the importance of revelation. A late elegant and ingenious writer*, whose fame is too well established to require any eulogium from the pen of an individual, in one of his essays, has this observation—“Our disputes with the deists are now,” says he, “almost at an end, as our antagonists are driven to the necessity of an open and direct avowal of atheism, or a confession of the truth of revelation.”—We, consequently, find deists of the present day, making use of arguments which have been long since refuted, and adducing objections which have been repeatedly answered.—

* Dr. Goldsmith.

Former times have unhappily produced men of profound learning, and real abilities, who have derided religion, and opposed revelation; but freethinkers are now (with very few exceptions) only to be found among the superficial and unlearned: is it therefore consonant with reason, to suppose that the arguments and opinions of such will influence the public mind, or that their attempts to invalidate and depreciate revelation, will be attended with success? Here it will perhaps be said, that the generality of men, eager to embrace doctrines which encourage immorality and licentiousness, require few arguments to convince them of what their inclinations are so ready to adopt. Admitting this to be the case, it is undoubtedly an argument in my favour, as, upon this principle, infidelity must be acknowledged to be at least equally prevalent in former times, as in the present. Let me request those who, without foundation, declaim against the licentiousness of the times, to examine, with impartiality, the writings of our predecessors: it will then be perceived, that they had equal reason with ourselves, to lament the infidelity and depravity of the age. Here may I be permitted to pause a moment, and lament that the trash which has lately obtruded itself on the public, in the cause of infidelity, has not been permitted to pass unnoticed and unanswered. With the utmost deference to the superior judgment of our learned and ingenious advocates for revelation, I am persuaded that, had the late infamous publications never engaged their attention, they would long ere now have been buried in oblivion.—But to return.—A general taste for science and literature appears to be the predominant and characteristic feature of the present day. Superstition and ignorance, which have hitherto shackled the genius, and obstructed the progress of mankind, in mental acquirements, are now in a great measure obliterated: a veneration for learning, and desire of knowledge, pervades through every class of society—and we have increased reason, daily, to congratulate ourselves on the progress of knowledge, of science, and of letters. “Other ages,” says Keir, “may have surpassed the present, in the greatness of some single event, such as the rapid conquest of half the globe, by an Alexander, or a Tamerlane, nevertheless, the age in which we live, seems, of all periods in history, the most distinguished for the sudden and extensive impulse the human mind has received, and which has extended its active influence to every object of human pursuit.—The diffusion of a general knowledge and taste for science, over all classes of men, seems to be a characteristic feature of the present age. In no former period,” he continues, “was ever the light of knowledge so generally diffused: in this age, the flame that passes over

all, kindles the spark of genius, wherever that may happen to burst, and every man forms an opinion for himself." It is generally acknowledged that virtue and refinement increase in proportion to the diffusion of learning and science. As the understanding is enlarged, the mind becomes expanded, and open to the reception of every kind of truth. The various evils consequent upon darkness and ignorance disappear, and virtue's benign and sacred influence succeeds. The effects of education on the mind, are similar to those produced on barren and unfruitful ground, by cultivation. That soil which, in its native state, produced nothing but noxious weeds, and poisonous plants, is, by the hand of the husbandman, rendered fruitful and productive.—Thus it is with the human mind;—without cultivation, every latent virtue of the soul remains inactive, and even degenerates into vice. Man, conscious of no higher enjoyments than the gratification of his sensual desires, and selfish views, by excessive indulgence therein, reduces himself to a level with the irrational and mere animal part of the creation, till the vivifying ray of science extends its active influence on the soil, enlarges his views, expands his ideas, and improves his heart. That this period of time, then, avowedly the most enlightened that ever adorned the annals of history, should be particular for depravity and licentiousness, is a contradiction in terms. I again repeat, that the inevitable consequence of advancement in knowledge, will be a proportionate increase in *morality, refinement, and virtue.*

THE TELL TALE.

"Trifles light as air."

A FORMER sub-dean, of Ch. Ch. Oxon, remarkable for his penurious disposition, and particularly so for the spare keep of his horses, had ordered a young man to compose an exercise, for which he had given him as a subject, *Ignotum pro magnifico est*;—he delivered in the following lines:—

Averse to pamper'd and unruly steeds,
His nags on *chaff* the wise *Avaro* feeds;
Bred in his stables, in his paddocks born,
What vast ideas they must have of *corn*!

A GREEN GOWN.—The origin of this expression is more ancient than is perhaps supposed. There is in the Tower, *inter brevia*

Regis Eduardi III. anno 24^{to}, (1351), a record of the indictment of William Fox, Parson of Lee, near Gainsborough, and others; for that they came to Bradholme, in the county of Nottingham, and then and there forcibly took and carried away a certain nun, named Margaret de Everingham, a sister of the said house; "excentes eam habitum religiosum, et indecentes eam robam viridem secularem."—Anglicè, giving her a green gown.

THE following is not the least remarkable of ancient tenures.—The manor of Catteshall, or Gateshille, is held by the extraordinary service of being marshall of the *Meretrices*, whenever the king shall travel that way; or, as Blount gives it, "*per serjantiam duodecim puellarum, quæ sequuntur curiam domini Regis.*" *Joc. Ten.* p. 80.

THE following relation of an extraordinary miracle appeared in a periodical publication in 1739, the year in which it is supposed to have happened; so long a time has, however, since elapsed, that it is not unreasonable to suppose, it may be both new and amusing to the generality of the readers of the Monthly Mirror.

"Two men digging a grave, at Maçon, near Nogent, upon the river Seine, found a skull, which they threw upon the grass with the common unconcern of grave-diggers; but soon after perceiving it to stir, they ran to the curé of the parish, and told him what they had seen. The superstitious curé immediately supposed it to be the skull of some saint, who had been buried in that place, and therefore posted thither; when, to his great surprise and joy, he found the skull still moving, upon which he cried out, "A miracle! a miracle!" and resolved to have the precious relic deposited in his church with all proper ceremonies; for which purpose he sent in all haste for a consecrated dish, a cross, and holy water; his surplice, stole, and cap; ordered all the bells to be rung, and sent to give notice of the joyful news to the parishioners, who thronged in crowds to the place. Then he had the skull placed in the consecrated dish; and, being covered with a napkin, it was carried to the church in procession; during which, great debates arose among the parishioners, every one insisting that some of his family had been buried in that place, that he might assume to himself the honour of having a saint in his family. Upon their arrival at the church, the skull was placed in the high altar, and *Te Deum* begun; but when they came to the verse "*Te per orbem terrarum,*" a mole unluckily crawling out of the skull, discovered the secret cause of its motion; upon which a stop was put to the ceremony, and the congregation

dispersed greatly disappointed. Now, if the poor curé had had less credulity, and more cunning, he would have taken care the secret were not discovered by vulgar eyes; in which case, we should have had yearly a long list of miracles wrought by this sanctified skull, and the church would probably have become one of the richest in France.

T. W. F.

Yarmouth, Isle of Wight.

MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTISH BORDER.

MR. WALTER SCOTT, himself a poet of infinite merit in ballad composition, has recently published two volumes, under the above title, which are to be followed by a third to complete his plan. So numerous have been the compilations of this nature, that it was a task of no small difficulty to glean productions of excellence, without plundering the sheaves which others had already bound up. How Mr. Scott has executed his task, we shall have pleasure in examining at greater length. We cannot, however, avoid expressing our obligations to him for the very learned and delightful elucidations which his study and his taste have thrown upon the popular superstitions of his native country. His illustrations afford the richest hints for the modern bard, who, guided by the fairy light of antiquity, may tread that "land of empty dreams," where the spectre embodied, encountered the knight in complete armour—where the detecting lights hovered over the slaughtered innocent—and the yells of perturbed spirits issued from the dungeons—

"By many a foul and midnight murder fed."

In his prefatory matter to the first volume, Mr. Scott has given the following outline of a tale of horror. It might be supposed to derive itself from Dante. But though the effect is the same, the circumstances differ from the story of Ugolino. The one is the victim of design and cruelty—the other of inadvertence alone. They are both strictly in nature, and only throw light upon each other.—The following is Mr. Scott's narrative.

"One of the most noted apparitions is supposed to haunt SPEDLIN'S castle, near Lochmaben, the ancient baronial residence of the FARDINES of Applegirth. It is said, that in exercise of his territorial jurisdiction, one of the ancient lairds had imprisoned, in the Mussy More, or dungeon of the castle, a person named Porteus.

Being called suddenly to Edinburgh, the laird discovered, as he entered the west port, that he had brought along with him the key of the dungeon. Struck with the utmost horror, he sent back his servant to relieve the prisoner, but it was too late. The wretched being was found lying upon the steps, descending from the door of the vault, starved to death. In the agonies of hunger he had gnawed the flesh from one of his arms. That his spectre should haunt the castle, was a natural consequence of such a tragedy."

Minstrelsy, S. B. Vol. I. p. 79.

A friend of ours, struck with the incident, amused some hours of indisposition, with turning it into a ballad. Whether, and how much, he have adorned it; we had rather leave to the reader's judgment, than elaborately comment upon what he sends to us as a trifle.

SPEDLIN CASTLE:

A BALLAD.

HEARD ye the shriek from yonder hill?

Heard ye the hollow roar?

Ah! never shall that shriek be still,

Within the *Massy Moor.

Sir Porteous was a daring knight;

Jardine a baron bold;

Sir Porteous became his thrall in fight,

And was flung in prison-hold.

His ransom in gold was sent by sea,

And the day approached fast,

Which should set our knight at liberty—

But that day it prov'd his last.

The knight awoke; the timely cock

Told how the morning wore;

No baron turn'd the massy lock,

Which secur'd his prison-door,

He listen'd till the waning light

Scarce shew'd the dungeon wall;

He listen'd through an age of night—

No foot was heard to fall.

* The dungeon of the castle.

Y—VOL. XIII.

Unworthy chief, Sir Porteous cried,
Are these thy fierce alarms?
And are the brave by hunger tried,
Whom thou hast prov'd in arms?

Or has some dire mischance assail'd
The knight who holds me here?
'Tis so—he would not else have fail'd
To bring my prison-cheer.

Loudly he call'd—the warder ran
Lamenting to the door;
“Alas! alas! thou wretched man,
“Thou art dead in massy-moor.

“Sir Jardine to the south is gone,
“He thinks no whit of thee;
“Nor recks, alas! that he alone
“Still kept thy prison key.

“And here be thy brothers come over the sea,
“With jewels and gold in store;
“How fondly they trusted to ransom thee!
“But they never shall see thee more.”

He said—'Twas all the knight could bear;
He sank upon the ground;
His eye, unmoisten'd by a tear,
Glar'd sightlessly around.

His arms are fallen upon his knees,
His head upon his breast;
His sense benumbing horrors freeze
To slumber—not to rest.

As when, to tend her only child,
Some mother, scarce awake,
Turns to the babe with action mild,
But sees a deadly snake;

So started Jardine, when the key
Appear'd below his cleak;
Upon his horse again sprang he,
And not a word he spoke.

And he has gallop'd night and day
As Pity were his steed,
Till he has measur'd back his way ;
The knight was past that need.

From the dark dungeon he is borne,
His mouth is stain'd with blood ;
And from his arms the flesh is torne—
An ineffectual food.

Since when, each night, on yonder hill,
Resounds that hollow roar ;
And never shall those shrieks be still,
Within the massy-moor.

J. BOADEN.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S LETTER TO HIS WIFE,
AFTER HIS CONDEMNATION.

YOU shall receive, (my dear wife) my last words, in these my last lines : my love I send you, that you may keep when I am dead, and my council, that you may remember it when I am no more. I would not with my will present you sorrows, dear Bess : let them go to the grave with me, and be buried in the dust. And seeing that it is not the will of God that I shall see you any more, bear my destruction patiently, and with a heart like yourself.

First, I send you all the thanks which my heart can conceive, or my words express, for your many travels and cares for me, which, though they have not taken effect as you wished, yet my debt to you is not the less ; but pay it I never shall in this world.

Secondly, I beseech you, for the love you bear me living, that you do not hide yourself many days, but, by your travels, seek to help my miserable fortunes, and the right of your poor child : your mourning cannot avail me, that am but dust.

Thirdly, you shall understand that my lands were conveyed, (*bona fide*,) to my child. The writings were drawn at Midsommer was twelve months, as divers can witness ; and I trust my *bloud* will quench their malice who desired my slaughter, that they will not seek also to kill you and yours, with extreme poverty. To what friend to direct you I know not, for all mine have left me in the true time of trial. Most sorry am I, that, being thus surprised

by death, I can leave you no better estate. God hath prevented all my determinations : that Great God which worketh all in all : and if you can live free from want, care for no more, for the rest is but a vanity. Love God, and begin betimes ; in him shall you find true, everlasting, and endless comfort. When you have travelled and wearied yourself with all sorts of worldly cogitations, you shall sit down by sorrow in the end. Teach your son also to serve and fear God, whilst he is young, that the fear of God may grow up in him ; then will God be an husband to you, and a father to him ; a husband and a father that can never be taken from you.

Paylie oweth me a thousand pounds, and *Aryan* six hundred ; in *Jersey* also I have much owing me.

Dear wife, I beseech you, for my soul's sake, pay all poor men. When I am dead, no doubt you shall be much sought unto, for the world thinks I was very rich. Have a care to the fair pretences of men, for no greater misery can befall you in this life than to become a prey unto the world, and after to be despised. I speak, (God knows) not to dissuade you from marriage, for it will be best for you, both in respect of God and the world. As for me, I am no more yours, nor you mine ; death hath cut us asunder, and God hath divided me from the world, and you from me. Remember your poor child, for his father's sake, who loved you in his happiest estate. I sued for my life, but, God knows, it was for you and yours that I desired it : for know it, my dear wife, your child is the child of a true man, who, in his own respect, despiseth death, and his mishapen and ugly forms. I cannot write much ; God knows how hardly I steal this time, when all sleep, and it is also time for me to separate my thoughts from the world. Beg my dead body, which living was denied you, and either lay it in Sherburn or in Exeter church, by my father and mother.

I can say no more : Time and Death calleth me away. The everlasting God, powerful, infinite, and inscrutable God Almighty, who is goodness itself, the true light and life, keep you and yours, and have mercy upon me, and forgive my persecutors and false accusers, and send us to meet in his glorious kingdom. My dear wife farewell. Bless my boy. Pray for me, and let my true God hold you both in his arms.

Yours that was,

But now not my own,

WALTER RALEIGH.

ORFORDIANA.

BOSWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON.—Have you got Boswell's most absurd enormous book? The best thing in it is a bon mot of Lord Pembroke. The more one learns of Johnson, the more preposterous assemblage he appears of strong sense, of the lowest bigotry and prejudices, of pride, brutality, petfulness, and vanity: and Boswell is the ape of most of his faults, without a grain of his sense. It is the story of a mountebank and his zany.

Strawberry Hill, Wednesday Night, July, 1790.

BRUCE'S TRAVELS.—I do not love disputes, and shall not argue with you about Bruce; but if you like him, you shall not choose an author for me. It is the most absurd, obscure, and tiresome book I know. I shall admire you, if you have a clear conception about most of the persons and matters in his work—but in fact I do not believe you have. Pray, can you distinguish between his *cock* and *hen*? Heghes, and between all Yasouses and Ozoros? And do you firmly believe that an old man and his son were sent for and put to death, because the king had run into a thorn bush, and was forced to leave his clothes behind him? Is it your faith that one of their Abyssinian majesties pleaded not being able to contribute towards sending for a new Abuna, because he had spent all his money at Venice in looking-glasses? And do you really think that Peter Paez was a Jack of all trades, and built palaces and convents without assistance, and furnished them with his own hands? You, who are a little apt to contest most assertions, must have strangely let out your credulity! I could put forty questions to you as wonderful, and for my part could as soon credit *****

Strawberry Hill, September 27, 1791.

FRENCH REPUBLIC.—Marvellous indeed would it be if a set of military noble lads, pedantic academicians, curates of villages, and country advocates, could in two years, amidst the utmost confusion and altercation amongst themselves, dictated to, and thwarted by, obstinate clubs of various factions, have achieved what the wisdom of all ages and all nations have never been able to compose—a system of government, that would set four and twenty millions of people free, and contain them within any bounds. This, too, without one great man amongst them—if they had, as Mirabeau seemed to promise to be—but we know that he was too a most consummate villain,—there would soon have been an end of their vision of liberty. And so there will be still, unless, after a civil war, they split into small kingdoms or commonwealths. A little nation may be free;

for it can be upon its guard. Millions cannot be so; because, the greater the number of men that are one people, the more vices, the more abuses there are, that will either require or furnish pretexts for restraints: and if vices are the mother of laws, the execution of laws is the father of power:—and of such parents one knows the progeny.

Berkeley-Square, January 10th 1794.

So far from reading political pamphlets, I hunt for any books, except modern novels, that will not bring France to my mind, or that at least will put it out for a time. But every fresh person one sees, revives the conversation, and excepting a long succession of fogs, nobody talks of any thing else; nor of private news do I know a tittle.—Adieu!

Strawberry Hill, August 31, 1792.

THE DUCHESS OF YORK.—The Duchess of York gave a great entertainment at Oatlands on her duke's birth day; sent to his tradesmen in town to come to it, and allowed two guineas apiece to each for their carriage: gave them a dance, and opened the ball herself with the Prince of Wales. A company of strollers came to Weybridge to act in a barn. She was solicited to go to it, and did out of charity, and carried all her servants. Next day a methodist teacher came to preach a charity sermon in the same theatre, and she consented to hear it on the same motive. But her servants desired to be excused on not understanding English. "Oh!" said the Duchess, "but you went to the comedy, which you understood less, and you shall go to the sermon:" to which she gave handsomely, and for them.—I like this.

Strawb. July 2, 1795.

A ROYAL VISIT.—As you are or have been in town, your daughter will have told you in what a bustle I am preparing not to resist, but to receive, an invasion of royalties to-morrow—and cannot even escape them like Admiral Cornwallis, though seeming to make a semblance; for I am to wear a sword, and have appointed two aides de camp—my nephews, George and Horace C——. If I *fall*, as ten to one but I do, to be sure it will be a superb tumble, at the feet of a queen and eight daughters of kings; for, besides the six princesses, I am to have the duchess of York and the princess of Orange! Woe is me at seventy-eight, and with scarce a hand and foot to my back! Adieu!

Yours, &c.

A POOR OLD REMNANT.

NARRATIVE
OF THE
LOSS OF HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP THE BRAZEN.

MR. EDITOR,

As I do not remember any account of a calamity which the following narrative details, in your register of domestic events, I send it to you as the authentic representation of a person who was on the spot when the disastrous event took place.

Yours, &c.

S. K.

In the evening of the 25th of January, 1800, the wind blew strong from the S. W. with much rain: the gale very much increased during the night, and at 6 A. M. of the 26th, an alarm was given at Newhaven, on the coast of Sussex, that a large ship, supposed to be a man of war, was on shore under the cliffs, about one mile to the westward of that place. An express was immediately dispatched to Captain Sproule,* of the royal navy at Brighton, who commanded on that part of the coast, and several people instantly repaired to the place below the cliffs, near which the ship lay. Day had not yet dawned; and the violence of the wind and rain increased and prolonged the gloom; but the fatal spot was not difficult to be discovered, by the cries of the wretched mariners, who screamed aloud for help. The flood-tide, unfortunately, was making just as the vessel struck, and rose so fast, while the people were under the cliffs, that they were soon obliged to return, without being of any essential service. Two machines† were now dragged to the top of the cliffs, in readiness to be used when the tide had flowed so high as to prevent any one from passing round the points of the rocks, that projected far into the sea. At day-break, the ship was seen about half a mile from shore, with her masts all gone, and in appearance a total wreck. Many of the crew, however, were still hanging to those parts most out of the water. Upon observing that

* The very zealous, active, and humane exertions of this gentleman, to preserve the lives of his fellow-creatures, combined with his unremitting attention to the interests of the Lord Commissioners of the Admiralty, in endeavouring to save the stores of the vessel, reflect the highest honour on him as a Christian and an officer.

† These machines are constructed with swing cranes, to hang over the precipice, a rope is reeved in them, and a large cage suspended from it, which is able to contain three men.

some were struggling with the waves, and had a chance to reach the shore, two men* upon the cliff gallantly jumped into the cage, and were let down a precipice nearly three hundred feet perpendicular, for the noble purpose of endeavouring to rescue these who floated, from the waves. One man drifted to shore, apparently unhurt, but as the two brave fellows were advancing to his assistance, part of a loose sail was thrown over him by a wave, which carried him out to sea, and he rose no more. Another, more fortunate, came to shore upon a carronade gunslide: the men caught hold of him, and placing him in the cage, he was safely drawn, with themselves, upon the cliff. On reaching the top he appeared in strong convulsions, but soon recovered sufficiently to inform his deliverers, that the wreck they saw was the Brazen sloop of war, commanded by Captain James Hanson. It is a circumstance which cannot be regarded otherwise than extraordinary, that this man, who could not swim, was saved, while the most expert swimmers in the ship were drowned.

No further attempt could be made to afford relief, as the sea now broke nearly fifty feet up the cliffs. The spectators could only sigh at the fate of the sufferers, while they beheld, in silent anguish, that two or three men were yet alive upon the wreck, without the smallest chance of escaping the lot of their companions. Their cries were distinctly heard, notwithstanding the howling of the wind, and the loud breaking of the sea.

By this time the wreck had drifted nearer in shore, and one man was seen to survive, lashed to the stump of the fore-mast (every wave which washed over him covering him many feet deep, and only giving him time to breathe between wave and wave) until 2 P. M. when he sunk down totally exhausted and lifeless.

About three o'clock the ebbing of the tide enabled the people to get under the cliff, opposite the remains of the vessel, but little could now be saved. The shore was covered with wreck for miles.—Ninety-five of the crew, whose bodies floated ashore, were decently interred at Newhaven, by direction of the Lords of the Admiralty, and a handsome stone monument, or pillar, commemorative of the melancholy event, has been erected near the grave that contains their reliques, at the expence of Captain Hanson's family, from a very appropriate design of Mr. Henry Rhodes, architect.

[N. B. The inscriptions on this monument shall be inserted in our next Mirror.]

* These men were rewarded out of a subscription, raised by the inhabitants of Brighton, at the instigation, it is believed, of Captain Sproule.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

FLECTERE NON ODIUM COGIT, NON GRATIA SUADET.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Sonnets, Odes, and Elegies. By Alexander Thomson, Author of *Whist, the Paradise of Taste, and the Pictures of Poetry.* 12mo. Edinburgh & London. 1801.

IN reviewing the recent publications of Messrs. Bloomfield and Holloway,* we took occasion to warn our Heliconian voyagers against the Scylla and Charybdis of modern poësy, the shoals of Della Cruscan, and the shelves of revolutionary verse—toward which, whoever is impelled by the gales of vanity, or the current of singularity, will be liable to founder on the quicksands of oblivion. Mr. Thomson is in no danger of literary shipwreck from pursuing such a perilous course. He is directed by the compass of critical discretion, and the chart of classical authority,

“To steer his bark through Learning’s ample tide,

“And touch, by turns, at every tuneful coast.”

The extensive erudition of Mr. T. has been made agreeably subservient to poetical purposes, in the reputable productions announced on his title-page. In the volume now before us, a higher degree of interest is almost every where excited, by having blended with the stores of learned recollection, the impassioned feeling of the passing hour, and the lineaments of *self*. This may, possibly, with some cold critics, expose our author to the charge of egotism; but we will venture to affirm, from the conviction of personal experience, and the force of general observation, that the most interesting passages in our most celebrated poems, are those in which the writer develops his own emotions, and faithfully depicts the leading features of his own mind. We need only refer for proof of this assertion to the “*Paradise Lost*” of Milton, Book 3, and to the “*Calvary*” of Cumberland, Book 5.

The odes of Mr. Thomson are very animated effusions, though we regret that some of them are left incomplete. *That*, on the genius of Pindar, is highly elevated, and truly Pindaric. The elegies are elegant transcripts of retrospective reflection and retired sensation, when the author, in moments of dignified sequesterment, has been led, like the royal Psalmist, to ‘commune with his own heart.’

* See M. M. for Jan. and Feb. pp. 24, 98.

The sonnets (in number 135) are extended to every diversity of subject and of style. They are amatory, descriptive, sentimental, critical, devotional, and sometimes, for the sake of contrast, even jocular: but to the latter character we think the sonnet-measure as ill adapted as that of elegiac verse. We shall, therefore, extract a specimen or two from this numerous and valuable assemblage of Petrarchian poësies, where we think the theme is more in unison with the versification.

SONNET XIII.

Dispregiator di quanto 'l mondo brama. PETRARCH.

How blest is he who for the love of gain,
(A love, I fear, that never will be mine,)
With cheerful heart can ev'ry toil sustain,
And freedom's self without a sigh resign!

For me, how oft must I lament in vain,
The wayward taste of these romantic eyes,
Which many an object view with fix'd disdain,
That all the world besides agree to prize!

Content through life's sequester'd vale to glide,
By wealth unloaded, and to fame unknown,
If friendship's foliage deck'd my smiling side,
And love's fair flow'rets on my banks had blown
And were the muse her voice at times to join,
All that this heart desires would then be mine.

SONNET XIV.

Mais les Temps sont changés, aussi bien que les Lieux. RACINE.

How dear that *time*, in which the weeping thought
Of pensive memory delights to dwell;
When each new day some glorious triumph brought,
Beyond the pow'r of eloquence to tell!

How dear that *place*, the paradise of thought,
Where sacred love and friendship us'd to dwell;
Where echoes faint in ev'ry gale are brought,
That still, to fancy's ear, of pleasure tell!

On eagle wing the hours of rapture flew,
And from this bosom ev'ry comfort bore;
Reluctant sorrow bade those scenes adieu,
Which still to me a pleasing aspect wore.
The scenes of bliss again these eyes may view,
But pleasure's season will return no more!

We have copied the preceding quatorzains as they followed in succession, and can assure our poetic readers that they will find many

of kindred beauty, and several of loftier character, among these genuine 'children of passion.' Mr. T. has handsomely apologized for bringing the rhapsodical "Sorrows of Werter" again before our eye, and we therefore pass without reprehension over what certainly called for an apology. The mottos in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, Portuguese, German, and French, remind us too much of an inscription over the door of the exhibition room at our royal academy ΟΥΔΕΙΣ ΑΜΟΤΣΟΣ ΕΙΣΙΤΩ. We look forward with pleasing expectation to the critiques on Dryden and Gray, with an essay on the romantic in poetry, and we earnestly hope that Mr. Thomson will be stimulated to proceed with his historical and 'favourite task,'

'To trace the progress of his native muse
From the first accents of her infant tongue,
To those which now her dying voice renews.'

*Strutt's Sports and Pastimes of the People of England, &c. Concluded
from page 106.*

FROM our detailed view of the contents of this work, it will be seen that the subjects it embraces are extremely multifarious; that many of them have hitherto been little explored, and that, to trace their origin, progress, or decay, through the mazy windings of tradition, and the dark recesses of antiquarian lore, must have, required a long and laborious investigation. Public encouragement, we trust, will not be wanting to recompense the author's labours with their merited reward.

The restrictions of our literary journal prevent us from making such extracts as inclination otherwise would prompt. After bestowing on the entire performance our cordial approbation, we trust the most useful, and therefore the most acceptable employment will be, to collect such scattered hints and remarks on various pages, as have occurred to us in the course of perusal, and to point out such farther casual illustrations as may have escaped the vigilant eye of our assiduous antiquary.

P. 12. By referring to Peacham's 'Worth of a Penny,' 1664, Mr. S. will find that the Lord Mayor's hounds were kept in *Finsbury Fields*.

P. 31. A relique of 'West Smithfield races' is still exhibited every Friday afternoon, by the riders of hack-horses brought there for sale, to the delight of the vulgar, the gain of the fraudulent, and the grievous annoyance of chance passengers or constant residents.

P. 49. In addition to butts, prickles, and * rovers, *bobling* occurs as a term

* Heywood, in his fifth hundred of Epigrammes, has one "Of an archer's roving." Epig. 33.

of archery in Lord Howard's 'Defensive against the poison of supposed Prophecies,' 1583.

P. 66. The Grecian pastime called *HIPPAS*, as represented in Plate VI. was a common sport with school-boys when we were young, and conducted as an equestrian combat, in which equal numbers engaged on each side, to unhorse their respective opponents.

P. 75. Two diversities of hand-ball played in Norfolk, are termed *Tick-ball* and *Bow-bell*.

P. 82. *Pails Maille* or *Pell Mell*, is numbered by Peacham, ubi sup. among other recreations without doors, as 'walking, riding upon pleasure, shooting, hunting, hawking, bowling, ringing, and the like.'

P. 86. In Lincolnshire, where the game is much played, *Northern* spell is called *New Spell*: and instead of a bat or bludgeon to strike the nor or ball, they use a block of wood fastened to a twig of ash or cane. When the ball is struck, cords are not employed to ascertain the distance, but this is first referred to the judgment of the striker and then measured, if any doubt arises in the mind of his opponent. If he has over-rated the distance, he is out: if he has under-rated it, the surplus is added to his game.

P. 117. A portion of the "*Ludus Coventrie*," written in an antiquated hand, is now in the possession of Mr. Sharp of Coventry. The principal interlocutors are, Herod, Joseph, Mary, and the shepherds.

P. 122. Mr. S. observes, from Warton, that *Tragedies*, in Chaucer's time, were simply tales of persons who had fallen from a state of prosperity or worldly grandeur to great adversity. The same acceptation of the term was extended to a much later period. Hence Baldwin described his poetical legends, in the 'Mirror for Magistrates,' as *Tragedies*. The *Comedies* of Spenser, mentioned by Gab. Harvey, were probably no more than storied poems of a less serious cast, and perhaps derived from Ariosto.

P. 128. In the comprehensive dramatic collection of our modern Roscius, several hand-bills are preserved of the mimetic exhibitions at Bartholomew fair, much anterior to those reprinted by Mr. S. and referable, we believe, to the reign of Charles II.

P. 137. *Dissours* are observed by Mr. Strutt, to be pointed out as *Conteurs* or Tale-tellers, by Gower, Conf. Amant. lib. vii. So also in the earlier romance of Alisaunder.

Dynours dalye, seasons craken.

P. 142. On turning to Puttenham's '*Arte of Poesie*,' it does not appear that the term *Ballad* is introduced in the chapter cited; and Bevis of Southampton, with Guy of Warwick, are styled *reportes*, not *tales*. We notice these oversights, because we wish to impress it as a principle on all historical writers, that literary documents should be quoted with legal precision.

P. 165. The morris-dancers we have been accustomed to see perform the *sword-dance*, do not 'lay their swords upon the ground and dance round them;' but perform a variety of dexterous manœuvres with their rusty weapons, such as jumping over them in quick succession, while they are held by the handle and point, as the dancers form a ring; then raising them above their heads, they clash the blades in unison to the music; and while they move in swift gyration, link them round the neck of the fool, who shrieks with mimic terror,

to the great disport of the beholders. This will be found to approach nearly to the description of Olafs Magnus. Vid. Antiq. Vulg. p. 176.

P. 179. Displays of bodily contortion seem not to have been confined to male exhibitors. In 1724, was published, "The Life of that celebrated *Pasture-mistress*, Eliz. Mann." Vid. Bibl. West. No. 1452.

P. 184. In his account of the pranks performed by horses, Mr. S. has omitted to introduce Banks's learned horse, who, with his adventurous master, were inhumanly burned by order of the pope, for magicians. See '*Marcus Extaticus*,' cited in the last edit. of Steev. Shakspeare, V. 201. "In the records of canine sagacity, a water-spaniel merits notice, the valuable property of Mr. Wilkinson, (a skilful performer on the musical glasses) which he had the misfortune to lose by a fire that happened in Pantion-street two years ago. A benevolent subscription was opened at Hookham's to compensate this loss, but we have not heard with what degree of success.

P. 189. Polydore Vergil speaks of the disguising and mumming practised at Christmas time in the north, and thinks it was borrowed from the feast of Palas, named *Quinquatria* by the Romans. De Rarum Invent. lib. v.

P. 195. The advertisements produced in the reign of Queen Anne, declare the bear baitings to have taken place on *Mondays*: but after the accession of James I. the Londoners were so indecorous as to hold their savage revels on the sabbath. Hence it is said in '*Father Hubbard's Tales*,' 1604, "all the fairs went by water a *Sundays* to the *bear-baiting*, and a *Mundays* to Westminster-Hall."

P. 201. That the game of Bowls was also practised at *church-time*, may be inferred from Peyton's '*Glasse of Time*,' 1620, p. 13. In a cut opposite to this reference, the bowls are depicted with flat sides.

P. 212. *Cocking in hoops* may be illustrated from Davies's descants upon English Proverbs. See '*Scourge of Folly*,' p. 169.

P. 231. The learned author of a late inquiry into the game of Chess, who has scrutinised the matter with much critical acumen, gives more credit, we observe, to its having originated from Palamedes, at the siege of Troy, than Mr. S. is inclined to allow.

P. 237. Much like *Movellus* on a reduced scale are two or three games practised by boys on their slates, which may have escaped the recollection of our inquisitive antiquary.

P. 247. From the epigram of Sir J. Harrington, cited by Mr. S. we should be inclined to suppose, that *prims* and *primero* were the same game: and we are strengthened in this supposal, by another epigram of the same author, which Mr. S. has not introduced. See Lib. ii. Ep. 99.

P. 248. *Bancherout* or *Bankerout*, was the old orthography of *Bankrupt*, which, perhaps, is more likely to have been the title of the game alluded to than *Bank-afalet*.

P. 249. *In-and-In* seems to be mentioned as a game at cards in '*Lenton's young gallants Whirligigg*,' 1629. Many others might be added to Mr. Strutt's

* Nash, in "his Life of Jack Wilton," 1594, says, that '*Banks* made his juggling horse, a cut.' Wood attributes to Dean Pierce "a third and fourth part of Pegasus; taught by *Banks* his ghost to dance in the doric mood to the tune of Lachrymæ." Athen. Oxon. II. 859.

list; if such unideal and temper-destroying amusements were worthy of being particularized.

P. 250. To the juvenile diversions of *Goose and Snake*, may be subjoined *Geography and Harlequin*, and a still more elegant one, entitled the *Mansion of Happiness*. See our Review, vol. x. p. 375.

P. 253. In Langley's abridgement of Polydore Vergil, the masters of merrily sports are denominated *Christenmas Lords*. Harrington, in his *Life of Ariosto*, 1591, incidentally remarks, that a great show on *midsummer eve* was wont to have been displayed in London.

P. 256. The custom of the *Barn-King* on Twelfth-night, gave rise to a proverb which may be seen among the descants of Davies, *Ubi Sup.* No. 195-6.

P. 258. A particular relation of the origin and ceremonial of the *Boy-Bishop*, may be found in a tract, entitled, "*Episcopus Puerorum in die Innocentium*," 1649.

P. 266. "*May-Day*," a poetic trifle published in 1769, contains 'the order of chusing the *May-Queen*, with an address on presenting the crown of flowers.

P. 268. The *Eve of St. John*, with its popular superstitions, has been admirably set forth in a heroic ballad, by Mr. Walter Scott, a true poet, and a recondite scholar.

P. 271. *Wassails* seem to have been rustic meetings of mirth and intemperance, as Mr. Steevens defined them, in *Shaksp.* V. 333, and were not confined wholly to Christmas eve or Twelfth-night. Herrick, in his *Hesperides*, 1648, has a poem called *The Wassail*, in which the primitive design is preserved of making it a well-wishing salutation.

P. 275. The *Cowch-Ales* may probably have given rise to the *Clarks-Ale Tide*, which in the poems of Mr. Holloway, lately published, is said to be 'a term well known in the west of England for the season of Easter,' &c. See *Monthly Mirror*, p. 99.

P. 282. This print of the *wild or savage man* has been found to belong to Bulmer's '*Artificial Changeling*,' and may only have been accidentally used to decorate the ballad of *Robin Goodfellow*, for want of a figure more appropriate.

P. 285. *Barley-brake*, which is undescribed by Mr. S. seems to have been a compound of *Prison base* and *Cat-after-Mouse*. See Herrick's *Hesp.* p. 34. *3 *Thread the Needle*, has in Norfolk obtained the name of *Ducklands*.

P. 287. Mr. S. might here add, that *skipping* became so fashionable an exercise in the year 1800, as to be introduced by Didot in a grand ballet at the Opera-house, with graceful effect and general approbation.

P. 288. With *Span-counter* Peacham has coupled *Dust-print*, as the play of school-boys. *Ubi Sup.* p. 31.

P. 292. From Herrick's *Hesp.* p. 164. it appears that *Bob-cherry* was formerly called *Cbop-cherry*.

P. 296. *Shooing the Mare* is supplied as a Christmas sport by the following passage in '*Father Hubbard's Tales*,' 1604. "A sad Christmas we al kept in the countrie, without either carols, wassel-bowles, dauncing of sallingers-

* A tract, entitled '*Barley-breake*, or a warning for Wantons,' was published in 1607.

round in moon-shine nights about May-poles, *abooing the mare, hoodman-blind, hot-cockles, or any of our old Christmas gambols,*" &c.

In Pl. xxxviii. we suspect that Mr. S. has mistaken two of the representations, which apply very well to a game played with the palm of the hand, but have little reference to *even and odd*, as there is no difference of number in the fingers held up.

We have been thus minute in our attention to this volume, from conceiving that it will form a stock-book in every library of belles-lettres: nor can we quit his entertaining treatise, even now, without expressing our respectful admiration of the unaffected humanity which has led the writer to decry every species of pastime that is tainted by wanton cruelty, and to plead for every amusement that affords an innocent relaxation from the severer toils of life.

Elegant Biographical Extracts: consisting of Interesting Anecdotes, Bon Mots, Judicious Repartees, &c. arranged in alphabetical Order. Compiled from the best English and French Authors, by J. F. O. Doudouit. 2 Vols. 12mo. Ludlow. 1802.

THE advertisement to these extracts is so perfectly explanatory of the nature and design of the work, that it would be injustice to the very ingenious author not to insert the whole.

"The collection of Biographical Extracts, which I have the honour of offering to the public, is chiefly taken from the works of celebrated authors, whose name will always be found at the conclusion of each anecdote borrowed from them. I thus '*render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's*;' and have not the ridiculous vanity to deck myself with the beautiful plumage of the peacock. I claim no other merit than that of having, from pure and interesting fragments of history, made a selection proper to be placed in the hands of persons of both sexes, however different their religious opinions may be. As few have the advantage of possessing, at the same time, the numerous volumes which I have consulted, and which contain matters not interesting to all readers, I have selected only what may amuse and instruct those, who, whatever may be their erudition, have good and feeling hearts. This precious gift of heaven is alike bestowed on the nobleman and the labourer, the gentleman and the artisan.—Thus I may hope to find patrons in every class. Of this I have already a very flattering proof in the honor done me by nobility, clergymen, magistrates, and, in short, by persons of all professions, who have subscribed to my publication. May they deign to accept the homage which I here make them of my sincere gratitude, a gratitude which nothing can equal but my respect, and ardent wishes for their prosperity.

"I think it right to add, that most of the characters which are introduced in my collection, have been of peculiar service to me in forwarding the advancement of the young gentlemen whom I instruct in the French language. I have found, from experience, that Biographical Selections are preferred before all other tasks, when the pupils are sufficiently informed in the grammatical rules. It is the best means to make them feel the difference of the

idions and turns of the two languages. As to the moral utility of my compilation, I leave to the reader the right which is undoubtedly his, that of deciding. I will only venture to inform him, that I write but for those who fear God, *honour their King, and have good will to all men.*"

Nothing can exceed the utility of works like these: they make us in love with virtue; inculcate innocent and benevolent examples; and, from a perusal of the specimens exhibited of all that ever has been great and good, stimulate men to "go and do likewise."

London, a Poem, Satirical and Descriptive. Illustrated with Notes. Small 8vo. 55 pp. London. 1802.

THIS is, we fear, but a just description of the present state of the metropolis, in which folly and corruption take the lead. The poetry is above mediocrity, and the notes are written with vigour and with truth.

Subjells on Divinity and Morality, adapted for Academies of both Sexes. Part First, Thoughts on Religion, united with Virtue. Part Second, On Morality, or the Ten Commandments. Part Third, On Justice and Temperance. Dedicated, by Permission, to her Royal Highness the Duchess of York. 12mo. 1801.

THE truly great character, who has given permission to the author of these subjects, to dedicate them to her, has, at the same time, given them a currency, which it would be presumptuous in us to attempt to impede.

The Thirteenth Satire of Juvenal: intended for a Specimen of a new Translation of his Satires. Quem si non tenuit, magnis tamen excidit ausis. Small 8vo. 20 pp. 1802.

THE author of this spirited translation has nothing to fear from the most rigid criticism, with regard to the accuracy and just execution of his task. We would encourage him to proceed; and, in that case, venture to predict, with confidence, that instead of his failing in the undertaking, he will eminently succeed.

Aphorisms for Youth, with Observations and Reflections, Religious, Moral, Critical, and Characteristic; some original; but chiefly selected during an extended Course of Reading, from the most distinguished English, French, and Italian Writers. Interspersed with several Pieces of original Poetry. 12mo. 200 pp. London. 1802.

THIS small volume contains the most judicious and best selected aphorisms we remember to have seen. Although its title intends them for youth, we have little hesitation in pronouncing them likely

to contribute to the improvement of the morals and manners of maturer age. This book is beautifully printed in Italics.

Elements of Self-Knowledge: intended to lead Youth into an early Acquaintance with the Nature of Man, by an anatomical Display of the Human Frame, a concise View of the mental Faculties, and an Enquiry into the genuine Nature of the Passions. Compiled, arranged, and partly written by R. C. Dallas, Esq. 8vo. 45s pp. London. 1802.

It has rarely happened that a work so replete as the present, with what it is necessary all should know, has presented itself to our observation. "The proper study of mankind is man," and here the mind and the body are beautifully epitomised. The author has not contented himself with merely investigating the works of Cheselden, Hunter, Watts, Burmalaqui, and Adam Smith, but he has also interwoven with their ideas a concise treatise of his own, calculated for the improvement, and, indeed, amusement, of either sex. To the ladies it is best he should speak for himself.

"Their smiles will not be the less enchanting, that they know the nature of their lips, nor the grace of their shape be injured by a knowledge of the prop-work that supports it: and I cannot but think that it will prove at least as interesting to them to be acquainted with their own fine eyes, as with any *Gymnospermian* nettle in the hedges. I promise that they will find no indelicacy to offend modesty."

The subject is divided into three parts:—first, The Anatomical Display of the Human Frame, in which we think Mr. Dallas has been rather too technical to be easily comprehended by the unlearned in the practice of anatomy; and in a future edition, to which we have no doubt the book will extend, we would recommend considerable abbreviation. Second, "A Concise View of the Mental Faculties. Third, An Enquiry into the genuine Nature of the Passions.

The second and third parts amply compensate for any superfluity of dryness contained in the first. The whole theory has, in our opinion, accomplished what the author professes to have been the object. "It has been my aim, in the foregoing system of the passions, to justify the nature of man, and to bring into view, as well as I could, that sublime picture of it, which, the more I contemplate its origin, appears to me to have been the work of a being, in whom my mind adores the attributes of a God."

The frontispiece, in colours, represents several of the external muscles, the contents of the chest, &c. and is well executed.

Eulogium on the late Duke of Bedford, delivered by Mr. Fox, in the House of Commons, on the 16th March, 1802, previously to his moving a new Writ for the Borough of Tavistock, vacant by the Succession of Lord John Russel to the Title. Fleet Street, London. 1802.

THIS fine Eulogium, which produced so powerful an effect in the House of Commons, and which has been so universally admired out of it, as one of the most affecting and eloquent panegyrics ever pronounced in a public assembly, is here printed in a very beautiful type, on a handsome sheet of paper, and embellished with a portrait of the Duke of Bedford, in colours. It is a very striking likeness, and is etched with great spirit and effect by ROBERT LAURIS, from a sketch by Eckstein.

The particulars of the funeral are annexed, and the whole presents, at one view, a history of the public and private character of the illustrious peer, whose premature decease has been so justly lamented by the world.

Colman's Jestis; being a Collection of Puns, Quibbles, Double Entendres, &c. &c. Small 8vo. 82 pp. London. 1802.

WE have no sort of objection, now and then, to unbend our stern brows, and indulge a hearty laugh, when the subject is innocent, and does not trench upon the morals of mankind. This is the case with respect to Colman's jests: we have rarely met so many good things within so small a compass. The pamphlet is, however, wretchedly printed, and the paper extremely coarse.

Memoirs of John Bacon, Esq. R. A. With Reflections drawn from a Review of his Moral and Religious Character. By Richard Cecil, A. M. Minister of St. John's, Bedford-Row. 12mo. London. 1801.

No task is more grateful to a pious mind, than the enumeration, "after death," of the virtues and talents of a friend. To the excellence of Mr. Bacon, as an artist, our poor tribute of applause can add but little. His moral and religious character is delineated with elegance and simplicity by his reverend biographer, and we hope the sketch will be generally read, in order that the example it inculcates may inspire a Christian, rather than a malevolent spirit, which it is said exists among artists in general.

Poems and Ballads. "Trifles light as Air." Small 8vo. 63 pp. Huddersfield. 1802.

PRINTED on wove paper, and hot pressed! "*Trifles light as air.*"

Miscellanies, in Verse and Prose, English and Latin. By the late Anthony Champion, of the Middle Temple, Esq. Published from the original Manuscripts by William Henry Lord Lyttleton. Large 8vo. 1801.

THE writer of this very inadequate account of the works of the late highly accomplished and affectionate author, had the honour to know him well, and can therefore with sincerity subscribe to the elegant sketch of his life, written by his noble friend, the present Lord Lyttleton.

“Anthony Champion, Esq. author of these *Miscellanies*, was the son of Peter Champion, a gentleman of an ancient and respectable family, seated at St. Columb in Cornwall, who acquired a considerable fortune as a merchant at Leghorn: he was born February the 5th, 1724-5, at Croyden in Surrey, and received his first instruction in the Greek and Latin languages at Cheam school in that county; from whence, in 1739, he was removed to Eton, and in February, 1742, became a member of the University of Oxford; having been placed at St. Mary Hall, under the care of the Reverend Walter Harte, a celebrated tutor, selected at a later period by the Earl of Chesterfield, to finish his son Mr. Stanhope's education in classical literature. After having passed two years at Oxford, he was entered as a student of law at the Middle Temple, where he continued to reside to the day of his decease, and was a Benchet of that society, to which he bequeathed one thousand pounds. He served in two parliaments, having been elected in 1754 for the borough of St. Germain's, and in 1761 for Liskard, in Cornwall: but the same great modesty and reserve restrained him from displaying the powers of his very discerning and enlightened mind in that illustrious assembly, which prevented him also from communicating to the world those effusions of his rich and luxuriant vein of poetry, that are now submitted to the judgment of the public.

“He died the 22nd of February, in the present year, [1801] beloved and lamented by all who were acquainted with the brightness of his genius, his taste for the finer arts, his various and extensive learning, and the still more valuable qualities of his warm and benevolent heart.”

The Epistle to William Henry Lyttleton, written by the author in the nineteenth year of his age, contains many passages highly poetical. The apostrophe to Eton is little inferior to the celebrated ode of Gray.

“Hail, learned trees! Hail, much-frequented grove,
The verdant mistress of our growing love.
There have we oft in blest communion stray'd,
Or sweetly pensive sat, or sportive play'd;
There, on the mossy bank, with soft surprise,
Sleep, airy light, has clos'd our weary eyes,
Lull'd by the liquid lapse of oozy Thames,
Or breeze responsive to his murmur'ing streams.

Oh ! could I but to worthy verse impart
 The strong idea glowing in my heart,
 No brighter spot should stately Oxford see,
 And Academus' grove shall yield to thee."

" Without o'erflowing full, and without fury strong,"

In the same poem, is too close a resemblance to the following line in Denham's *Cooper's Hill* to be the effect of chance :

" Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full."

Upon the whole, however, this poem abounds with so many beauties, descriptive of Windsor and the neighbourhood, that it would be invidious to notice trifling defects.

The Ode from a Traveller in Wales to his Friend travelling in Scotland, breathes all the classical ardour of Gray, and the notes and illustrations are copious and entertaining. The Sonnets are purely legitimate, and bear a strong resemblance, in manner and expression, to our Lichfield Muse.

The Empire of Love, a philosophical poem, abounds with pleasing imagery ; but we object to the verse, as not according with the nature of the subject.

Two Epigrams, suggested by visiting the birth-place of Lady Jane Gray, possess point of exquisite delicacy.

EPIGRAM I.

" When Jane, unmov'd amid the weeping crowd,
 Knelt to the block yet warm with Guilford's blood,
 ' The bitterness of death is past,' she cried,
 ' 'Twas then I suffer'd when my husband dy'd.' "

The second epigram has been elegantly translated into Greek by the late Mr. Tyrwhitt.

We have already trespassed beyond our limits, yet we cannot resist the inclination to insert a few stanzas written on seeing Sir Isaac Newton's monument and others in Westminster Abbey.

" I pass'd where Newton's awful form reclin'd
 (Urania hovering o'er the holy place)
 Receiv'd the gen'ral homage of mankind,
 Due to the glory of the human race.

Illusion mock'd me—for diffus'd around,
 A golden cloud conceal'd him from my sight—
 Heaven-sent, perhaps, to shield him from the wound
 Of hostile violence or envious spite.

Anxious I gaz'd—on Shakspeare's gentle brow
 A lambent beam of fading splendour shin'd :
 He droops—his finger marks a scroll below
 I dimly read—Leave not a wreck behind.

But Milton's front, in tenfold terror drest,
Seem'd kind'ling—too severe to be beheld,
Such, when his country's cause inflam'd his breast,
The pedant's venal slanders he repell'd.

The Latin poems are extremely delicate, and written with great purity.

An Harmony of the Epistles of the Holy Apostles. To which is added, a Summary of the entire. By the Rev. Peter Roberts, M. A.

THE idea of harmonising the epistles is a new one, and in this publication it has been carried into effect with great advantage to those who wish to form an accurate judgment of this important part of the sacred writings.

Though the title-page mentions only a harmony and summary, notes, that take up an hundred pages, and an index of texts, are also given : and we were the more struck with the omission in the title, as it is of a nature that seldom occurs to us.

The publication itself is a work of so much originality of design, that we shall give our readers such an outline of it, as may enable them to form some estimate of its merits. In harmonies of the gospels, the chronological order of events affords a convenient principle for the arrangement. In the epistles, such an order could not serve for such a purpose. The author, therefore, though he acknowledges the idea of forming the present harmony suggested itself to him, whilst perusing that of the gospels by the late excellent primate Newcome, was obliged to assume a regular gradation of subject as the principle according to which he has arranged the harmony before us, taking the general order of the Epistle to the Romans chiefly as his guide. The page being divided into two columns, in the first a series of passages, forming this order, is so arranged as to form a continued subject ; and in the second, to each division of subject the collated passages are annexed. These collations are numerous, especially upon controverted points ; and we are informed, in the preface, that the author has endeavoured to collect whatever has been urged on both sides of the question ; from which he wishes the reader to draw his own inference, with a confidence which, we are willing to hope, may be well founded, as the means appear to be fully given. By the omission of parentheses, which, in the Epistles, frequently interrupt the subject, the connexion of the several parts is made more visible ; and, by presenting each collection entire to the eye, the labour of investigation is much facilitated ; and it is assisted by marginal notes, indicating the sub-

ject in every page. The text of the harmony is invariably that of the common English translation.

From this harmony, the part which Mr. R. denominates a *summary*, is compiled (nearly in the same manner in which professor White's Diatessaron is compiled from an harmony of the gospels) under the form of one general epistle; and he has shewn great care and attention in the arrangement, so as to give a full and well connected view of the substance of the epistles, without perceptible breaks in the sense or language. In this part the learned author has deviated occasionally, but not unnecessarily, from the revived translation, and has been careful to select expressions authorized by it. All such deviations are very properly printed in Italics. To all the quotations, references to the epistles, and also to the portions of the harmony, are annexed.

In thus compiling the summary, Mr. R. has given a very useful introduction to the reading of the epistles, especially to those who desire to be enabled to understand them without entering deeply into the more abstruse researches of criticism. To the young student in theology it will be of essential service.

The notes on the two preceding parts are, as we have already observed, copious; and, upon controverted points, of a considerable length; particularly on Atonement, the Trinity, Predestination, and some others. They are drawn up with moderation, and there is much new and impressive observation in them. Mr. R. appears to have thought for himself, as well as to have studied with care his predecessors in the same time; and has elucidated many passages in a very satisfactory manner. Upon difficult passages he has not evaded the question, but has endeavoured to clear up the difficulty, and frequently with success.

As specimens of the work, we subjoin the following extracts:

The well known passage, Heb. 7. v. 3. is thus rendered in the summary.

"For this Melchisedec was of a priesthood which abideth continually, like unto that of the Son of God, without *respect of father or mother, or descent or beginning or end of days.*

On this passage Mr. R. observes as follows:

"St. Paul is here treating of the difference between the Levitical priesthood and that of Christ. The former was temporal, inherent in a particular tribe, descending from father to son. It was also a priesthood of justification, and, in consequence, that of peace. A priesthood in its own nature eternal, which is from, and will be to, all eternity vested in the Son, and, therefore,

totally unlike the Levitical one; being unconnected with forms, for temporal mutation or successions. It was then the *priest*, not the *man*; the king of *justification and peace*, not the *king of Salem*, who was, in all things, like the Son of God, the king of our salvation."

This interpretation is new, and we think just. It is farther confirmed in the remainder of the note, which is too long for insertion. The same may be said of the following: "My brethren be not many masters." James 3, v. 1. Mr. R. translates this, truly, *My brethren be not many TEACHERS*; and forcibly remarks that this is a singular instance of wrong translation, but that—"it would have been of singular importance to have translated it truly. What a wide difference would the prohibition of *teaching* not have occasioned! The risque it announces is such, that the ignorant would have trembled at their own rashness in teaching, seeing it to be declared such in the word of God." This is a remark which, in the present times, deserves attention.

On ii. Tim. 4. v. 10—13, Mr. R. observes:

"I will only notice the evident state of mind of the apostle when he wrote these verses; his feelings and necessities interrupt one another, and are interwoven so as to shew a mind strongly agitated. There is the conscious peace of mind, and the steadfast hope built on the race well run, and the fight well fought; the crown of glory in view, and yet he is not free from mortality. While on earth, the heart will retain its attachments, and feel the more strongly when they are near a separation, and it is, perhaps, more tenderly alive to proofs of sincerity or the reverse. The manner in which Timothy is urged is an instance. *Hasten to come—why?* For Demas *hath forsaken me*, and loved the present life. To a real affection it was impossible to direct a plea more powerful. And again: *In my first answer all forsook me*. Timothy was the child of his affection; had followed him, and been faithful in his persecutions and in distress, however painful the proof, there is still a joy unknown in any other situation. The apostle, with his dying master, can pray for the forgiveness of those who deserted him, and turns to one faithful, beloved disciple, to relieve his only remaining anxieties, while he resigns himself into the hands of his God, to receive the reward of his labours."

This work, we are informed, has been printed for the author by the university of Cambridge, at the university press; and it has been done in a manner which does credit to its liberality: for which the author expresses a high sense of gratitude in his preface. We have extended this article to a considerable length, and therefore now close it with hearty wishes that a work of so much utility may meet with the encouragement it deserves.

DRAMATIC.

The Conspiracy of Gowrie, a Tragedy. 12mo. 78 pp. London. 1800.

This tragedy has, till now, escaped our notice by accident. The

author confesses his obligations to Robertson's Scotland for the groundwork of his plot ; but for the fine sentiments and highly polished and poetical images, his own mind has proved an ample storehouse. We have not read any modern production so rich in imagery, so various in structure and in language, as the first and second acts of the Conspiracy of Gowrie. If the writer is, on any occasion, indebted to others for ideas, they are so elegantly moulded; and so classically fashioned, as to become his own by inheritance. We agree with him, that it is too barren of incident; and, from ourselves, may add, too refined, to be represented on the stage with effect, or correspond with the taste of the day in which we live.

Folly as it flies: a Comedy, in five Acts. As performed at the Theatre-Royal, Covent Garden. By Frederick Reynolds. 8vo. 67 pp. London. 1802.

WE were rather minute in our observations on this production of the favourite son of whim and of mirth, on its first appearance, so that we have little to say, in addition to those remarks. We are, however, confident that the numerous audiences who have been so rapturous in their applause of this comedy on the stage, will not be disappointed when they peruse it in their closets. Our sentiments are with Sterne on these subjects, "being firmly persuaded that every time a man smiles—but much more so when he laughs, it adds something to this fragment of life."

The Poor Gentleman: a Comedy in five Acts. As performed at the Theatre-Royal Covent Garden. (First acted on the 11th of February, 1801.) By George Colman (the Younger). 8vo. 84 pp. London. 1802.

WE only need repeat our last observations, and refer our readers to our report of this very clever comedy, on its first appearance. As a literary production, it is entitled to our best commendation; and it is also printed with uncommon accuracy.

A Trip to Bengal. A Musical Entertainment, in two Acts. Written by Charles Smith. London. 1802.

THERE is a fine dramatic interest preserved throughout this piece, very congenial with the manners and customs of the eastern world.—We question, however, notwithstanding its merit, whether it would be borne by an English audience. The author styles himself painter to the Great Mogul, and a well engraved portrait of himself is attached to the work. There is too much of vanity and ostentation in these superfluous displays.

THE BRITISH STAGE.

IMITATIO VITAE, SPECULUM CONSUETUDINIS, IMAGO VERITATIS. *Clare.*

The Imitation of LIFE---The Mirror of MANNERS---The Representation of TRUTH.

MR. SEYMOUR'S NOTES UPON SHAKSPEARE.

RICHARD III.—ACT I. SCENE I.

2. "This sun of York."

Here is a three-fold quibble. Sun, the luminary; son, the offspring; and sun, the armorial bearing.

36. "If king Edward be as true and just

"As I am subtle," &c.

"That is," says Dr. Johnson, "if Edward keep his word;" but I question whether the Doctor's explanation be "true and just." I rather think the sense is—If Edward attend as faithfully to the maintenance of his authority, and the rigorous dispensations of justice, as I do to the practice of what forms my character.

67. "That tempers him."

Mr. Malone, as I conceive, is not correct in his definition of "to temper." It is not *to fashion, or mould*, but to soften, or make pliant—to qualify for the mould.

108. "We are the queen's abjects," &c.

Though there is no authority in the copies for alteration here, I cannot but suspect that Richard's remark was suggested by different words from those which Clarence here delivers; he, in the meekness of his loyalty, might naturally have said, as an answer to Brakenbury's charge—

"We are the *king's* subjects, and we will obey;"

To which Richard sarcastically adds—

"We are the *queen's* abjects, and we must obey."

170. "Key-cold."

Milton has this expression in 'The Reason of Church Government urged against Prelaty':—"Her apostolic virtue is departed from her, and hath left her *key-cold*."

250. "By despairing shalt thou stand excus'd

"For doing worthy vengeance on thyself."

This argument is urged to Cromwell in the introduction to the famous pamphlet 'Killing no Murder':—"Let this consideration

arm and fortify your highness's mind against the fears of death and the terrors of an evil conscience, that the good you shall do by your death, will in some sort atone for the evils of your life."

ACT II.

83. "Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest?"

I do not know whether this passage, or common Nature, was before Milton when he wrote

-----"each

"In other's countenance read his own dismay

"Astonish'd-----

86. "Is Clarence dead?"

The unhappy fate of Clarence resembles strongly that of Posthumous Agrippa, as related by Tacitus; not only in the manner of his being taken off, but in the compunction and reconciliation common to Augustus and Edward, and the insidious and callous policy that actuated both Richard and Tiberius.

ACT III.

279. My Lord, I hold my life as dear as your's."

There is no need here of the ellipsis that Mr. Steevens stipulates for "I hold my life as dear as (you do) your's. The sense is, simply, I consider my life to be as valuable as your's is.

ACT IV.

366. "Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,

"To have him suddenly conveyed hence."

Something resembling the terrible beauty of this passage, though perhaps not equal to it, occurs in *Paradise Regain'd*

"Infernal ghosts and hellish furies, round,

"Invirion'd thee; some howl'd, some yell'd, some shriek'd,

"Some bent at thee their fiery darts.

ROWE AND CAMOENS.

MR. EDITOR,

WHEN I first perused the beautiful sonnet by Camoens, inserted in your number for December last, with the elegant translation of it annexed, it struck me that I had read something very similar to it, both in sentiment and expression, among the works of our own poets. The passage has since occurred to me:—it is in the *Fair Penitent*, where Calista indulges her 'solemn sadness' with images very similar

to stand which the Portuguese poet has selected in preparing his retreat for 'profound melancholy.'

My sad soul

Has form'd a dismal melancholy scene,
Such a retreat as I would wish to find;
An unfrequented vale; o'ergrown with trees
Mossy and old, within whose lonesome shade,
Ravens, and birds ill-omen'd, only dwell;
No sound to break the silence, but a brook
That bubbling, winds among the weeds; no mark
Of any human shape that had been there,
Unless a skeleton of some poor wretch,
Who had long since, like me, by love undone,
Sought that sad place out to despair and die in.

Yours, &c.

OCCASIONAL.

ORIGINAL LETTERS
FROM GARRICK TO LE KAIN.

The late Roscius of the French Stage.

LETTER III.

Londres, 29 Janvier, 1766.

J'AI reçu, mon cher Lekain, la lettre que vous m'avez fait le plaisir de m'écrire la semaine dernière. J'ai appris, avec une véritable satisfaction, le projet que vous avez de venir me voir en Angleterre. Quelque plaisir que me fait [*fasse*] votre lettre, j'en aurai [*aurais*] ressenti bien davantage si vous étiez venu vous-même, et vous auriez pu le faire, pendant que les spectacles ont cessé : car vous nous auriez vu dans tout notre brillant, le roi étant venu, toutes les semaines, à la comédie, où j'ai été obligé de paraître souvent. J'aurai [*aurais*] pu alors vous procurer quelques amusemens, et je m'étais flatté que vous m'eussiez [*m'auriez*] ait ce plaisir.

Ma santé m'a obligé de demander au roi la permission d'aller aux eaux de Bath; mais si vous pouvez me faire l'amitié, mon cher Lekain, de venir, aussitôt ma lettre reçue, je retarderai mon voyage, et je rassemblerai toutes les forces que pourra me donner l'amitié pour jouer encore une fois devant vous; mais au mois de mars, il me serait impossible de le faire, parce que c'est une saison que nous laissons pour le bénéfice de nos acteurs, et c'est le seul tems où-je puis aller à la campagne, à moins que le roi ne me donne des ordres con-

traires. A tous égards, je rendrai votre séjour ici le plus agréable qu'il me sera possible : ma femme a grande envie de vous voir.

Adieu, mon cher Roscius français ; comptez toujours que vous avez un véritable ami en Angleterre.

D. GARRICK.

TRANSLATION.

London 29th January, 1766.

I have received, my dear Lekain, the letter that you did me the pleasure of writing to me last week. I learn, with real satisfaction, your intention of paying me a visit in England. Whatever pleasure the receipt of your letter afforded me, I should have felt much more if you had arrived yourself (and it was in your power so to have done during the cessation of your *spectacles*,) for you would have seen us in all our glory, as the king comes every week to the theatre, where I have been obliged to appear very often. I should thus have been able to afford you some amusement, and I did flatter myself that you would have conferred this favour on me.

My state of health has compelled me to ask the king's permission to go to Bath ; but if you can do me the kindness, my dear Lekain, to come immediately on the receipt of my letter, I will delay my journey, and muster up all the strength that friendship can supply me with, to play once more, before you ; but in the month of March it will not be possible for me to do it, because that is a time we appropriate to the performers' benefits, and it is the only opportunity I have of going into the country, unless the king gives me orders to the contrary. At all events, I will make your stay here as agreeable as I possibly can : my wife has a great desire to see you.

Adieu, my dear French Roscius ; rest always assured that you have a sincere friend in England.

D. GARRICK.

REMARKS ON THE DRAMATIC POETS.

BY PHILIP NEVE, ESQ.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE works of Shakspeare have, for many years past, been so much the subject of research and study to men of the first abilities ; his poetical character has, in every part of it, been by them so deeply explored, and so fully illustrated, and his beauties and allusions with so much taste and judgment pointed out ; that it would be very difficult to make any just observation respecting him, that is not to be found among their collections and remarks. So large and valuable

a body of criticism is this commentary now become, that perhaps there is no work, or series of works, that could so far contribute to form and establish a taste for ancient English literature, as the notes that are at present subjoined to his plays.

No general description of Shakspeare's dramatic powers has yet appeared, more striking or illustrative, than that by Dr. Johnson, in his celebrated preface: "His characters are so truly in nature, and his scenes such perfect pictures of real life, that from them an hermit might estimate the manners of the world, or a confessor predict the progress of the passions."

His other remark, that "Perhaps not one of Shakspeare's plays, could it now be produced as a new work, and of a contemporary writer, would be heard to the conclusion," may be answered by Longinus: *αἱ ὑπερμεγεθεῖς φύσεις ἥμισυ καθαραὶ ἐν δὲ τοῖς μεγεθεσὶν, ὥσπερ ἐν τοῖς ἀγαν πλοῦτοις, εἶναι τι χρεὶ καὶ παρολυσωρήμενον.* *De Sublim. Sect. 33.*

THEATRIC COSTUME.

Venice Preserved, represented at Drury Lane.

THE action of this play is (at least it is so understood by me) supposed to be in the beginning of the seventeenth century. To the scenes in general, being those used on every occasion, I shall say nothing: but the dresses, having been presented to us as new for the occasion, some opinion of their *appropriatè* introduction may be thought necessary.

From the infinite examples that have been under my eye, of ancient dresses, statues, paintings, engravings, &c. of all nations, I have drawn this conclusion. All European countries have ever borne a general resemblance to each other in their mode of raiment; the variations mostly consist in some local peculiarities. Is not this the case, for instance, at the present day? Jaffier's habit was a something of what was the fashion in Charles I.'s reign, as were those of many of the other characters; yet was not his jerkin tawdry enough without a *sash*? (worn only by military men, in the æra I have mentioned, over their armour). Pierre's dress was confessedly the modern trim of an officer, with *red coat, pantaloons, cocked hat, and dressed hair*. From this equipment of Jaffier, we might have expected the soldiers, &c. to have made their appearance after a similar manner: instead whereof, they marched in fancy habits, leaning more to the Russian uniform, as now worn, than to any thing else. The dresses of the females, owning no other authority than uncontrolled whim, are below our remark.

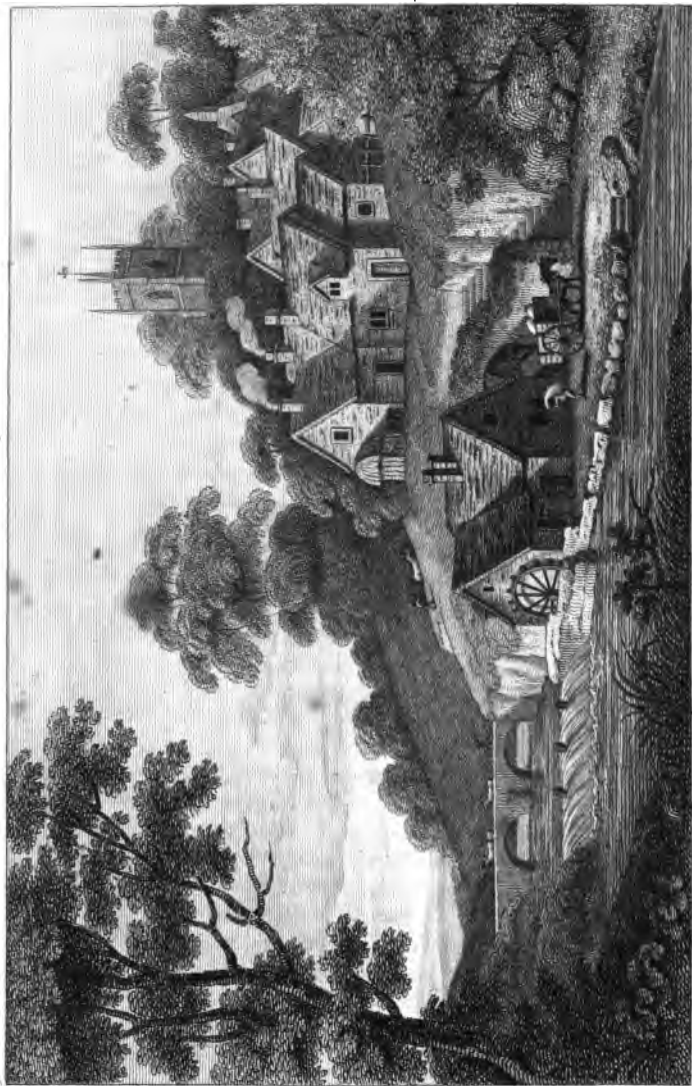
A. A.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

*Address to the River in a Rural Landscape beautifully drawn by
the Rev. William Bree, of Coloshill, in Warwickshire, and in
the Possession of the Rev. Henry White, Cathedral-Glouce,
Lichfield.*

[Accompanied by an Engraving.]

AFTER a lonely course through yon deep woods,
And the green quietness of distant vales,
Now, gentle river, to the haunts of men
The rude stone arches stretching o'er thy flood
Note thine approach; and as with silent laps
Thou stealest under them, the staid old cow
And lumpish horse above, are driven afield
By time-worn herdsman. Then, in swifter course,
Thy lately tranquil streams, jocund, and loud,
Rush down the Wier. Again, soon calm'd, they flow,
And the young day shines on their glassy train.
So dost thou wander by the pleasant base
Of a clean village, climbing up the steep
And shrubby knoll; while bosom'd in thick trees,
The church the hill-top crowns. The day is young;
Close'd yonder cottage door; the din and talk
Of clamorous infants and laborious man
Unheard as yet, tho' from the chimney tops
The grey smoke, rising to the church-yard trees,
Curls its light vapour round their boughs, and gives
Promise of morning's meal. Behold the cart,
That late, well loaded, on thy pebbled bank
Had creak'd and crept, at the yet silent mill
Stopt; those full stores resigning, which shall soon
Employ thy silent waters, and awake
The clattering hubbub of the busy scene.
Adown those rocky stairs, which to thy brink
Lead from the hamlet cotts, erewhile shall step,
With cleanly pail light rocking on her head,
The rustic maid, new-risen; for she has seen,
Through lattice curtain'd by the briar rose,
Her cow slow pacing up thy left-hand bank,
Intelligent of hour, the burden rich
Duteous to yield; and, yet more welcome, sees,
Not far behind, the youth belov'd, from cope'd



Springing with a leap

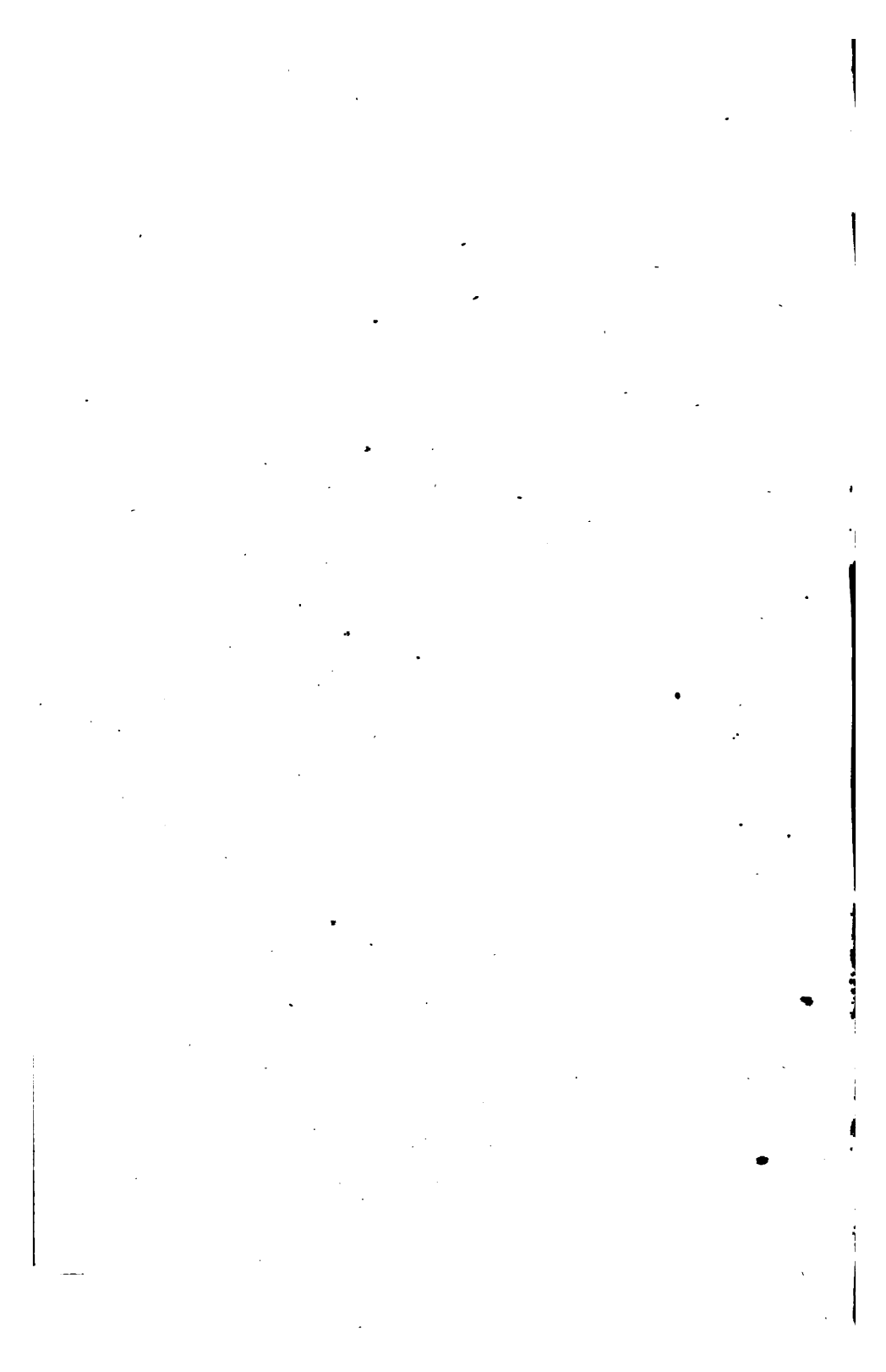
lawn'd in thick trees.

The Church the hill top crowns.

vide Mss. Swords, Penn.

2nd April 1801, by Wm. and Thos. Poulter

Drawn by the Rev. Mr. Dr. Dr.



And hay-stack'd tenement down in the vale.
 Yes! and thou soon shalt hear the tender vows
 Of true love breath'd, and breath'd in sweeter sound
 Than song of linnet, or the quiet tune
 Of thine own streams when hush'd are all the woods.
 Mark that clos'd door, for it shall open soon.
 It is the good dame's school, and in shall throng
 Like bees in spring-time to their dusky hive,
 The little troop, and in resembling hum
 Mutter the morning task; but when yon tower
 Shall tell, far-heard, the welcome tale of noon,
 Some striding and some tumbling o'er the sill,
 The infant tribe releas'd, with prattle loud
 Shall totter down, and on thy shelving bank
 Shout, laugh, and squabble, strenuous while they hurl
 The frequent stone, dividing thy smooth waves.
 But, on the morrow, Sabbath bells shall ring,
 And 'twixt the mornin and the vesper hour,
 And at the rosy setting of the sun,
 That little lawless multitude, which late,
 Noisy and wild, had clamour'd on thy bank,
 In Sunday vestments, and with sober gait
 Walk by their parents' side; while from each hand,
 The varied posy, dappled pinks, and rose,
 Woodbine, and fragrant southernwood, and thyme,
 Scent the wide air. Leisure and quietness,
 Apparel clean, and vacant looks, all speak
 The sacred day of rest; and thou shalt bear,
 From that wood-mantled tower, the holy chimes,
 Silver'd and mellow'd on thy liquid course,
 To neighb'ring farm, and cot. There we may trust
 Right welcome is the sound, more welcome still
 The pastor's voice persuasive, when he speaks
 Of hopes eternal. Charitable deeds
 Shedding a daily beauty on his life
 That makes his doctrine saintly; while, combin'd,
 They form a picture, delicate of trait,
 As the soft scene now mirror'd on thy breast;
 While the soft scene, and thou its mirror fair,
 Are all the sweet creation of his hand,
 Whose touch is *Genius*, and whose life is *Love*.

Monday, Jan. 11, 1862.

ANNA SEWARD.

[MR. EDITOR,

I do not easily know how it is that I have so long omitted to send for insertion the sonnet which I now send. It is true that it is prefix'd to the Editions of the Farmer's Boy that have been publish'd since August 1800. But it is a Gem whose Rays should also shine in the MIRROR; which has been always dispos'd fairly to reflect the poetic radiance both of the Author of the Farmer's Boy, and of the Author of the Sonnets.

Your's, C. L.]

SONNET XVIII.

Written Aug. 1800.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE FARMER'S BOY.

BY THE YOUNG LADY,

Author of the preceding Series:

If wealth, if honor, at command were mine,
And all the boast Ambition could desire,
The pompous boast, sweet Bard, I would resign
For the soft Music of thy tuneful Lyre,

II.

Which speaks the Soul awake to ev'ry charm
That Nature open'd from thy humble Cot;
Speaks Powers chill Indigence could not disarm,
Proof to Humanity's severest lot.

III.

Thou Friend of Nature, and of Man the Friend,
Of every generous and benignant Cause,
The accents of thy glowing worth, unfeign'd,
Live in the cadence of each feeling pause.
Here thought alternate, in the noble Plan,
Admires the POET and reveres the MAN.

SONNET XIX.

On Pope's Willow converted to an Urn.

BY MISS SARAH WATSON FINCH.

NOW MRS. LOFFT.

THOSE who were wont on Twickenham's Plains to keep
Vigils, beneath the Umbrage of that Tree
Most favor'd and most sorrowful, shall see
The WILLOW for its BARD hath ceas'd to weep.

Shrunk to this URN its graceful branches sweep
 No more the Stream; nor waft the foliage free
 In whispers that to Sorrow's Voice agree:
 Nor silent on the beauteous margin sleep.

II.

Hither, as to a Shrine, shall Crowds retire;
 Votaries to lofty, to pathetic, Lays;
 Attuning to the matchless Poet's Praise
 Each Modulation of the varying Lyre:
 In hope, perchance, some portion to acquire,
 Of his sweet Melody, and Grace, and Fire.

15 Nov. 1801.

SONNET

TO MISS SARAH WATSON FINCH,

NOW MRS. LOFFT.

FOR VALENTINE'S DAY.

14 Feb. 1802.

YE MUSES and ye LOVES, the WREATH entwine
 For *Her*, the dear Possessor of my Heart;
 For Her whom ye have taught your sweetest Art;
 My gentle, lovely, peerless VALENTINE.
 Ne'er may her Image from this Breast decline;
 But ever, as Fate spins Life's added Line,
 In all her cares still may I bear a part,
 As her's the tender joy to pour delight on mine.

III.

O, I have known her Worth! And never Mind
 Affection beam'd more tender, firm, and pure.
 And Her's the Soul of Energies refin'd
 Which give the Bliss they waken'd to endure.

YE MUSES, GRACES, LOVE and HYMEN, twine
 This Chaplet for my peerless VALENTINE.

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA, &c.

DRURY-LANE.

FEB. 27.—*Double Dealer*.—This is one of those comedies which, with the productions of Wycherly and many of the poets of King Charles's reign, ought never again to be revived. Its wit does not atone for its indecency, and even its admirable plot, perfect as it is, may be dispensed with, since it serves only to unfold scenes of grossness too shocking for exhibition on a moral stage. It is unnecessary to dwell on this subject, or to point out any of the offensive passages. It is not merely the dialogue that is objectionable—the whole mass is infectious, and defies any attempt at reform or qualification. Much to the credit of the times, the audience was not numerous, so that a repetition of the comedy is hardly to be apprehended. Should, however, another representation be hazarded, we hope the public, which with difficulty suppressed its indignation on this evening, will testify the most decided reprobation of a play to which no female can listen without emotions of shame, and which must excite the utmost abhorrence in every virtuous mind. We shall not even compliment the performers on this occasion, (for some of whom we felt more than we can adequately express) because, to play the scenes of the *Double Dealer*, with the effect intended by the author, requires a degree of effrontery which we will not impute to any actor, particularly to the females, by praising their performance.

MARCH 2.—*Lovers' Resolutions*.—Mr. Cumberland has given so many excellent comedies to the stage, that the recollection of past success will no doubt amply console him under his present failure. The discontent of the audience was principally excited by the sudden alteration in the character of *Major Mansford*, who, after recommending himself to their favour by the noble intrepidity of his conduct, and the manly cast of his sentiments, dwindled into a mere milksop, by yielding to the delicacy of his nerves, and fainting in the arms of two ladies, on the sight of a mistress, whose supposed inconstancy he had, only the moment before, treated with indifference and contempt. This, indeed, sufficiently exemplifies the weakness of *Lovers' Resolutions*, and there is nothing very absurd in the supposition that a brave officer may be overcome, on seeing a once-beloved object, after a long separation, and on feeling the sudden return of a passion vainly imagined to have been subdued:—but the situation is certainly not dramatic, and, drawn and conducted as the character of the Major had hitherto been, the inconsistency appeared too glaring to escape disapprobation. The other characters possessed little either of novelty or interest, and we do not think that, if the play had been well received, the reputation of Mr. Cumberland would have derived any addition from its success. Mr. Pope, in the hero of the scene, was very dignified and impressive, and hardly ever appeared to more advantage than in the earlier scenes of the comedy. Mrs. Pope and Mrs. Young also exerted themselves very zealously in the author's behalf, and the other performers did all that was to be done with their respective characters. Mr. Cumberland, with commendable spirit, and in proper deference to the public opinion, withdrew the piece from the manager's hands at the close of the representation.

4.—*Beggar's Opera*.—Polly (first time at this theatre) by Mrs. Billington.

11.—The proprietors testified their respect for the late Duke of Bedford, who was the ground-landlord of the theatre, and otherwise concerned in the building,

by the following hand-bills: "By order of the proprietors, the public are respectfully informed, that, this being the day fixed for the funeral of the Most Noble Francis, late Duke of Bedford, the theatre will be closed this evening."

COVENT-GARDEN.

FEB. 9.—*The Cabinet*—an opera in three acts, by Mr. T. Dibdin. The following is a slight sketch of the plot:

Curvoso (a) an avaricious Italian Count, had promised his daughter, *Constantia* (b) in marriage to *Orlando*, (c) the prince of a small independent territory in the neighbourhood, but upon the unexpected success of *Orlando's* enemies, who suddenly despoil him of his lands, he revokes his consent, and accepts the offer of an old French Marquis (d) whose riches renders him amiable in the eyes of the old Count. *Constantia*, however, after respectfully expostulating with her father on his former promises to *Orlando*, rejects the Marquis with disdain. *Whiskulo* (e) a confidential servant of *Orlando's*, is detected in the attempt to convey a letter to *Constantia*, and her father, glad of a pretext to break with *Orlando*, directly orders all the presents and trinkets his daughter had received from the young Prince to be instantly returned. Among them is the *Cabinet*, and in this *Constantia*, at the suggestion of her attendant, *Floretta* (f) conceals herself, to avoid the presence of the Marquis, when her father, enraged at not finding her, and the presents still remaining in her apartment, orders them all to be instantly removed, and seconded by the intreaties of the Marquis, he thus unknowingly sends away his daughter to the very man he wished her to avoid. *Orlando*, thus unexpectedly in possession of his mistress, determines to solicit *Curvoso* once more, in hopes that the escape of *Constantia* will alter her father's resolution, as well as the pleasing intelligence that he has repulsed his enemies and regained his territories. He prevails on *Curvoso* to favour his suit, and to confirm the first promise he had made; but, in the mean time, *Constantia* is discovered in her concealment by her rival, *Crudelia* (g); *Cariosa*, (h) her waiting-woman, and *Doralice*, (i) mother-in-law to *Orlando*, but engaged in the interest of *Crudelia*, by whose contrivance she is confined in a castle. She attempts to escape, but falls into the lake on which it is situated. From this perilous state she is extricated and conveyed to a small island by *Peter*, (k) an old British seaman, who having left his country, is attached to the family of *Curvoso*. *Crudelia* at length relents, and having heard of *Constantia's* retreat, she acquaints her family with it, who proceed to the island, which has no inhabitants except *Peter*, and an old woman named *Biancha* (l). An explanation takes place, *Constantia* and *Orlando* are united, and *Curvoso* also agrees to the marriage of his son *Lorenzo* (m) with *Leonora* (n) the sister of *Orlando*.

From these materials Mr. Dibdin has constructed a very agreeable opera, which, deriving little or no assistance from the bustle and pageantry that have distinguished the generality of modern productions of this description, relies upon its own inherent powers of attraction, aided by the joint exertions of the composers, of whom no less than five have been employed upon this occasion.

- (a) Mr. Emery. (b) Mrs. H. Johnston. (c) Mr. Braham. (d) Mr. Blanchard.
(e) Mr. Fawcett. (f) Signora Storace. (g) Mrs. Dibdin. (h) Mrs. Mattocks.
(i) Mrs. Powell. (k) Mr. Munden. (l) Mrs. Davenport. (m) Mr. Ingleton.
(n) Mrs. Atkins.

The story, though somewhat romantic, does not exceed the bounds of probability; and the author has shown considerable skill in the conduct of the plot, and in framing opportunities for the several performers and composers to display their talents to the best advantage. The happy disposition of the incidents and characters, with a view to the general effect, is certainly one of the great recommendations of this opera, which, notwithstanding the multiplicity of the airs and duetts, &c. is by no means to be regarded as a mere vehicle for the music, but as possessing a considerable portion of dramatic interest, and a vein of sprightliness and humour in the comic department, which keeps the audience constantly alive. The archness and true *Buffa* vivacity of Madame Storace are unusually effective, and we think she never pleased more generally, or more deservedly, than she does in this piece. Her "*No, no, no, not you*" is fascination itself. Fawcett supports her with admirable spirit; and there is a fine force of character in Munden's *Peter*, who gives the 'rough honesty' of the British tar with the strongest effect. Braham is inimitable in all his airs, particularly in his "*Beautiful Maid*;" and Incedon's manly tones in the *Hunting Song*, were hailed with rapture by the audience. Messrs. Emery, Blanchard, Simmons, Mrs. H. Johnston, Mrs. Mattocks, Mrs. Dibdin, Mrs. Powell, Mrs. Davenport, and Mrs. Atkins, deserve every degree of commendation for their exertion.

The songs have much lyrical merit; and, for the greater part of the music, no praise can be too high. Braham, we understand, has sold the share he has in the composition for *four hundred guineas*!

FEB. 22.—MRS. BILLINGTON'S BENEFIT.—The Beggar's Opera. Mrs. Billington, except in "*Cease your funning*," is not so fortunate in *Polly* as in her other characters, nor has the opera been equally attractive. The house was crowded in all its parts.

24.—MR. COOKE'S BENEFIT.—*Henry IV.* As we have yet had an opportunity of seeing but *one* scene of Mr. Cooke's *Falstaff*, we shall defer our opinion of his performance, and of the *Hotspur* of Mr. Siddons, till next month.

KING'S THEATRE.

Although Vestris has not returned to 'tread the light fantastic toe' on English ground, the conductors of the Opera have to congratulate themselves on their *Jewel* of a manager, who promises to render the season unusually productive. Kelly, the stage manager, has been so seriously afflicted with the gout as to be obliged to suspend his attentions for the present. Report states that Mrs. Billington is to be engaged for the ensuing season, and that Madame Banti intends to retire to her splendid estate in Italy.

ORATORIOS, COVENT-GARDEN.

Mrs. Billington, aided by Braham, has proved a "tower of strength" to the oratorios this year. We have heard, however, that our old friend and favourite Incedon has not been kindly treated by the manager of the concern. For the honour of the party, let us, on this occasion, hope that the report is untrue.

ORATORIOS, DRURY-LANE.

There has been a serious misunderstanding, on the subject of Mrs. Billington's engagement, between the proprietors of Drury-Lane theatre and Mr. Ashley.

the former contending that, by the tenor of her engagement, each theatre had a mutual and alternate right to the advantage of her talents, while the latter asserted, in public advertisements, that he only had the exclusive command over the lady on the oratorio nights, during Lent. Mr. Sheridan, with his usual liberality, referred the point in dispute to Mr. Bate Dudley, the gentleman who settled Mrs. Billington's engagement for both theatres, and that gentleman's answer, published in the newspapers, declares the point in favour of Old Drury, and the oratorios, which have been till now retarded, commence there, with redoubled energy, the very day after the present number of our work meets the public eye. Madame Mara, who has been enrapturing the people of the north, lends her great talents, and it is whispered that Storace is also engaged.

EIDOURANION, THEATRE HAYMARKET.

To the gratification of numerous audiences, Mr. Walker, junr. has commenced his sublime lecture on this elaborate and splendid machine during Lent. Mr. Walker introduces all the recent improvements and discoveries in astronomy, including the *Georgium Sidus*, and the *Ceres Ferdinandia*, with very great effect.—The Lecture has hitherto been attended by all the fashion in town.

ASTLEY'S, WELLCLOSE-SQUARE.

Eastward-Ho! Mrs. Astley, Mr. Astley, junr. Laurent, Johannot, and the whole Westminster Bridge phalanx, have had a most profitable winter. Indeed, the liberal manager, with the aid of the ingenious Mr. Upton, who has produced several new pieces, merits all the encouragement he receives. We learn, with much satisfaction, that a fortune of between five and six hundred pounds per annum has lately fallen to Mr. Astley, junr. by the death of a friend.

PROVINCIAL DRAMA, &c.

Theatre DERBY.—We have received a letter from Mr. B. Wrench, on the subject of a critique under the signature of Sancho, inserted in our number for January, from which we make the following extract.—“The writer is guilty of a trifling mistake, whether *wilful*, or *accidental*, I know not. I desire to acquaint him that I am *not* engaged in the department which *he* has assigned to me, but in the *direct first line* of comedy, to which, by our established regulations, is attached the *seconds in tragedy*.” Mr. W. concludes with a declaration that he “will endeavour to merit a continuance of his [Sancho's] remarks, *independent of personal prejudice*.”

Theatre Royal HULL.—The Poor Gentleman, and a pantomime called the Magic Oak, were performed at this theatre, on Tuesday, Feb. 9, for the benefit of its worthy manager, Tate Wilkinson, Esq. The receipts were £.126, a larger sum than was ever before taken here at the usual prices. Mr. Cummins, who has, for many years, led the serious department, personated Lieutenant Worthington with his accustomed dignity and feeling. Mathews was the Qlla-

pod. He is certainly one of the best low comedians out of London; perhaps the very best. There was, however, a strange mistake in his dress. Though the author has twice, through Ollapod himself, informed us that the uniform of the corps to which he belongs is "tastily turned up with a rhubarb coloured lapelle," yet Mr. M. wore the close dragoon jacket; and, whatever was his manner, no part of his dress reminded us of "the gilt Galen's head." You, Mr. Editor, who have often seen Mr. Fawcett's whimsical uniform, will easily conceive that the above circumstance was a considerable drawback on the effect of the character. It ought, nevertheless, to be remarked that, in country theatres, performers are not always accommodated with proper dresses. I have, indeed, good reason to believe that the mistake is not, in this instance, imputable to Mr. Matthews, who, in clothing his characters, almost universally blends the nicest correctness with the most ludicrous effect. Melvin, in the corporal, completely gratified the admirers of Sterne, with a faithful representation of their favourite Trim. Sir Robert Bramble, which Munden makes so prominent, was but feebly sustained by Mr. Johnson. Mr. Denman's Humphrey and Mr. Bennett's Stephen ought not to be passed over without commendation. Frederick was performed by Mr. Dwyer. His figure is uncommonly good, and his face handsome, though not expressive. In several features he tamely reminds us of the late much regretted John Palmer. His powers, as an actor, are, however, far beneath the expectations inspired by his prepossessing appearance. His voice is rather musical, but weak, and not well managed. Twice, in Frederick, he hurried on so rapidly as to embarrass himself beyond the possibility of rescuing either the words or sense of the author. His action is contracted and bad: this evening it principally consisted in taking off and replacing his hat. I am not sure that Mrs. Johnson looked quite young enough for Emily, but she performed the part admirably. She never, indeed, fails to please the audience by her genteel appearance, and impressive manner. Mrs. Ward's Honourable Miss Mac Tab was tolerable, and Mrs. Leng's Dame Harrowby all we could expect at her age. Mary is made of little consequence by Mr. Colman, but no character can remain so, if performed by Miss De Camp, who is wonderfully improved. For some time after this lady's *début* her natural timidity almost counteracted every effort she made; but her powers have gradually expanded, as she gained confidence, and she now bids fair to equal her accomplished sister of Drury-Lane theatre. The pantomime was *got up* by Mr. Bennett, and was as good as such spectacles usually are in the country. Blue Beard has been twice brought forward this season, and each time in a most wretched way. Abomeliqne is, to be sure, introduced on an elephant, but, instead of being seated under a canopy, he is obliged to sprawl as well as he can upon the back of the unwieldy beast, and vary his motions according to those of its tenants. Justice, however, compels me to remark, that the performer is accommodated with *a little cushion*. I have seen the piece in many *small* country theatres, and often with a band in the procession; but in this Theatre Royal (the nursery of Kemble, Jordan, Fawcett, Knight, &c. &c.) we were not so far indulged. The only addition to the orchestra, which I perceived, was a man with a tremendous drum, who, during the march, fixed himself, Colossus-like, with one foot in the orchestra and another on the stage. If any thing could have removed the disgust

occasioned by the circumstances already mentioned, it would have been the voice of Miss Jackson, the animation of Miss De Camp, and the humour of Mr. Mathews;—but all, all, all was in vain. I never, in a respectable theatre, beheld any thing so paltry.

The last night was Tuesday Feb. 16, on which were performed Reynolds's facetious comedy of Folly as it flies, and the pantomime already mentioned. Mr. Cummins, in Sir Herbert, was all that criticism could require, and Mr. Dunn not amiss in Leonard. I must here remark that the last mentioned character was originally allotted to Mr. Dwyer, who refused it. This gentleman has unfortunately so far overrated his talents, as to think none but the very first characters worthy of his notice. Leonard is performed at Covent-Garden by Mr. H. Johnston, compared with whose abilities Mr. Dwyer's sink into complete insignificance. Mathews played Shenkin. He can do nothing ill, but the part is not of sufficient consequence. He ought to have been the Post-Obit, though Denman displayed so much genuine humour, that I am hardly justified in making the observation. Melvin was an excellent Tom Tick. In person he is not so well calculated for Mr. Lewis's parts as Mr. Dwyer, but, in every other respect, evidently superior. Mr. Melvin's tread of the stage is more lively, his manner more airy, his assumption of drollery and gentility, when each is alternately called into action, more ready. But his excellence is not confined to this department. The gay young rake, and rough old tar, sit equally easy upon him. I have seldom, even in London, seen a blunt honest sailor better personated than by Mr. Melvin. Mrs. Johnson, in Lady Melmoth, and Miss De Camp, in Georgiana, were every thing that could interest, charm, and convert.

I should here have concluded my remarks, had I not lately been present at a lecture on elocution, delivered by the well-known Mr. Thelwall, in which he made a reference to two female performers, whom he had seen at Hull. It was agreed by a general whisper from bench to bench, that Miss Jackson and Miss De Camp were the ladies alluded to. I completely assent to all the praises bestowed on the former, but his severe remarks on the latter do not appear to me well founded. He described her affectation to be so great, that she constantly kept her mouth open for the purpose of displaying her teeth; and that, during a whole evening's performance, her upper and under lip never came in contact with each other. How, then, does Miss De Camp contrive to pronounce words in which the letters *b*, *m*, and *p* occur, and to pronounce them distinctly too? A gentleman not far from me, remarked, that Mr. Thelwall had mistaken a *natural defect for affectation*. With submission, I, among many others, differ in opinion from both. A lively and ingenious writer informs us, that *grace* consists in marrying two apparent contradictions, vivacity and mildness. "The union of those two requisites," says he, "is necessary in dancing, walking, bowing, talking, &c. and if I may venture to add, in *smiling*." Now, this is an exact description of Miss De Camp. This *graceful smile is her affectation, her natural defect*. In all her features, in her whole deportment, she exhibits a combination of gentleness and spirit. I do not wish to follow Mr. Thelwall through his comparison. Miss Jackson and Miss De Camp have their distinct merits. I should find as much difficulty in deciding which ought most to be admired, as in seeing either without admiration.

I subjoin a list of the principal benefits at this theatre, in the order they took place.

Mr. and Mrs. Pope, -	£46 15 0	Miss De Camp, - - -	66 11 0
Mrs. Leng, - - - -	43 15 6	Mr. Hope, - - - - -	33 6 6
Mr. and Mrs. Dunn, -	67 13 6	Mr. Denman, - - - -	49 6 0
Mrs. Ward, - - - -	29 14 6	Mr. Dwyer, - - - - -	61 8 6
Mr. and Mrs. John Wil-		Mr. Mathews, - - - -	110 15 0
kinson, - - - - -	69 4 0	Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, -	45 13 9
Mr. Wood, - - - - -	56 0 0	Mr. J. French, - - - -	54 1 6
Miss Jackson, - - - -	54 14 6	Mr. Bennet, - - - - -	118 18 0
Mr. Melvin, - - - - -	97 10 6	Mr. and Mrs. Jarman, -	64 0 0
Mr. and Mrs. French, -	47 4 0	The manager, T. Wilkinson,	
Mr. and Mrs. Cummins, -	96 14 6	Esq. - - - - -	126 11 6
Mr. and Mrs. Williams, &c.,	79 7 0		

NOTTINGAMIENSIS,

Theatre MANCHESTER.—In reply to a *Plain Dealer*, and in support of what he had advanced in No. 75, *AMICUS* avers that "Mr. Carr, who is so coarsely attacked, has, in the opinion of a very large critical circle, actually displayed a considerable degree of merit in the honest old Corporal Foss, in the *Peer Gentleman*. He is a performer new to this stage, but always diligent, respectful, and attentive; and, in this very play, the unique preservation of character, both in dress, manner, and expression, which he has so happily hit upon, has much recommended him to the notice and favour of the town." His letter then proceeds as follows:

"Mr. Swendall's merit, we think, every one must subscribe to; nor should the successful abilities of Mr. Gordon, in *Ollapod*, pass unnoticed. The performances of Mr. Quick were individually marked by that genuine richness of humour, and real professional merit, which have long since stamped the highest value on his talents. Mr. Q.'s visit, however, has given rise to many weak and absurd comparisons, which must be prejudicial to all parties. In the opinion of many *would-be* critics, turgid enunciation and strength of lungs, constitute an *astonishing* and *powerful* actor; whilst the fine touches of an acknowledged master, are, for want of perception, deemed a relaxation of those exertions, which are considered to evince their quantum of merit in proportion to the *stunning* effect they may have on the auricular faculties of these inimitable judges. Folly as it flies, and the Review, have been given here—the latter with great success. Penson, in *Caleb Quotem*, is scarcely inferior to Fawcett; and, let it not be a libel if we add, somewhat more chaste. Mr. Bellamy is a genuine son of nature in the whimsical *Looney Macwolter*—whilst Miss Ward delights us every night we behold her in *Grace Gaylove*. She introduces a *reel* in the part, which she executes with great elegance and effect. This may be a violation of character in some degree, but a very agreeable one. Alfonso has also been presented to us, and has been repeated several times with great attraction.

AMICUS.

**PROCEEDINGS IN THE COURT OF CHANCERY,
RESPECTING THE AFFAIRS OF
THE THEATRE-ROYAL DRURY-LANE,**

Continued from Page 66.

LINCOLN'S-INN HALL, Dec. 23.

Mr. Sheridan proceeded—"I afterwards agreed with Mr. Holland to complete the theatre, and it is incumbent on me to say, that, for rapidity, and excellent and substantial work, he deserves every credit; yet I must regret that he should have conceived himself obliged to enter into hostilities with me, for I am again compelled to state, that his estimate was not correct. The work which he estimated at £80,000 could not be finished for less than £145,000 and now it cannot be completed for less than £160,000. The slurs which he has cast upon the oaths of the little carpenter and other meritorious servants of the theatre are highly unbecoming, for he ought to know that their depositions are in this place entitled to equal credit with his own. He enquires into the sums laid out upon the theatre, and alludes to Mr. Johnson and Mr. Cabanell; and although, my Lord, I give every credit to Mr. Holland for what he did before the curtain, yet I must say that the effects of his art behind the curtain were no more like what that part ought to be than a ship of the line. He states that he finished his work in a masterly manner, yet he admits in his affidavit that the sum of £16,000 would be necessary to complete it. There is as great an error in his affidavits as in his estimates: he draws his own plans with the pencil of an artist, but he draws his affidavits with the pen of a journeyman. I never reproached him with the failure in his estimate, yet I never concealed from him that it was ill-founded, and involved me in considerable expences and embarrassments. I stated to him the excess of which he had been guilty in perfect good humour in the presence of Mr. Whitbread, and at the same time added, I thought him bound to build me a house at Pojsden for nothing, which I still hope he will. Many of the certificates which he granted may become fair objects of examination. I shall take any of them, and first I find that of Mr. Hanson for the iron curtain, which cost £700, and which would have certainly pulled down the roof, had it not been constructed with extraordinary solidity. This money, with many other sums, claimed upon his certificates, were paid; but I never gave him authority to run me in debt farther than he was warranted by his own estimate. Mr. Holland says he expended these sums. How? He contracted for work, incurred debts, and then left me to pay. When such assertions are made, I should deserve to be considered as a disgraced man, did I not come forward to refute them. Next comes a most extraordinary affidavit, and which I read with surprise and terror. Mr. Holland swears, that he never entered into any contract, yet it appears that, after his plan and estimate for £80,000, he states, in his own handwriting, "for which I will engage to do it." Now, my Lord, I must confess myself at a loss to reconcile these opposite statements. His affidavit says, that he was under no engagement; and, after pledging himself to three hundred gentlemen, he now maintains that he only expressed a will to execute his pledge. He was, I contend, appointed surveyor, and the estimate comprehended every neces-

sary office, with all the out-buildings as marked in the plan, which I have in my hand. He says indeed that the out-buildings were to be erected at the expence of those to whom leases might be granted; but what are his own words annexed to the plan and estimate of £80,000? "For which I will engage it shall be done." And what was the whole plan? The plan went to insulate the theatre by the erection of taverns, coffee-houses, houses of different descriptions, shops, and apartments for the performers. With all these circumstances, strong as they are, the deed of 1793 is still stronger against him. I am ashamed, my Lord, to heap proofs on proofs upon you; but it is my duty to state all that falls within my knowledge. Mr. Holland insists that the out-buildings were to be erected only by those to whom building leases might be granted. If so, let me ask, how he came to lay the foundation of the tavern? Why did he not refuse his certificates to those employed in laying the foundation? What in that case he should have done, was to have considered the application for those certificates as an application to him to be guilty of a breach of his trust. I now must speak of myself; a subject on which I shall not dwell so long as I intended, as I fear I have already too long occupied your Lordship's time. The incumbrances upon the theatre have been great and complicated; but I can say, with confidence, that every possible exertion has been made on my part to reduce its debts and to alleviate its burthens. Among various instances I may be allowed to mention one without the fear or possibility of contradiction. I was allowed fifteen private boxes for the purpose of placing the theatre in a finished state, and providing scenery, that vast mass of enormous and constantly accruing expence. What was my conduct? I agreed to divest myself of these fifteen boxes, and also lodged ten of the £3000 shares in the hands of the bankers. Yet this was done without any absolute necessity. Out of this fund no less than £14,600 have been already paid off, and other heavy demands are in a certain and speedy progress of payment. The pressure upon the establishment is no doubt very great, and it would be a folly to conceal it. It arises from so many various sources, that it must be felt for a long time; but still I feel the strongest confidence that the property will be found adequate to every exigency, and will rise superior in value and permanence, to the expectations of all who are interested in it. Among the pressures we may class the demands made by the Insurance Offices, which charge whatever they please. When those of the unpaid performers, of the mortgagees and renters, are taken fairly into consideration, I will leave it to all implicated in this business, and even to Mr. Mansfield, to decide whether my conduct has not been just. Mr. Mansfield said, early in this cause, when a receivership was applied for, that the proprietors were making away with the whole of the money; yet it appeared at that very moment that they had, on the contrary, advanced £700. You thought, my Lord, that the performers, for whom I have battled, ought to have had a preference, and again the accusation was brought forward. How is it again refuted? Your Lordship will find from Mr. Peake's affidavit, that since the 17th of November, the proprietors have advanced between 2 and £3000 beyond the receipts, for the expenditures of the theatre. In this court, my Lord, where equity guides decision, permit me to say that the channels of information should be pure, and I trust that Mr. Mansfield is sorry he lent himself to such statements.

In adverting to the many claims before the court, I shall, my Lord, endeavour to be as brief as possible; but let me premise that I have uniformly stood aloof from discouraging any claims from this court, however calculated to prejudice me. The first claim is one set up by three authors, Mr. Cobb, Mr. Lewis, and Mr. Hoare, all gentlemen of high respectability. For one of them in particular I entertain great respect. He first distinguished himself by a production deservedly eminent for its morality, and by an alliance with his genius and his great name, rescued from obscurity certain tales of wonder written by Parnell, Dryden, Chaucer, and such paltry scribblers, which might otherwise have remained in oblivion. Mr. Lewis has, however, got a judgment at law for his debt, and as he has studied jurisprudence, his knowledge of it might have informed his Muse that he could not proceed both in law and equity at once, unless, indeed, he wishes to combine both branches as he has already connected his poetry and his prose. I hope, however, that he will not at all events object to the settlement of his demands by arbitration. The claims of Mr. Hoare are different, and arise from his comedy of *Indiscretion*, which was played six nights at the end of the season. It will be sufficient for me to observe, that the receipts were £34 less than the actual charges, and that the author assured Mr. Kemble that unless he performed it the next year, he should not conceive himself entitled to any thing. When that claim is adjusted, I have little doubt of its being admitted that *Indiscretion* will not apply to the author but to the manager. In justice to Mr. Cumberland, I must observe, that he was requested to join in the petition, but positively discountenanced the measure. With respect to the demand set up for the widow Storace, I gave in the first instance a bond and judgment for the whole of the debt, for which I received a letter of thanks. Mr. Birchall, the Sub-Sheriff of Middlesex, can vouch for the fact, and I can now state that a considerable part of it has been discharged. There is a claim advanced by Mr. Nauns, on which I beg leave to say a few words. It is in fact a debt due to Mrs. Lowndes, who being left a widow with a young family, applied to have the printing business of the theatre, which had been conducted by her husband. Her application was instantly complied with, and the fact appeared to be, that she preferred no claim; but having made it over to a stationer, he insisted upon its being brought forward. The case of Mr. Shaw requires but a single remark. He had been assured that it was necessary for him to appear in chancery, and he acted upon what he conceived to be compulsion. Mr. Westley's claims I have already had occasion to notice. I next come to that part of the cause which relates to the Duke of Bedford; and your lordship will probably think it strange to hear, that having had the honour of an intimate acquaintance with his Grace for many years, I have not seen him since this business was first agitated. I studiously avoided him, because I would not consent to any compromise. When I looked to the situation of the theatre, to the failure in the execution of the estimate, and to the payment of a considerable rent for visionary taverns and ideal apartments, I applied to the Duke to consolidate the whole rent at £10 a night, making an annual sum of £2,000. I did not ask it as a favour, yet I stated, that if I was inclined to lay myself under an obligation to any man, I should select the Duke of Bedford, in preference to any other. His Grace desired me to put my proposal in writing. I did so, and it was agreed to. This transaction was attended with a

singular instance of negligence on my part; but I shall not attempt to clear myself of the charge of negligence. On my mentioning the circumstance to Mr. Gotobed, his Grace's solicitor, about a twelvemonth after, and expressing my surprise at not receiving an answer, he observed that it had been sent a year ago. I accordingly looked for the letter, and found it on my table unopened. The Duke of Bedford has also consented to write down his name on twelve debentures of £500 each, for the accommodation of Mr. Richardson, out of his debt of £8000, which are now in the possession of Mr. Adam.

I have, my Lord, stated the whole transaction, and have not an idea that his Grace will, in consequence of any delay, retract his intentions. The next claim, or rather the apparition of a claim, is conjured up by Mr. Jacob Franco, which had been, I thought, for ever laid at a meeting of the new renters some years back, when I received the thanks of the meeting. Mr. White's claim is certainly a very material one, but it is not to be blended in the present business. It is, however, extraordinary, that the patent on which it is founded is not in the possession of the trustees, but of Mr. Const, although Mr. Harris received 11 or £12,000 for it. The last claim is that of Mr. Glassop for £3000, yet it is admitted, in the answers made to the questions which I put, that he has received in securities from Mr. Grubb and Mr. Fosbrook, and by a £8000 share, £1400 more than the amount of the sum. With respect to the performers, it is my sincere wish that they should have for the future the priority, and be paid regularly. I can, without the fear of contradiction, and without setting up any fastidious pretence to egotism, positively state, that in point of honour and integrity no person's character stands higher with them than my own. I earnestly wish, my Lord, that your Lordship would come to some specific arrangement for their advantage. The court will no doubt recollect the deed of trust to Mr. Adam, the execution of which has been necessarily suspended by the present cause. By that adjustment I reserved for myself £2000 a year, and I am sure your lordship will not put me in a worse situation than that in which I should have been, had it been executed. In my humble opinion, that security would pay the creditors better than any arrangement subject to all the incumbrances. I agreed that every debt should be sent in, both affecting the property and affecting me; and I pledged myself to forward that measure by every means in my power. The theatre, I will repeat, is not in so bad a situation as is generally imagined. The trustees perfectly understand, and will henceforth perform their duty. I see no obstacle, no impediment to the proposal, and think it fairly embraces all parties. I hope, in particular, that all expensive law suits will be avoided. In one cause £2500 has been paid, in another £1400 and I am informed that my expences in this cause will not be less than 800 guineas; The theatre has stamina to survive the extravagance of builders, and the badness of management; but unfortunately, from the protection given to property by our excellent constitution through the law, it is imagined that none is safe but that which is in the course of law. I sincerely trust that an auditor will be appointed, and think it perfectly fair and adequate to every purpose that he should be named, not by the trustees, not by the proprietors, but by your lordship. With respect to any reflections upon the bankers, none were intended on my part on the house of Mannersley and Co. They took the theatre to be a good concern, and I am sorry that they were deceived. I will not pay your lordship

so ill a compliment as to thank you for the patience with which you have heard me, but I thank you for your indulgence in suffering me to speak of myself in some instances rather irrelevantly. None hold calamity lighter than myself, yet I have often felt the sting in my bosom, when I was apparently indifferent to it. Careless myself of money, I beg not to be understood as being careless of it with respect to others. When I consider what that property, now the subject of consideration, might have been, had the whole plan of Mr. Holland been completed—when I recollect what my own income might have been—I cannot look back without some self reproach at the dissipation of it from the want of my own exertion; yet whatever my regret upon that head may be, it is, I assure your lordship with the most open sincerity of heart, infinitely greater for others. The possession of wealth has never been in my estimation necessary to my happiness; but it is a great disadvantage to a careless and sanguine man to be forced to rely upon a fluctuating income. He is induced to make promises to himself, and promises to others, which in the event cannot be performed. I therefore wish for a certain provision, as stated in the proposal, and content with that, I trust I shall continue to preserve that undaunted spirit of independence which, as a public and private man, I have ever maintained.

Mr. Holland, Mr. Mansfield on behalf of Hammersley and Co. and Mr. Agar for Mr. Grubb, replied to Mr. Sheridan's speech.

The Lord Chancellor said, if the question was only between Grubb and Sheridan, he should say that there was great negligence on both sides. Whether Grubb was a proprietor or not, he had not sufficient evidence before him to declare. He could only say, that from the affidavit of Mr. Richardson he could derive no assistance whatever, for he could not understand it. If the case, as between Sheridan and Grubb, was now before him upon a hearing, after a bill filed, he should be ready to say, that the question of fact respecting the partnership he should refer to a jury, or to a Master, to determine. He did not throw out this with any idea of encouraging a new litigation, but he hoped they would refer this matter to arbitration. Whether he was not a partner upon certain conditions, and whether those conditions were performed, were two questions of fact. If he were not a partner in the surplus (and that was disputed most certainly), he ought to be indemnified against any claim in consequence of that concern, the profits of which he did not participate in. Then with respect to the arrears—if the parties were inclined to give him any assistance the way might be much smoothed. With the disposition that had been manifested of ascertaining all the debts upon the property, he hoped that an arrangement would be made which would rescue it from its present embarrassment, and make it ultimately productive to all concerned. In regard to the future arrangement he saw not much difficulty. The plans handed up to him contained outlines, which, with very little variation, he thought extremely applicable. There was one other point, as relating to the alleged contract of Mr. Holland:—Upon this part of the subject he had to say, that he did not, from the materials before him, think he could infer that any such contract existed between Mr. Holland and the trustees, as to warrant him to call upon the former for a specific performance. On Saturday he would give his judgment, according to the best conclusion he could draw in his mind, from a consideration of all the circumstances urged both on this

and former days; but he now informed them, that if he could not satisfy his mind upon all the points—and, considering the magnitude of the question, he should, if he could not satisfy his own conscience, postpone it to a future day—taking care that in the mean time no new debt should be suffered to accumulate, by making an order for the payment of actors and renters until the final decision, which could not be above a fortnight or three weeks.

JANUARY 19.—This morning the affairs of Drury-Lane theatre were again canvassed in the court of Chancery; but are still left in their former uncertainty.

The Lord Chancellor said, that the situation of Mr. Grubb was not yet ascertained, and that he thus could not yet give his opinion upon the proposals which had been handed up to him. The arrangement must be most materially affected by the event of his being declared by the arbitrator a proprietor or a partner, or a person liable to the debts of the theatre. His Lordship said, he was bound to see that the interest of no one concerned was overlooked, and without a provision for the claims of Mr. Grubb, he could not ratify the settlement. His Lordship complained very much of delay. He did not say that there had been any culpable delay; the business was very complicated: but he did expect to find things in greater maturity, and he was determined that something final should be done speedily. If the parties would not do what they could to assist him, he was determined to lay the strong hand of the court upon the property. His order might crush it, but he would not be trifled with.

A long conversation and much altercation ensued between the counsel for the different parties. It was stated that no provision was made for the payment of the annuity of Mrs. Nun, and that the Duke of Bedford was not satisfied with the security offered him. Mr. Sheridan's solicitor affirmed, that the Duke of Bedford had signed the agreement by which all the creditors are to be paid in the space of four years; and the learned gentleman who drew the deed, if the payment of Mrs. Nun's annuity was not secured, it was a mere oversight, which should be instantly corrected. It was the most earnest wish of the proprietors that every individual should be fully satisfied. A great deal was said about Mr. Grubb's responsibility. Mr. Mansfield observed that a deed had been prepared and signed by almost all the tradesmen, and several of the performers, among whom were Mr. Kemble, Mr. Kelly, and Mrs. Crouch; by this deed they accepted of Mr. Sheridan's security for being paid in four years, and released Mr. Grubb from all responsibility. He believed that all the creditors had agreed to sign it, and that in a few weeks there would be no arrears at all.

It was at last agreed that a copy of the proposals should be sent to every one interested, that they should give in their objections to them, and that on this day se'nnight a statement should be made to his Lordship of the progress which has been made. The Chancellor said, he should then expect much fuller information than this day he had been able to obtain. To-morrow his Lordship is to dictate to Mr. Serjeant Palmer the objections he is to determine with regard to Mr. Grubb, and an examination upon oath, of all the parties, is then to be taken before the Master.

Wednesday.—Jan. 20.—The Lord Chancellor stated the question to be referred to Mr. Serjeant Palmer, who is to consider what are the rights and interests of Mr. Grubb, respectively in the patent, property, or profits of the theatre,

either as proprietors or partners; and what debts they are respectively liable to, in either of those characters. His lordship directed the business to stand over till Wednesday the 3d of February.

3d Feb.—Mr. Serjeant Palmer said he should not be ready with his award for two or three days, the Chancellor therefore ordered the business to stand over till Friday next, 9th Feb.

9th Feb.—The Lord Chancellor said, he was now ready for the discussion of the proposals which had been handed up to him.

Mr. Solicitor General observed, that those proposals did not at all differ from those formerly submitted to his lordship, except that no reservation was now made of any part of the surplus profits to Mr. Sheridan. A meeting of the creditors had been called, and the demands upon the theatre had been found more considerable than was expected. Mr. Sheridan therefore renounced all benefit from the concern till every debt should be liquidated.

The Lord Chancellor complained that the last proposals had only been sent him yesterday evening. He thus had not an opportunity to compare them with the deeds, and to give them such a mature consideration as to enable him to pronounce upon them. However, he should now prepare the way for a final decision, by trying to learn the opinion of the different parties concerned. He had first to state, that his brother Palmer had given in his award. By this Mr. Grubb was declared *not to be a proprietor*, but only a partner, without any interest in the patent, buildings, or scenery. The partnership commenced in September, 1793, and may be dissolved by either party upon notice. Mr. Grubb's advance has been considerable, and his responsibility is deep. His lordship then asked, whether he had seen these proposals, and whether he was satisfied with them?

Mr. Agar, his learned counsel, replied that he had not seen the latest.

The Lord Chancellor told him that any change which had taken place was for the benefit of his client. Since Mr. Sheridan had abandoned the provision made for him, the arrears for which Mr. Grubb stood responsible would be the more speedily paid off.

Mr. Agar then said that he was perfectly satisfied.

Lord Chancellor. The next question I have to ask is, whether the current expences of the theatre have been regularly paid since the court made an order for that purpose?

Mr. Treasurer Peak. Since the 12th of December, my lord, the performers and tradesmen have been paid with the utmost regularity.

Lord Chancellor. The first proposal is, that £.10 a night shall be set apart for rent to the Duke of Bedford, the ground landlord, and £.15 a night to discharge the arrears now due to him. Is his Grace satisfied?

Duke of Bedford's counsel. My lord, his Grace is perfectly satisfied.

The article of taxes being disposed of, the class of creditors with whom Mrs. Nun ranges came to be considered, and her counsel, though he was contented with the manner in which her annuity is to be paid in future, wished the means should be taken for the more prompt payment of her arrears.

The Lord Chancellor said, the managers, performers, tradesmen, and servants must necessarily be paid first. If they were not, the others would have no chance of payment at all. The renters had the power of distress, but if they

consulted their own interest, and behaved in a husband like manner, they would forbear from exercising it. Upon the proposal for allowing the managers £10 a night, his lordship a little afterwards observed, that if they were not allowed to exist, the whole concern must go to ruin, and that this provision was in the spirit of the most rigorous economy.

The cases of the various classes of rent charges were next considered. Then came the articles by which £10 a night is to be set aside for the purpose of paying off the arrears of the performers and tradesmen. My Lord Chancellor said he would ask to know neither the amount nor the particulars of these arrears. He would never unnecessarily pry into the concerns of individuals. But it was essential to justice that he should be informed what consent the performers and tradesmen had given to this arrangement, and if they had signed a deed, that that deed should be shewn him.

Mr. Lloyd here started up in behalf of his three poetical clients, Messrs. Cobb, Lewis, and Hoare. The first of these ingenious gentlemen, he said, had been offered terms, to which he was willing to agree, but the other two had been used in the most barbarous manner. Their claims had been disregarded, and their innumerable applications for redress had never received an answer.

Lord Chancellor. Authors are useful to a theatre, but we must first attend to the interest of the players.

Mr. Sheridan assured his lordship that these creditors had all signed a deed for their arrears up to the beginning of this season. Those which had been incurred since were comparatively so trifling, that it was not thought worth while to include them. He expressed the greatest astonishment at the complaint of the authors. Never till now had he heard of their applications, and he himself had made advances to them. Among various other things he had offered to refer the matters in dispute to arbitration.

Lord Chancellor. A very fair offer, and I do not see why my brother Palmer might not say what compensation they are entitled to for the benefit they have conferred upon the theatre. [The learned serjeant shook his head.]

Mr. Sheridan. Mr. Hoare considers it beneath the dignity of a poet to submit the effusions of his muse to such a tribunal. I have had no such difficulty to any quarter as with authors who, as your lordship observes, are occasionally of service to a theatre.

Mr. Agar here appeared for a man to whom the theatre was indebted for some degree of splendour. He had supplied the theatre with *fire works*. However it appeared that the learned gentlemen's client had signed the trust deed above ten days ago.

The Lord Chancellor said, that any arrangement was an unexpected benefit to the tradesmen. They knew their security; they took their chance of being paid, and charged accordingly.

The articles in which Mr. Adam is concerned being recited, he declared that the whole arrangement met with his fullest approbation, and that he hoped the greatest benefits would arise from it.

After the whole deed had been gone through in this manner, the Lord Chancellor said, after much useful consideration, he trusted he had got into a situation where an arrangement might be made beneficial for all parties concerned. He

should be sorry if, by overlooking any thing, he should leave room for future litigation, and, complicated as the case was, notwithstanding all his exertions, he had still considerable apprehensions. He therefore thought it better, to whatever observations it might give rise, to persevere in that system of caution and delay which had produced such happy effects. No delay would be long which was necessary to the strict administration of justice. He ordered the matter to stand over till the day after the first seal, which was Saturday se'ennight. Then he had great hopes he should be able finally to give judgment. He should be ready to receive all communications till Tuesday night. After that the parties would have no opportunity of stating their claims, and of objecting to the proposals. In the mean time he directed the current expenses of the theatre to be paid, as at present. He should employ himself on the mornings of next week to examine the deed subscribed by the performers and trustees, and to weigh the remarks which should be submitted to him on the proposed settlement. He thought he saw his way now.

After some conversation about Kingrew's patent, another cause was called.

Tuesday, February 23.—The business according to appointment, was this day resumed, and it is with pleasure we state that the proposed arrangement has met with the approbation of the Lord Chancellor, and will in the course of a few days, be brought to a satisfactory conclusion.

His Lordship, after enumerating the provisions made in the first part of the arrangement for the payment of the ground-rent, the salary of the performers, the ordinary expenses of the theatre, and the gradual liquidation of the various out-standing claims, took occasion to notice a saving clause in favour of the trustees of 1793, declaring that none of the specified provisions were to be to their prejudice. This clause he thought inadmissible, for a very simple reason, that if admitted it would have the effect of rendering the whole arrangement ineffectual. For what was the real force and operation of such a clause? It in fact would vest the trustees on the very first night that the theatre was open with a power to demand the payment of the sum secured to them, previous to any other payment whatever, and thus totally to defeat the whole object which the arrangement had in view. The court, however, could not consent to a clause of this kind, nor were the renters of 1793 to expect a sort of convenience which could not be combined with the convenience of others equally, or perhaps more powerfully, interested in the theatre. He was convinced that Messrs. Ford and Hammerly were not sufficiently aware of the situation in which they were placed, by assuming the character of trustees. When he said this, he begged to have it understood that he meant to say nothing harsh of these gentlemen, or to insinuate they had not acted as well as most people would have done under similar circumstances; yet not having acted up to their characters as trustees, they were not now entitled to come into court to claim the advantages of that character. It gave him much pleasure to find, that since the proposals were first handed to him, a very considerable number of additional creditors had signed the agreement, and as the paper would still remain open to the signature of others, he hoped the remainder would avail themselves of the arrangement, as the best security for their claims. Of the interests of those who were incompetent to be parties in the agreement, the Court would take all the care which could possibly be employed; but no degree

of caution being sufficient to guard against error in a concern of such magnitude and complicated perplexity, a liberty would still be left to apply for a variation of the order. He thought it proper, however, now clearly to state, that such applications would not be rashly listened to, and the court would in no instance consent to interfere, except when very strong grounds were laid for the necessity of such interference.

In order to have every assistance in a matter of so much difficulty and importance, his Lordship, though pretty clear in his own view of the case, requested the gentlemen of the law retained on both sides to draw up an order conformable to the proposals, which he approved of, except only in one or two small articles. This order, so drawn up, he would amend with his own hand, wherever he found it necessary, and then offer it to the parties, who, if they did not think proper to accept it, might take the cause out of court, and make the best they could of their individual interests.

After some conversation between Messrs. Mansfield, Fonblanque, Pigot, Sheridan, and the Solicitor General, the court was informed, that it was agreed that Messrs. Ford and Hammersley should retain any other security of which they were now in possession, together with that provided by the proposal. Another verbal amendment, securing the right of the Duke of Bedford, was adopted, on the suggestion of his Grace's Counsel. No day was fixed for the final settlement, but the Lord Chancellor undertook to complete the arrangement in court in two days after the order should be sent to him: he had the highest opinion of the gentlemen by whom it was to be drawn up, but he hoped they would leave him a wide margin to make his amendments.

FOREIGN THEATRICALS.

PARIS.—*Theatre de la Republique Francaise*.—A new piece has been brought out at this theatre, founded upon the sufferings of Prince Charles, after the defeat of the rebels at Culloden, in the year 1746, but, from the ignorance of the French author in history, he calls his piece, instead of *Charles*, "*Edward in Scotland*." The persons introduced into this drama are the Prince, the Duke and Duchess of Athol, the Duke of Argyle, the celebrated Miss Macdonald, and some inferior characters. This piece was received with the greatest approbation.

The conduct of the emigrants, particularly of the young men of family, who have been suffered to return, has been for some time obnoxious to the ruling powers. The licence which they assumed in remarking on persons and facts was, however, overlooked so long, that they were emboldened by impunity. A remarkable instance of this took place on the first representation of this drama. After his defeat he is introduced as making application to the Duchess of Athol "for bread, a boon not refused to the meanest mortal," and she is soothed into compassion so far as to suffer him to pass, in view of the English officers, for her husband, until she finds the means of facilitating his escape. Every allusion to his claims to the English throne was taken up by these young men,

and marked by a distinguished applause. On the second night, when the First Consul was in his box, they carried the matter still further, and, wherever any application could be made, the cry of *Bravo! le Pretendant!* resounded through the house. In consequence of this conduct, an order was issued, that the piece should be withdrawn. This circumstance they interpreted into a sort of victory, and, on the ensuing nights, whenever St. Fal, who performed the part of Edward, or Duval, the author of the piece, made their appearance, they were received with an uproar of applause. This conduct did not pass unnoticed. The leaders, who were well known, were sent for by the minister of police.

BON TON THEATRICALS.

THEATRE ROCHESTER.—On Saturday, the 20th March, the officers of His Majesty's Brigade of Guards performed the play of *King John*, with the farce of the *Minor*, to an audience consisting of persons of the first rank and fashion, who were admitted by tickets of invitation. The characters were cast as follows :

King John,	Capt. Braddyll.
Prince Henry,	Capt. Clifton.
Prince Arthur,	Miss Walcot.
Earl of Pembroke,	Capt. Bruhl.
Earl of Salisbury,	Capt. Thomas.
Earl of Essex,	Capt. Barnard.
Lord Bigot,	Lieut. Col. Dilkes.
Hubert,	Capt. Colquitt.
Falconbridge,	Capt. Caulfield.
Robert Falconbridge,	Capt. Murray.
English Herald,	Capt. Fead.
King Phillip,	Lieut. Col. Anson.
The Dauphin,	Hon. Capt. Macdonald.
Duke of Austria,	Hon. Lt. Col. W. T. Fermor.
Pandulph,	Capt. H. D'Oyley.
Chattillion,	Capt. Maitland.
Citizen of Angiers,	Capt. Aubrey.
French Herald,	Capt. Bryan.
Executioner,	Lt. Col. Drummond.

MINOR.

Sir W. Wealthy,	Capt. Bryan.
Mr. R. Wealthy,	Capt. Aubrey.
Sir George Wealthy,	Lt. Col. Anson.
Shift and Smirk,	Capt. Braddyll.
Loader,	Capt. Caulfield.
Dick,	Capt. Anson.
Mrs. Cole,	Hon. Lt. Col. W. F. Fermor.

We never saw a private play so regularly conducted, in every respect, and so admirably performed throughout. The principal characters were sustained

in a manner that would have reflected credit on our most distinguished public performers. Captain Braddyll gave all requisite dignity to *King John*, and managed the difficult scene with Hubert, in which he tempts the latter to the murder of Young Arthur, in a very superior manner. He was well supported in this scene by the gentleman who performed Hubert. Captain Braddyll rendered the dying scene, also, particularly impressive, and displayed much judgment through the whole of the character.

The *Bastard* found an excellent representative in Captain Caulfield, whose fire, activity, and gallant bearing, were in perfect conformity with the spirit of the part. His soliloquy on the "*bias of the world, commodity*" was very ably and effectively given.

Captain Colquitt gave unusual consequence to Hubert. In the scene with the young prince, his agitation was extremely well painted, and several of the passages were marked with the most exquisite discrimination. This gentleman introduced a soliloquy, after the departure of Arthur, which was very appropriate to the situation and feelings of Hubert. Lord Salisbury, Philip, the Dauphin, Chatillon, Austria, the Citizen of Angers, and indeed all the *Dramatis Personæ*, both of play and farce, acquitted themselves highly to the satisfaction of the audience, among whom were the Margrave and Margravine of Anspach, Earl and Countess of Banbury, with a long *et cætera* of nobility, and military and naval officers of the first distinction.

Many of the scenes were painted by the officers, and the bands of the different regiments played various pieces of martial music between the acts. The dresses, which were made by Messrs. Brooks and Heath, of Newport-street, were superb and characteristic almost beyond precedent, especially those of the *Two Kings*, *Hubert*, *Falconbridge*, and *Constance*. We had almost forgotten to mention that Mrs. Litchfield, of Covent-Garden Theatre, performed *Constance*, at the particular instance of the gentlemen concerned in the piece, and gratified the audience very highly by her performance. A very handsome present has been made her, in a gold purse, as a compensation for her services on this occasion.

The performances were preceded by a prologue adapted to the occasion, in which there were several extremely neat points.

DOMESTIC EVENTS.

On Tuesday morning, the 2d March, at eleven o'clock, died at his seat, Woburn-Abbey, in Bedfordshire, in the 37th year of his age, Francis, Duke of Bedford.—He had for a few years been afflicted with an *hernia* of no apparent moment. On Friday his Grace, in playing at tennis, caught cold, and a fit of sneezing brought on very alarming symptoms. Sir James Earle was dispatched from town to his assistance, and the Duke, with the utmost fortitude, submitted to one of the most painful and dangerous operations in surgery. Unfortunately it was too late. A mortification had already taken place, and in a few hours he expired. He was a patron alike of agriculture and the arts, and ever on the watch to find employment for the industrious. He possessed considerable political talents, and a style of oratory at once simple, dignified, and impressive.

Opposed in his opinions, as he frequently through life has been, his death has put our declaration into the mouths of all parties "that he had uniformly followed that which he had uniformly thought right." His Grace is succeeded by his brother, Lord John Russell, Member for the borough of Tavistock.

Funeral.—This afflicting ceremony took place on the 11th March, at Chertsey, in the county of Bucks, where the remains of the noble family of Russell have been deposited for upwards of three centuries. It was, in conformity to his Grace's desire, conducted without ostentation. There required no splendour or pomp of preparation to interest the feelings of his country on the mournful event. All hearts sympathized in the common loss which the death of such a man brings upon society.

The present Duke being extremely indisposed, he was advised to quit Windsor, that the appearance of the preparations for the funeral might not increase his illness. Accordingly he left the Abbey on Wednesday morning, in company with his brother, Lord William Russell, and Lord Preston, for Streatham.

Every thing being properly arranged, the procession left the Abbey about one o'clock on Wednesday night. The coffin was covered with the best crimson velvet, and contained three thousand silver nails. The hearse was drawn by six horses; it was followed by three mourning coaches, filled with the Duke's attendants, &c. they were followed by his Grace's carriage, empty, drawn by six bay horses, and six footmen behind it. The procession passed through Moulton, Dunstable, Market Street, and Ruislip, in the most solemn manner. The inhabitants of the places through which the procession passed, were in the road with lights, and the greatest order prevailed. The procession arrived at the church about one o'clock, and at that time at least five thousand persons were assembled in the village. After the coffin was taken out of the hearse, and placed in the vault, the evening service was read by the Curate of the parish, and a most excellent sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Morris, his Grace's Chaplain, from the Second Epistle to the Corinthians, chapter v. verse 2.

A funeral anthem was sung, and accompanied by a very respectable band of vocal and instrumental performers. The funeral service was likewise read by Mr. Morris in the family vault, over the corpse. The following inscription is on the coffin:

The Most Noble Francis, Duke of Bedford, born the twenty-third day of July, 1705, and died the second day of March, 1805.

His Grace is the fifty-first of the family whose remains have been deposited there. Two of them are embalmed, and stand upright in leaden coffins.

On the 15th of March Mr. Fox pronounced a most eloquent eulogium on his deceased friend, in the House of Commons, previously to his moving a new writ for the Borough of Tavistock, in the room of Lord John Russell, who has succeeded to the title. As we have not room for the whole, we will not injure this noble and impressive tribute to the memory of the late Duke, by mutilation or compression.

It is remarkable that there has been no regular succession in the illustrious family of Bedford. The Earls and Dukes have all been brothers, cousins, or grandsons of their immediate predecessors.

A marine soldier a few weeks since delivered himself up to the commanding officers of the Plymouth division of marines, stationed at Sherborne, confessing himself a murderer and a robber, having declared he robbed a gentleman on Hounslow Heath, in 1797, and afterwards, with an accomplice, murdered him. He declares he has never been happy since; and what is remarkable, was about to be discharged, but his conscience, as he emphatically declared, so tormented him, he could not resist declaring his guilt.

On Wednesday, the 10th of March, an inquisition was taken in the parish of Great Baddow, before J. O. Parker, junr. Esq. one of the coroners of this county, on an occasion, the particulars of which, as far as they are yet known, are interesting and extraordinary. In the evening of Thursday, as the wife of a labourer (who had, on the Saturday preceding taken possession of a cottage on Galleywood common, in the said parish, which had been quitted at Christmas last by a family who had occupied it for the space of nearly forty years) went to fetch something out of one of the chambers, she accidentally discovered, in the corner of a closet, adjoining a chimney which had lately undergone some repair, three tiles placed in a particular manner; on removing which, the withered remains of a form, apparently human, dropped on the floor, together with the shattered remnant of an old hat, in which the body had evidently been deposited. Alarmed at the incident, and not knowing exactly what she had found, she carried it down stairs to her husband, who, conceiving it to be the skeleton of a monkey, desired his son, then present, to throw it out into the road; where it lay, until some of the neighbours, more intelligent, or more curious, picked it up, and communicated the matter to a neighbouring magistrate, at whose desire the inquest was taken, as above stated, and though the most critical investigation took place, which the nature of circumstances would allow, nothing transpired to criminate, in a material degree, any of the parties above mentioned. The shrivelled and disfigured remains, which formed the subject of the inquest, were minutely inspected by two surgeons, who attended on the occasion, and who pronounced them to have been the body of a male child, but could not presume to say whether it was born alive, or at what period of time it was placed in the situation in which it was found; but agreed that it must have lain there several years, and might have continued as many more, without undergoing any material change, it being in a perfectly dry and withered state. Upon these circumstances the verdict of the jury was—"that the said child was still born of the body of some person unknown."

The following advertisement has been published in a Philadelphia paper, relative to the Mammoth.

Ninety years have elapsed since the first remains of this animal were found in this country; they were then thought to be the remains of a giant. Numerous have been the attempts by scientific characters of all nations, to procure a satisfactory collection of bones—at length the subscriber has accomplished this great object, and now announces to the public, that he is in possession of a complete skeleton of this antique wonder of North America; after a long, laborious, and uncertain enterprise, they were dug up in Orange and Ulster counties (State of New York,) where they must have lain, certainly, many hundred years—no other vestige remains of these animals; nothing but a confused tra-

dition among the natives of our country, which states their existence ten thousand moons ago; but whatever might have been the appearance of this enormous quadruped, when clothed with flesh, his massy bones can alone lead us to imagine; already convinced that he was the largest of terrestrial beings.

C. W. PEALE.

Another account adds—

The skeleton is rather more than eleven feet in height, so that when covered with flesh, we may imagine it could not be less than twelve feet. The tusks are eleven feet long, one of which Mr. Peale has in his possession, and from which he has formed the models attached to the skeleton. Mr. Peale has another skeleton nearly, if not quite as large as this, which he proposes to send to England in the spring. Some few of the bones, which were missing, he has carved in wood, but as what was deficient in the one, existed for the most part in the other, he has formed a very accurate skeleton.

The new royal military college is nearly in a state of completion at Great Marlow. There are apartments already prepared for the reception of 100 cadets, who are to be formed into a company, under the title of the first company of the junior department. They are to be taught French, German, Riding, Fencing, &c. and are to have every thing but linen found them. There are to be taken from 13 to 15 years of age, and are not to remain there longer than four years. Twenty of the hundred are appropriated for the service of the East India Company.

The Bath and West of England agricultural society are shortly to hold a meeting for the purpose of considering a proper mark of respect to the memory of their late president, the much lamented Duke of BEDFORD.

In addition to the many attempts that have been made to construct carriages to run without horses, a method has lately been tried at Cambrone, in the county of Cornwall, that seems to promise success. A carriage has been constructed, containing a small steam engine, the force of which was found sufficient, upon trial, to impel the carriage, containing several persons amounting at least to a ton and a half weight, against a hill of considerable steepness, at the rate of four miles an hour. Upon a level road it ran at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour. We have our information from an intelligent and respectable man, who was in the carriage at the time, and who entertains a strong persuasion of the success of the project. The projectors are now in London, soliciting a patent to secure the property.—*Fal. Packet.*

BIRTHS.

Of Sons:—On Sunday, the 7th March, at Holland House, the Lady of Lord Holland. At Busby Park, the residence of his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, Mrs. Jordan. Of a Daughter:—The Lady of the Earl of Sefton, at his Lordship's seat at Quorn, in Leicestershire.

MARRIED.

On Wednesday, 10 Mar. at the Church of St. Benedict, CAMBRIDGE, CAPEL LOFFT, of Troston, near Bury, SUFFOLK, Esq. to Miss SARAH

WATSON FYNCH, 2nd Daughter of Mr. JOSEPH FYNCH, of Cambridge, *Merchant*; and Author of the Series of SONNETS inserted in the *Mirror*.—The Earl of Charlemont, to Miss Birmingham. At Bath, Major T. Alcock, late Deputy Quarter-Master General in the East India Company's service at Bengal, to the Hon. Miss C. St. Leger, sister of Lord Vis. Doneraile. At St. Margaret's, Westminster, the Rev. Mr. Rippon, Rector of Hitchin, Herts, and Chaplain to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cumberland, to Miss Fearn, of Kensington Palace. At St. Michael's, Bams-shaw, Thomas Cadell, jun. Esq. of Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, son of Mr. Ald. Cadell, to Miss Smith, daughter of Robert Smith, Esq. of Bealinghall Street. At Lincoln, William Davies, Esq. of the Strand, to Miss Lowrie, daughter of Robert Lowrie, Esq. of Lincoln. At Limegar, Ireland, Lieutenant-Colonel Baird, of the 62d regiment, to the Hon. Escher Charlotte Tonson, eldest daughter of the late Lord Riversdale.

DIED.

On Friday March 12th, at her house in Grosvenor-square, Miss Wilkes, the daughter of the celebrated John Wilkes, of political notoriety. She walked in the Park the day before, and dined apparently in perfect health. About twelve at night she called up her servants, and, in less than an hour, expired. Her mind had been sedulously cultivated by her father, and she was a well-bred, intelligent woman. It was understood she had many manuscripts of her father's, which she intended to give to the public, among which were his private and political life, in two distinct works, as well as many poetical imitations of classic authors; she has left her fortune to Lady Baker, wife of Sir George B. the King's physician. At Rhems, in Germany, a woman of the age of 102, having had 19 husbands, and bred up 27 children; she was attended to the grave by 153 sons, grandsons, and great grandsons, many of the former going upon crutches, or led along blind, or borne down with age. At his house in Lambeth-Conduit Street, Dr. James Johnston, Chairman of the Commissioners for the sick and hurt seamen. At his house in the New Road, Marylebone, at an advanced period of life, Alexander Geddes, L. L. D. On Saturday, the 20th Feb. at Richmond, Dr. Moore, father to the gallant general of that name, and author of *Zeluco*, &c. Thomas Bullock, Esq. in the 50th year of his age, a gentleman well known upon the turf. At Strawberry Hill, near Collumpton, Devon, aged 78, Charles Henry Earl of Mountrath. At Shobden Court, Hereford, aged 81, J. Viscount Bateman. In Stratfield Place, H. Powlert, 3d daughter of Earl Powlert. At Chatham, Rear Admiral J. M'Namara. At Bath, aged 74, Mrs. S. Gordon, sister of the late Sir W. Gordon. T. Jeas, Esq. Chief Teller of the Bank of England. Mrs. Ramsay, mother to the Secretary of the East India Company. In Westmoreland, J. Burn, Esq. son to the author of "*Burn's Justice*." At Hammersmith, R. Gimbest, Esq. commonly called "*Lord Corke, of Piccadilly*." In the 86th year of her age, Mrs. Maty, relict of Dr. Maty, formerly principal Librarian of the British Museum.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR
APRIL, 1802.

Embellished with

A PORTRAIT OF MR. JOHNSTONE, THE COMEDIAN, ENGRAVED BY RIDLEY,
FROM AN ORIGINAL PICTURE.

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1802.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A Portrait of Capel Lofft, Esq. engraved by Ridley, from an original Picture, will appear in our next number.

We are sorry that the Epistle from Roger Coulter, of Dorsetshire, to his Friend Giles Bloomfield, the Suffolk Farmer's Boy, arrived too late for insertion previously to the Dorsetshire Eclogue printed in the present number.

An *Allegory*, in prose, transmitted by a correspondent from Lichfield, soon as possible.

To Mr. W. HANBURY, of Rugby, from whom we have received a *Poetical Allegory*, we return the same answer.

The further communications of A. H. have been received.

We have not yet had an opportunity of perusing the translations which G. C. has had the kindness to send us.

The Engraving which was promised in June 1796, as an accompaniment to the Translation by RECLUSE, appeared in Dec. 1796. Some of the other embellishments mentioned by THEODOSIUS, we have declined, and some it is not convenient to us yet to publish.

The *Dactyls*, by HENRY KIRKE WHITE, (Nottingham) shall occupy the first vacancy. His *Cursory Remarks on Tragedy* appear in the present number.

The requests of LAOCOON, (Abergavenny) shall both be complied with.

The remarks of a Constant Reader, at *Canterbury*, are reserved for our next.

We have already much exceeded our limits with regard to, the *Halifax* theatricals, and therefore we hope SANCHO will excuse us if we decline inserting his last letter, relative to Mr. Wrench.

Some beautiful *Lines to Mr. Braham*, by MELODIA, shall appear next month if possible.

J. C. S. on the performances at *Belfast*, at the same time; and also a *Comparison of the Merits of Messrs. Faulkner and Huddart, in Rolla and Alonzo, at Manchester.*

The *Inscriptions* on the monument erected to the memory of the officers of the BRAZEN in our next.

The *Exchange*, by an ETON BOY; and *Separation*, to Mrs. —, by S. shall have a situation.

The former favours of J. B. S. ITALICUS, of *Ashford*, we never received, and we are sorry to observe that the *Lines to Miss Seward, &c.* though not destitute of merit, are yet not sufficiently correct for this publication.

There is nothing striking in the *Song on the Return of Peace*, sung at the Harmonic Society at *Birmingham*.

Errata in our last.

In the letter from Louis XVIII. p. 158, l. last, read "fideles ministres;" p. 159, l. 9, for "stereres," read "steriles".

In the Sonnet to the Author of the Farmer's Boy, l. 3, for "pompous boast," read "pompous gifts."

Erratum in the present Number.

In the sonnet beginning thus, "*Scarce has the Sun*," there should be a mark of reference to a note, signifying that the author alludes to a sonnet already published in the Mirror for March 1801.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR

APRIL, 1862.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MR. JOHNSTONE,

[*With a Portrait.*]

THE pre-eminent talents of this gentleman, and the distinguished situation he has held in Covent-Garden and the Haymarket theatres for so many seasons, render it necessary for us to offer some apology to our readers for having so long delayed to introduce his portrait into this work. The opportunity, however, now presents itself, and if it had earlier occurred, we should have felt great pleasure in adding our tribute to the general testimony of respect which both the private and professional character of Mr. Johnstone have deservedly obtained from the public.

MR. JOHN JOHNSTONE was born in the city of *Kilkenny*, in Ireland, on the first day of August, 1759. His father, who held the posts of quarter, riding, and pay master, in an Irish regiment of horse, intended his son for the profession of the army. His death, which happened in the year 1770, prevented this design from being carried into effect. In consequence of that event, it was thought more advisable that Mr. J. should turn his attention to the law, and accordingly, at the age of twelve, he was articled to Mr. Jones, an attorney in Dublin, with whom he continued five years; and, being a great favourite with him, would probably have succeeded him in his business, but for the following unhappy occurrence, which effected an abrupt separation. Mr. Jones, in a moment of passion, was about to chastise his clerk in a mode that the high spirit of Mr. Johnstone could not brook. He warmly resented this affront; and, there being no chance of accommodation after an outrage of such a nature, our hero resigned his situation, and with it all hopes of legal prosperity.

He now came over to this country, and the money which he had saved during his clerkship in Dublin, was soon exhausted in London. A merchant from the former city arrived very opportunely to his assistance. He had been empowered by Mr. Johnstone's

mother to make enquiry after her son, and with this gentleman our hero returned to his native country somewhat the lighter for his journey.

The army was again thought of for his future support, and interest was made with a distant relation, who enjoyed the rank of Lieut. Colonel, to procure him a respectable situation in his regiment. He was made a *Cadet*, and so continued for two years, with a very good prospect of promotion; but the same indignant, though perhaps justifiable spirit, which he manifested on the occasion before-mentioned, proved once more injurious to his interests, and compelled him to relinquish all thoughts of gaining distinction by the sword. The jealousy of a lieutenant in the same regiment impelled him to make use of certain terms of reproach which Johnstone retorted by chastising the offender on the spot. For this breach of discipline he was called to a court martial at Clonmell, where the regiment was then quartered, but dreading the result, he privately set off for Dublin, and, through the good offices of the colonel, all further proceedings were dropped.

The stage now appeared to be his *dernier resort*, and having been in the habit, while with Mr. Jones, of transacting business with Mr. Ryder, then manager of the *Smock-Alley Theatre*, he had long entertained a partiality for the drama, which his other pursuits had not permitted him to indulge. Contrary to the wishes of his mother and his friends in general, he now determined to appear on the boards, and he accordingly made his debut in *Lionel*, with a degree of success which greatly exceeded his expectation. He was immediately engaged by Mr. Ryder, and rose rapidly into the favour of the audience. About this time he married Miss Poitier, daughter of Captain Poitier, and his great merit having attracted the notice of Macklin, during one of his summer excursions, the veteran recommended him to Mr. Harris, by whom Mr. Johnstone and his wife were speedily engaged*, for three years, at a salary of fourteen, sixteen, and eighteen pounds per week. *Lionel* was again chosen for the occasion. His success fully justified the favourable report of Mr. Macklin, and Mr. Johnstone ranked from that period as the first vocal performer on the Covent-Garden stage.

Mrs. Johnstone died in the summer of 1785, of a decline, and his enemies endeavoured to propagate an invidious report upon this occasion, with a view to throw some imputation on his character.

* For a letter from Macklin to Mr. Johnstone on this subject, see *M. M.* Vol. IV. p. 304.

The aspersion was as false as it was cruel, and we are assured by a person who was with Mrs. J. in her last moments, that she spoke on her death-bed to this effect, "Let those who love me, love my husband, for he has been the best of husbands to me." A declaration that effectually destroys the credit of the calumny with which a few malicious persons were anxious to load his reputation.

What remains of Mr. Johnstone's history is soon told. In the summer of 1791 he was engaged at the Haymarket theatre, where he appeared in the character of *Clifford* in Major North's (now the Earl of Guildford's) play of the *Kentish Barons*; and in that company he has remained ever since, infinitely to the credit of his own talents, and to the respectability and advantage of the concern.

In December 1792, he married Miss Bolton, daughter of Mr. Bolton of Bond-street, Wine-Merchant to His Majesty, and the Prince of Wales. By this lady, who discharges the duties of a wife, with the most amiable propriety, he has one child, a very beautiful and promising girl, in whom the affections of her parents seem to be almost wholly concentrated.

Though Mr. J. established himself as a first rate singer, and was, for several seasons, at the head of the operatic department, at Covent-Garden, he has since considerably enhanced his popularity by his admirable performance of *Hibernian* characters, of which he is avowedly and decisively the most finished representative that has ever appeared on the stage. His humour is the richest and most natural that can be imagined, and never fails to convulse the audience with laughter. He may be said to have given a new direction to the English comedy, since his unprecedented excellence in this species of character has induced our modern dramatists to consult their own interest, by framing opportunities for the exhibition of his *unique* talents, to which in many instances they have been entirely indebted for the success of their productions; and of late years few of our popular plays and farces are without his powerful name among the *Dramatis Personæ*. Perhaps there is no character in which he is more irresistibly ludicrous, than that of *Loony Mactwolter* in the favourite farce of the *Review*.

Mr. Johnstone's appearance and manners are altogether those of a gentleman; he is favoured by the countenance and esteem of many persons of the first distinction in the UNITED KINGDOM, and is happy in the society of a number of the most respectable families. Exclusively of the emoluments he annually derives from his professional

exertions, he has been prudent and fortunate enough to realize an independency, which secures him against the malevolence of fortune, the caprice of management, and the precariousness of popular estimation.

The public will be gratified to learn, that Mr. Johnstone has renewed his engagements both with Mr. Harris, and Mr. Colman.

CERES FERDINANDEA.

MR. EDITOR,

PIAZZI has favoured me with his Tract published in Italian, viz. — *Resultati delle Osservazione della Nuova Stella; scoperta il Di 1. Gennajo (1801.) All' Osservatorio Reale di Palermo.* If you have not seen it I would observe that it consists of 25 pp. sm. 8vo. and is written with elegant perspicuity and the modesty and simplicity of a man of science. He at first thought it a Planet: but afterward for a time suspected it to be a *Comet*, from its great diminution of light. Probably therefore it has, like Mars, a very dense and variable atmosphere. And if so this may account for the very great difference of its observ'd apparent Magnitude last year at Palermo and here in England last month. The highest diameter that at Palermo of 7" makes it a third greater than the Earth, the lowest here of 2" or even 1" make it less than the moon, or at most about equal, as such small apparent magnitudes cannot be precisely ascertain'd. I think it is probable considering its plualion in the system, that it is somewhat less than Piazzi's apparent magnitude would make it, but much greater than the other observations here would indicate. He gave up his suspicion of its being a comet when he found that its computation in a parabolic orbit would agree with the observations: and that consequently it must be presum'd to move like the regular Planets of our system in an ellipsis nearly approaching to a circle. And by calculating on an ellipsis of small Eccentricity it was re-discover'd. The Observations of this year seem to confirm its being a Planet.

Piazzi states that Bode in 1772 had calculated (from theory as it seems of the harmonic ratio of intervals between the Planets), that such a Planet would hereafter be discover'd at nearly the distance which this is found to be from the sun.

If these Observations will be acceptable for the Mirror they are much at your service, as also the subjoin'd Epigram on its discovery and name, CERES FERDINANDEA, which I think has not appear'd in Print in England.

Piazzi has prefixed it to his Account.

*Alma Ceres, pertæsa hominum consortia, summas
Ut Superum tetigit, non reditura, Domos,
Septem inter Cæli volventia sidera, cursum
Flectere, et immensas cæpit inire vias;
Mortales fugiens oculos! post sæcula tandem
Longa, ubi conspectum non renuisse datum est,
Ante alias SICULÆ voluit nova fulgere Terræ
Immemor haud Patriæ, quæ sibi culta, suæ.*

NICOLAUS LIPART.

Ceres from Human intercourse had fled
And viewless through the Heavens her orb had led
Mid *seven** companion Planets fond to stray
Latent, through the immense aerial way,
When, after Ages, to our sight was given
This last-discover'd Daughter of our Heaven.
As chief *Sicilia*†, while on earth, she blest,
On SICILY her STAR first shone confest.

C. L.

* With the *Herschel* Planet there were seven before: the *Piazzi* completes the *octave* of the system.

† As the Patroness of *Sicilia* and Inventress of Agriculture.

THE WOMAN of Megara,

WHILE COLLECTING THE REMAINS

OF PHOCION.

AFTER the death of PHOCION, by a Sentence on which History has pronounced Judgment, a WOMAN of *Megara* (a Decree having pass'd that he should have no funeral on the Athenian territory, and that no Athenian should set fire to the Corpse) happening to be present when his Body had been burnt by a Man who had been hir'd for that purpose, none of his Friends daring to attend, raised a little place on the earth where the Body had been consum'd, as an humble Cenotaph; on which she pour'd the accustom'd libations for the dead. She then gather'd the Bones, and buried them under her *Hearth** with these words, which can not be express'd better in prose than they are in the language of ROLLIN, who nearly agrees with AMYOT, and is yet closer to the original.

* Camœns, in like manner, is buried under the stair-case of a convent at Lisbon, but without any inscription.

*Cher et sacré foyer, je te confie, et je mets, en dépôt, ces restes
d'un homme de bien. Conserve les fidèlement ; pour les rendre un
jour au tombeau de ses ancêtres, quand les Atheniens seront devenus
plus sages.*

ROLL : HIS : ANC : vii. 104,5.

Thus translated by Mrs. LOFFT, then Miss SARAH WATSON
FINCH, about two years and a half back.

Dear sacred Hearth ; within thy narrow span
I place the ashes of a virtuous Man.
O keep them ; until Athens, wiser grown,
A Phocion's worth, a Phocion's wrongs shall own ;
Till future Ages, not like this unjust,
Shall mix his Ashes with his Grandsire's Dust.

DYING WORDS OF EPAMINONDAS.

ON avoit porté EPAMINONDAS dans le camp. Les chirurgiens,
après l'avoir examiné, déclarerent, que, desqu'on auroit tiré le fer
de la plaie, il expireroit. Cette parole remplit de trouble et de
douleur tous les assistans ; ils étoient inconsolables de voir mourir un
si grand homme et de le voir mourir sans enfans. Pour lui la seule
inquiétude qu'il temoigna, fut sur ses armes, et sur le succès de la
Bataille. Quand on lui eut assuré sur ces deux objets, alors, se
tournant vers ses amis avec un visage tranquille et serein, " Ne regar-
dez pas," leur dit il " ce jour-ci comme fin de ma vie
Au reste, je ne compte pas mourir sans enfans, Leuctres et Manti-
nie sont pour moi deux filles illustres, qui ne laisseront périr mon
nom"—Après avoir ainsi parlé, il tira le fer de sa plaie, et rendit
l'ame.

ROLL : HIS : ANC : v. 469,70.

THUS TRANSLATED BY THE SAME.

Wherefore, O Chieftains, Fellows in my toil,
Do ye lament that I must quit the World
But leave no Offspring to declare my Deeds
To distant Ages ? Have ye then forgotten
Leuctra, and this my darling Mantinea ?
FAME is the noblest Offspring : and from her
Posterity shall know whate'er of praise
Epaminondas merits.

20 April, 1802.
S. W. L.

MELANCHOLY HOURS.

[No. 1.]

There is a mood
 (I sing not to the vacant and the young)
 There is a kindly mood of Melancholy,
 That wings the soul and points her to the skies.

DYER.

PHILOSOPHERS have divested themselves of their natural apathy, and poets have risen above themselves, in descanting on the pleasures of Melancholy. There is no mind so gross, no understanding so uncultivated, as to be incapable, at certain moments, and amid certain combinations, of feeling that sublime influence upon the spirits, which steals the soul from the petty anxieties of the world,

“And fits it to hold converse with the Gods.”

I must confess, if such there be who never felt the divine abstraction, I envy them not their insensibility. For my own part, it is from the indulgence of this soothing power, that I derive the most exquisite of gratifications. At the calm hour of moonlight, amid all the sublime serenity, the dead stillness of the night; or when the howling storm rages in the heavens, the rain pelts on my roof, and the winds whistle through the crannies of my apartment, I feel the divine mood of melancholy upon me; I imagine myself placed upon an eminence, above the crowds who pant below in the dusty tracks of wealth and honour. The black catalogue of crimes and of vice; the sad tissue of wretchedness and woe, passes in review before me, and I look down upon man with an eye of pity and commiseration. Though the scenes which I survey be mournful, and the ideas they excite equally sombre; though the tears gush as I contemplate them, and my heart feels heavy with the sorrowful emotions they inspire, yet are they not unaccompanied with sensations of the purest and most ecstatic bliss.

It is to the spectator alone that melancholy is forbidding; in herself she is soft and interesting, and capable of affording pure and unalloyed delight. Ask the Lover why he muses by the side of the purling brook, or plunges into the deep gloom of the forest? Ask the unfortunate, why he seeks the still shades of solitude? or the man who feels the pangs of disappointed ambition, why he retires into the silent walks of seclusion? and he will tell you, that he derives a pleasure therefrom, which nothing else can impart. It is the delight of melancholy; but the melancholy of these beings is as far removed from that of the philosopher, as are the narrow and contracted complaints of selfishness, from the mournful regrets of expansive philanthropy; as are the desponding intervals of insanity, from the occasional depressions of benevolent sensibility.

The man who has attained that calm equanimity which qualifies him to look down upon the petty evils of life with indifference; who can so far conquer the weaknesses of nature, as to consider the sufferings of the individual of little moment, when put in competition with the welfare of the community, is alone the true philosopher. His melancholy is not excited by the retrospect of his own misfortunes; it has its rise from the contemplation of the miseries incident to life, and the evils which obtrude themselves upon society, and interrupt the harmony of nature. It would be arrogating too much merit to myself, to assert that I have a just claim to the title of a philosopher, as it is here defined; or to say that the speculations of my melancholy hours are equally disinterested: be this as it may, I have determined to present my solitary effusions to the public: they will at least have the merit of novelty to recommend them, and may possibly, in some measure, be instrumental in the melioration of the human heart, or the correction of false prepossessions. This is the height of my ambition; this once attained, and my end will be fully accomplished. One thing I can safely promise, though far from being the coinages of a heart at ease, they will contain neither the querulous captiousness of misfortune, nor the bitter taunts of misanthropy. Society is a chain of which I am merely a link; all men are my associates in error, and though some may have gone farther in the ways of guilt than myself, yet it is not in me to sit in judgment upon them: it is mine to treat them rather in pity than in anger, to lament their crimes, and to weep over their sufferings. As these papers will be the amusement of those hours of relaxation, when the mind recedes from the vexations of business, and sinks into itself, for a moment of solitary ease, rather than the efforts of literary leisure; the reader will not expect to find in them unusual elegance of language, or studied propriety of style. In the short and necessary intervals of cessation from the anxieties of an irksome employment, one finds little time to be solicitous about expression. If, therefore, the fervor of a glowing mind express itself in too warm and luxuriant a manner, for the cold ear of dull propriety; let the fastidious critic find a selfish pleasure in desecrating it. To criticism melancholy is indifferent. If learning cannot be better employed, than in declaiming against the defects, while it is insensible to the beauties of a performance, well may we exclaim with the poet:—

Ω ἡμέτερος ἀγνοία ὡς ἀμαρτία τις ἔστι
 Οὐ τὰν οἱ σὺ ἔχεις ὄντως σ' ἔκ ἀγνοίᾳ.

THE CANDIDE OF VOLTAIRE,
 AND
 THE RASSELAS OF JOHNSON,
 Compared.

"The means are different, but the end the same."

It is nearly impossible to read the *Candide* of VOLTAIRE and JOHNSON's *Rasselas*, without an involuntary comparison of their respective excellencies. The subject of each, *Human Life*, is equally important; and, though they both agree as to its misery, yet the mode of treating it forms the most striking contrast in the characters and styles of the two men, and in a very happy manner discriminates their turn of national thought.

There is a conciseness and an elegance in the Frenchman that is inimitable. He is here, as in all his other writings, evidently above his subject; and his narration every where sparkles with the coruscations of an active and mercurial imagination. Humour, heightened by the most cutting irony, is his predominant feature; and his caricatures ever extort the laugh of approbation. The judgment of the reader is hurried away by the rapid succession of the scenes, the novelty of the incidents, the vivacity of the diction, and the irresistible ridicule pervading the whole. Neither the sufferings of *Candide*, nor those of his acquaintance, once awaken the sigh of sympathy; but, in the severest trials, we are prepared for the burst of humour that is sure to follow. The obstinate prejudice of *Pangloss*; his pertinacious adherence to his favourite maxim in spite of experience, and in the midst of the heaviest affliction and universal calamity, sharpen the shafts of ridicule which the author levels against him with the happiest effect, while the wavering doubts, the unbounded generosity, and amiable simplicity of his pupil, divert, reconcile, and endear him to us to the last.

The author is always sure to please: He addresses himself constantly to the senses of his reader, and the feather of his pen tickles the brain without correcting the heart. In no part hardly have we leisure to feel a moral. The selfish baseness, and unfeeling ingratitude of mankind, serve but to provoke our mirth, and the vicissitudes his personages undergo, however extraordinary and cruel, with singular felicity are made the source of our delight. We indeed remember our own *Miss Cunégonde*, and smile at former preju-

diccs, satisfied that there are finer castles than *Thunder-ten Tronck*, and if the want of more than two and seventy armorial quarterings in our escutcheons did not prevent our first loves, death, or some other fatality, in all probability, has done it for us. And these are among the most serious reflections that *Candide* offers to the mind or recalls to the memory. His six dethroned kings, though true to historic fact, serve only as *figurantes* to fill up his grand *Carnival Masquerade*, and the awful example they furnish of the instability of human grandeur and power, scarce strikes us. Even the insensible depravity of the Dutch sailor during the earthquake, drawn in true costume, fails to rouse our indignation and abhorrence. He, too, joins the chorus of mirth amid the most tremendous and desolating scenes, the groans of the dying, and the mangled presence of the dead; and we behold a magnificent and populous city, with all its "gorgeous palaces, solemn temples, and cloud-capt towers" buried with its inhabitants without a groan.

Such are the magic powers of Voltaire's wit!—His actors are a kind of *harlequins*, who undergo' such transformations on the natural, as we see them on the artificial stage, and our delight arises from the same cause in both—the skill with which we are deceived; while the exquisite colouring of the scenes, and the dexterity in changing them, complete the delusion. At one time they are wantonly butchered, at another solemnly hanged; then they are burned for our amusement! when lo! a new deception, and we behold them once more to be deceived again.

How different are our emotions in reading the *Prince of Abyssinia*! While our imaginations are rioting in the description of the *Happy Valley*, we have barely time to form a glimpse of supposed happiness, when *Rasselas* steps forth and dissolves it. The solemnity of the style increases with the importance of the story. Our interest in the fate of the *Prince* never forsakes us for a moment. Our hopes soar on the artificial wings of his friend the mechanist, and when he drops, our fears rise. We behold him in the *Lake*, lend a help to draw him ashore, and then retire with *Rasselas* to a temporary dejection, which soon gives way to hope for a happier event.

We next follow the *Prince* to the middle of the *Mountain*, work with him until daylight is discovered beyond the prominence, and issuing with him to the top, our fancy with rapture beholds the *Nile*, yet a narrow current, wandering beneath us. Our hearts, too, in unison with his, seem "to bound like prisoners escaped,

and we share in the delights of a wider horizon." With *Imlac*, also, we recollect with increase of sensibility the sensations which vibrated within us on our first casting our eyes on the expanse of the mighty deep. We embark with him on "the world of waters, cast our eyes round with pleasing terror, think our souls enlarged by the boundless prospect, and imagine we could gaze for ever, but soon find ourselves grow weary with looking on barren uniformity;" and while we recognise these images thus reflected on our memories, "we enjoy for a moment the powers of a poet." The survey of mankind which follows, their various habits, professions and employments, leave a deep impression on the mind, and the heart is always mended through the understanding. Every chapter is indeed a moral.—The author's reasoning shines with all the splendour and force of truth, his diction glows with imagery, and is every where profuse with all the glittering decorations of Eastern phraseology.

The whole work, moreover, abounds with reflections both awful and profound, often new, and always just: and the reader, whatever may have been the vicissitudes of his own life, is taught the important lesson, "to be contented within the sphere it has pleased Providence to appoint him."

VOLTAIRE commits himself to the wings of fancy, explores regions of imaginary nature, and paints them in the most fascinating colours. The images he presents to the mind please from their novelty, and the spell that gives the principal charm to his heroes, is nothing less than absurdity itself.—Of men, he draws the individual rather than the species, and manners rather than life.—His characters are, however, finely contrasted, and artfully discriminated; and, though he contents himself with a comparatively narrow observation of the different modes of human existence, yet is the sphere of his hero's actions expanded over the old and new world. His reflections and deductions are few, and seldom serious; for how can we expect morality from him who reasons only to deride?

JOHNSON takes a less excursive range; but his descriptions and characters embrace all the modifications of life and manners, from a court to a cottage, from the lucubrations of the learned to the diurnal avocations of the peasant. The great and invariable outlines of human nature are thus filled up with all the different shades and tints of colouring, that give life to his picture, and prove the copy's faithfulness to the grand original. His delineations and conclusions are adapted to men of letters rather than to the unthinking and vulgar. Hence the Frenchman has the most numerous admirers and

the Englishman the most select. The former wrote to delight, the latter to instruct. All can laugh with the one, but few have sensibility to feel with the other. Voltaire discovers most fancy, Johnson most pathos. Both styles have equal merit, are models in their respective ways, and are entitled to equal praise. The performance of the one is a personal satire on an individual, as well as a general one on mankind, embellished with the most acute, the most piercing, poignant, and sometimes malignant sarcasms on human nature, with which profligacy itself could have attired it: that of the other an affecting but truthlikeness of man's weakness and his wants, such as he really is, without the broad mirth of unfeeling humour to hide them. The train of thought that follows is solemn and sad, and nothing but the hope which offers of perfect happiness in another world, can recompense us for the misery we have seen experienced in this. But it should be remembered in favour of the author of *Rasselas*, that as men would laugh rather than weep, the subject of *Candide* has an accidental advantage, to which genius can lay no claim.

It must be after all confessed that, though the Frenchman places every thing in a ridiculous point of view, the Englishman throws a sombre cast over his picture, that accords with his constitutional melancholy and national phlegm.—Yet it is somewhat remarkable that both authors should leave the mind in a kind of suspense: *Candide* is in doubt at the last whether all is not for the best, and *Rasselas*, seeing throughout all the various conditions of men happiness no where to be found, without fixing his choice of life, determines to return to *Abyssinia*.

The grave and saturnine may safely solace themselves with *Candide*, while the frolic and the gay would do well to attend to the history of *Rasselas*.

NOTE.—It is a curious and well-known fact, that Voltaire and Johnson were both writing their histories at the same time, without either being privy to the other's design. *Vide Boswell's Johnson*,

R A C I N E, AND THE SENIOR BACHELORS OF CAMBRIDGE.

MR. EDITOR,

THE subject appointed this year by the vice-chancellor, as the medium of a prize, to be contended for by the *Senior Bachelors of Cambridge*, is couched in these words :

Quenam Causæ sint, cur præstantissima in omni opere ac Scientia ingenia iisdem fere temporibus atque Regionum finibus contineri soleant ?

The question is curious, and well worthy the consideration of men of letters. That it will be learnedly and judiciously discussed by the *εὐχρησίδες* *Αρχαίοι* of ALMA MATER is a fact I am by no means willing to doubt, and I now offer myself to you, not as a knight armed cap-a-pié and ready to enter the lists with them, but as an humble squire, whose only aim is to assist in preparing them to gain the honours of the day. Poor as my own merits may be, the armoury from which I borrow the sword, shield, and spear I have to present, is, perhaps, above the reach of censure and detraction. With this previous flourish, therefore, I shall proceed to the execution of my undertaking, which is simply that of translating a part of the "Reflexions sur la Poésie," of M. L. Racine, contained in the 10th chapter of the 6th volume of his works.

In contemplating the glory of those four ages, in which the genius of Athens, Rome, Italy, and France acquired its greatest celebrity, one naturally inquires, why, in such nations as have cultivated the fine arts, those who have excelled in them, have nearly all existed about the same period ? Why they all appeared so at one moment, that before and after scarcely any are found that resemble them ? which is so much the case, that it may be said of great men that they are both without predecessors and successors.

It is natural to inquire the reason, but it is very difficult to give a satisfactory one. Longinus who investigates this point at the end of his treatise on the sublime, talks of it in too general a manner, added to which this portion of his work is defective.

Cicero foresaw the decline of eloquence ; *because*, said he, *such is the fate of human affairs ; their elevation announces their fall, and they no sooner arrive at the highest pitch of excellence than they begin to perish.*

Seneca, the rhetorician, lays the blame on a fatal and ever constant law of destiny, which permits not things exalted to remain long in their state of exaltation, but precipitates them much quicker than they rose. This same jealousy of destiny hastened, according to Lucan, the ruin of the Roman grandeur :

*Invida fatorum series, summisque negatum
Stare diu.*

It is true that we ought always to acknowledge our dependence on that Supreme Being, who prodigally bestows and withdraws the

lights of the mind as it pleases him best, and that the vicissitude of human things should incessantly remind us of our mortality and nothingness ; but it is not right to attribute this change to an envious destiny.

Velleius Paterculus, who has endeavoured to discover the causes of these astonishing revolutions in letters, declares, that all those he can give, have merely the appearance of truth, without possessing the certainty—*Causas cum semper requiro, nunquam reperio quas esse veras confidam, sed fortasse verisimiles.*

It is common to ascribe the success of letters to an union of circumstances favourable to them, of which the first is the protection of princes and ministers. Mécénases, it is said, produce Virgils. The second is the happy state of the country, of which we are told, that of literature is the ordinary consequence, because in a flourishing land, where tranquillity and abundance reign uninterruptedly, those who have talents cultivate them ; and those who are without, do justice to such as are endowed with them, and admire their productions, because they have leisure to indulge in the perusal of what affords them an agreeable amusement. Hence a taste for letters becomes general, which diffuses that noble emulation so stimulating to great geniuses, always ambitious of fame.

Those who entertain this opinion, believe the union of these circumstances to exist in the four ages so celebrated for their literary glory.

When Greece, they observe, was delivered from the fear, which had long been excited by the formidable power of the Persians, she thought of nothing but of quietly enjoying the fruits of her victories, until the defeat in Sicily. Athens, when flourishing, gave laws to her neighbours, and was the mistress of the sea. Her citizens were wholly occupied with pleasure, and the cultivation of the fine arts which pleasure engenders. Sophocles and Socrates met with favourable auditors ; and, as virtues abound in times when their value is known, Athens was full of men of genius, who gave life to the happiness of their country, and increased the number of their admirers. But when Antipater had saddened all Greece by his cruelties, eloquence perished with Demosthenes,—poetry and painting were seen no more. The existence of the serious sciences was indeed prolonged for some time. Zeno, and a few stoics, Arcesilaus and several philosophers of the new academy appeared ; but the Graces refused to spread over their works that charm with which they had before so profusely adorned the productions of Athens.

Whilst the Romans, attacked by puissant rivals, had to fight for their safety, they could not occupy themselves in the pursuits of

genius ; but after the destruction of Carthage, they sought, says Horace, for whatever Æschylus and Sophocles had composed, both entertaining and useful. At length, when the conquests of Pompey and Cæsar had made Rome the mistress of the world, the Romans disputed with the Greeks the palm of wit. Their repose was of short duration. The melancholy reign of Tiberius, and the cruelty of his successors, destroyed all nerve, and extinguished every generous fire. When such things were seen at Rome as these : the assembly of the people prohibited, the arts banished, the philosophers exiled, illustrious works thrown into the flames, and their authors condemned to die ; then, in that general consternation, says Tacitus, the Romans were deprived of the liberty of speech. And what spirit could help being depressed under Emperors, whose favorites even, for ever trembling, gave proof, by their pallid looks, of the dreadful friendship of their masters ! Men of letters have a more lively feeling than others of the miseries of tyranny—When they have to apprehend that an innocent speech may receive a malignant interpretation, and render them criminal, they dare not give the rein to their imagination, and in this captivity their fire cools and expires.

Italy, opulent and at peace during the pontificate of Leo the Tenth, was, at his death, ravaged by the most horrid and desolating war. Florence, the Athens of Italy, was enslaved, and Rome was sacked.

When the Cardinal de Richelieu, after having subdued la Rochelle, turned all the powers of France against the House of Austria, the fortunate success of his projects made his administration grateful, and it is well known to what an extraordinary degree of glory the nation was raised by Louis the Fourteenth.

The reasons that I have brought forward have something specious in them, but they are by no means unproblematical.

I allow that the tranquillity of a state, and the plenty that prevails, contribute to the perfection of the arts ; but it is not always at an hour most favourable to the arts, that those superior geniusses who excel in them exist. The celebrated writers of Rome, shone before the happy reign of Augustus, which was only peaceable after the battle of Actium. Virgil composed his first eclogue in consequence of having been deprived of a field in the civil broils ; and he wrote his Georgics, as he says himself, amidst all the horrors of war. *Servit toto Mars impius orbe.*

The sad termination of the lives of Demosthenes and Cicero, which was the consequence of their eloquence, evidently shews that peace did not reign in their respective countries, and that it is not to the tranquillity of a state that we ought to attribute the prosperity and success of letters. Neither should we ascribe their decline to its misfortunes: the most cruel tyrants of Rome were not the tyrants of letters. Domitian entrusted the education of his children to Quintilian, and Martial partook of the Emperor's liberality. Persius ridiculed the verses of Nero with impunity. Seneca and Lucan were condemned to death as conspirators, and not at all on account of their works. Juvenal was banished, but under an honourable pretext, and indeed it is not astonishing that a satirist so extravagant and severe should meet with some disgrace.

Many Emperors wished to be orators and poets; however their inclination to poetry and eloquence gave life to neither a Cicero, nor a Virgil. Vespasian was so passionately attached to eloquence, that he made a wide distinction, says a certain author, between his courtiers and two orators, whose names are nevertheless not very famous; "for," said he, "fortune makes my courtiers cling to me, but these two orators, Marcellus and Crispus, came recommended to my friendship by what they did not receive from me, nor could receive."

Marcus Aurelius, the friend of every philosopher, did not revive a Socrates or a Plato; and the rewards devoted to poets and orators in the Capitoline games instituted by Domitian, and of long duration, did not give birth to any remarkable genius.

The countenance and protection of princes, without doubt, excite amongst men of letters that emulation which may be considered as the mother of good works. Often too, indeed, without recompence, men of excellent talents would not have leisure necessary to cultivate them; but let it be still remembered that the favour of princes does not bestow those talents. Horace and Virgil were not indebted for their merit to the friendship of Augustus, but for the friendship of Augustus to their merit. The prospect of reward does not create genius: the love of Ptolomy Philadelphus for the sciences did not bring back the glorious age of Athens.

FRANCIS the First, surnamed the father of letters, did he find, if we except Marot, one poet worthy of his bounty? It is known that this prince visited Leonard da Vinci, when he was dying, and received his last sighs, saying to his courtiers, "that he was able to make lords like themselves, but that God only could make a

Leonard da Vinci." What then would he have said had he possessed a Raphael in his dominions? The splendid fortune to which Amiot was raised by his merit, in spite of his obscure origin, occasioned but a sterile emulation amongst the men of letters. Charles IX. who made him Grand Almoner of France, had yet so much esteem for Ronsard, that, not liking to go without him to Amboise, he wrote to him :

*Il faut suivre ton Roi qui t'aime par sur tous,
Pour les vœux qui de toi content braves & doux :
Et croi, si tu ne viens me trouver à Amboise,
Qu'entre nous surviendra une très grande noise.*

These verses, whatever they may be, reflect honour on a king who treated a poet with so much kindness; and Charles IX. was much more deserving of a Boileau than a Ronsard.

Let us not dwell on the Cardinal de Richelieu, altho' he contributed much to the golden age of French literature, as the father of the great men who appeared during his ministry. Many of them, however, had no share in his favours: Descartes never either sought for or expected them; and the troubles he occasioned Corneille would have deprived us of the fruits of his great genius, if the poet had been more timid. But it is not at the will of ministers that the fire of genius is kindled or extinguished!

The Abbé du Bos, in his reflections on poetry and painting, examines the question before us, and, feeling himself compelled to confess that the union of moral causes, to which the success of literature is commonly attributed, is not the true reason, he has recourse to physical causes, and believes that the different temperature of the air may alter the mental faculties of a nation, so that it may happen, according to the conjectures he explains, that there may exist, in the same country, for a certain time, an air more favourable to the mind than the air that has preceded and will succeed; and thus the generation that shall have breathed this air, shall possess more genius than the other generations, even as the crops of one harvest are of a better quality than those of another.

If this hypothesis were true, the whole of the nation would feel a greater portion of mind at one time than at another, since the impression of the air is general. But who will be persuaded that the multitudes are not as dull and gross in one age, as in that which follows? Besides, those ages famous for excellent authors, were also very fertile in bad ones. Sophocles and Euripides often saw the crowns due

to them, borne away by unworthy rivals. Baviusset and Mæviusset lived in the days of Virgil; Cotins and Pradons in those of Boileau. It cannot however be denied, that the air contributes to the vivacity of the intellect, but it is not that vivacity which constitutes genius. The most renowned poets of France were not born in those provinces whose inhabitants are noted for the liveliness of their wit; and those people of Asia, who live in the finest climates, and enjoy the purest air, do not distinguish themselves by their mental talents.

But why confine the genius of a nation within a certain boundary of time? Do we not still read, with pleasure, the writers who foreran the more famous period of French literature? Do we believe that Marot, Montagne, the illustrious men panegyriized by M. De Thou, and M. De Thou himself, were nourished by a more gross atmosphere than that respired in the reign of Louis XIII? Let us seek a better cause for the more abundant spirit of perfection that has, before and since, spread itself over the world of letters.

I have hitherto refuted the opinions of others, which I find a more easy task than to pronounce my own; and, I confess with Paterculus, that after having long pondered on this question, I discover in my reasons more verisimilitude than certainty. The following appear to me the most probable.

[To be concluded in our next.]

ANECDOTES

OF

THE LATE JOHN BACON ESQ. R. A.

The celebrated Sculptor.

MR. J.—an old acquaintance of Mr. B. heard Mr. West, the present president of the Royal Academy, say, when he saw the model of Mars (Mr. B.'s first statue), "If this is his first essay, what will this man attain to when he arrives at maturity?" The same friend also remembers, that when Mr. B. was modelling the bust of his Majesty, the King asked him "if he had ever been out of the kingdom?" Upon being answered in the negative, his Majesty said, "I am glad of it—you will be the greater honour to it."

There is another instance told in the family, which, however ridiculous, may serve to mark and contrast two characters. While Mr. B. was walking one day in Westminster Abbey, he observed a

person standing before his principal work, who seemed to pride himself on his taste and skill in the arts, and who was exuberant in his remarks.—“This monument of Chatham,” said he to Mr. B. (whom it is evident he mistook for an ignorant stranger), “is admirable, upon the whole, but it has great defects.”—“I should be greatly obliged,” said Mr. B. “if you would be so kind as to point them out to me.”—“Why here,” said the critic, “and there—do you not see?—bad—very bad,” at the same time employing his stick upon the lower figures with a violence that was likely to injure the work.—“But,” said Mr. B. “I should be glad to be acquainted *why* the parts you touched are bad?” He found, however, nothing determinate in the reply, but the same vague assertions repeated, and accompanied with the same violence. “I told Bacon,” said he, “repeatedly of this, while the monument was forming.—I pointed out other defects, but I could not convince him.”—“What then, you are personally acquainted with Bacon?” said Mr. B. “O yes,” replied the stranger, “I have been intimate with him for many years.”—“It is well for you then,” said Mr. B. taking leave of him, “that your friend Bacon is not now at your elbow, for he would not have been well pleased at seeing his work so roughly handled.”

At the time he was putting up the monument of Lord Chatham, a minister, to whom Mr. B. was an utter stranger, was walking through the Abbey, and coming unseen, tapped Mr. B. on the shoulder, saying, “take care what you are about—you work for eternity,” (alluding to the story of Zeuxis.) It happened the next morning, that Mr. B. heard this gentleman deliver a discourse from the pulpit, and watching him in his passage to the vestry, he came behind him, and tapping him in a similar manner, said, “Take care what *you* are about—you work for eternity.”

ACCOUNT
OF THE
DEATH OF VILLIERS,

The first Duke of Buckingham.

MR. EDITOR,

THE following account is extracted from an amusing collection of Letters, written by James Howell, Esq. one of the clerks of the council in the reign of Charles I. It differs in some respects from

the relation given by Hume and other historians; but as the letter was written at the time of the transaction, the particulars are no doubt very accurately stated.

Yours, &c.

P.

*To the Right Hon. the Lady Scroop, Countess of Sunderland;
from Stamford.*

MADAM,

I lay yesternight at the post-house at Stilton, and this morning betimes the post-master came to my beds-head and told me the Duke of Buckingham was slain. My faith was not then strong enough to believe it, till an hour ago I met in the way with my Lord of Rutland (your brother) riding post towards London; it pleased him to alight, and shew me a letter, where there was an exact relation of all the circumstances of this sad tragedy,

Upon Saturday last, which was but next before yesterday, being Bartholomew eve, the Duke did rise up in a well-disposed humour out of his bed, and cut a caper or two, and being ready, and having been under the barber's hand, (where the murderer had thought to have done the deed) for he was leaning upon the window all the while) he went to breakfast, attended by a great company of commanders, where Mons. Soubize came to him, and whispered him in the ear that Rachel was relieved. The Duke seemed to slight the news, which made some think that Soubize went away discontented. After breakfast, the Duke going out, Col. Fryer stept before him, and stopping him upon some business, and Lieut. Felton being behind, made a thrust with a common tenpenny knife over Fryer's arm at the Duke, which lighted so fatally, that he slit his heart in two, leaving the knife sticking in the body. The Duke took out the knife, and threw it away; and laying his hand on his sword, and drawn it half out, said, The villain hath killed me, (meaning, as some think, Col. Fryer) for there had been some difference 'twixt them; so reeling against a chimney, he fell down dead. The Duchess being with child, hearing the noise below, came in her night-gears from her bed chamber, which was in an upper room, to a kind of rail, and thence beheld him weltring in his own blood. Felton had lost his hat in the crowd, wherein there was a paper sowed, wherein he declar'd, that the reason which mov'd him to this act, was no grudge of his own, tho' he had been far behind for his pay, and had been put by his captain's place twice,

but in regard he thought the Duke an enemy to the state, because he was branded in parliament; therefore what he did was for the public good of his country. Yet he got clearly down, and so might have gone to his horse, which was tied to a hedge hard by; but he was so amaz'd that he missed his way, and so struck into the pastry, where, although the cry went that some Frenchman had done't, he thinking the word was Felton, boldly confessed that 'twas he that had done the deed, and so he was in their hands. Jack Stamford would have run at him, but he was kept off by Mr. Nicholas; so being carried up to a tower, Captain Mince tore off his spurs, and asking how he durst attempt such an act, making him believe the Duke was not dead, he answered boldly, that he knew he was dispatched; for 'twas not he, but the hand of heaven that gave the stroke; and though his whole body had been covered over with armour of proof, he could not have avoided it. Capt. Cha. Price went post presently to the king four miles off, who being at prayers on his knees when it was told him, yet never stirred, nor was he disturbed a-whit till all divine service was done. This was the relation, as far as my memory could bear, in my Lord of Rutland's letter, who willed me to remember him to your ladyship, and tell you that he was going to comfort your niece (the Duchess) as fast as he could. And so I have sent the truth of this sad story to your ladyship; as fast as I could by this post, because I cannot make that speed myself, in regard of some business I have to dispatch for my Lord in the way. So I humbly take my leave, and rest

Your Ladyship's most dutiful servant,

Stamford, 3 Aug. 1628.

J. H.

BEGGARS, AND VAGRANT IMPOSTORS.

THERE is not a greater reproach to the police of this town, than the number of beggars with which every street swarms. Besides the regular stands, which may, in the military sense, be considered as posts, the streets are patrolled by a variety of irregulars. Many beggars extort charities by practising, Faquir-like, voluntary austerities and cruelties on themselves: I have seen, during the sharpest frost, one of these wretches lying shivering on the steps of a house, almost naked, his flesh seemingly frost-bitten, and exposed to the open air; or a

woman, with two or three infants hanging about her, apparently dying by the rigour of the season. In these cases, ought not the parish officers to take notice of such objects, and, if really in distress, to succour them, or if vagrants and impostors, to bring them to condign punishment; as those very children, thus educated, serve to carry on the succession of thieves and vagabonds.

It is amazing to observe the industry of rogues to avoid being honest. I have known an ingenious villain bestow as much time and pains in plating a half-crown, as, if exerted in an honest way, would have earned three shillings.

Besides begging, there are various methods of levying contributions on the public. A very common one is for two or three sturdy fellows, after a frost, when the streets begin to thaw, to block up the kennel so as to cause an inundation or overflowing near a crossing, over which they lay a board, and with brooms in their hands extort a halfpenny each from every passenger. Here again the police is to blame; it being the duty of the scavengers to keep the streets and crossings clean and passable.

Sweepers of the crossings in wet weather are another species of beggars whose existence is founded on the non-performance of duty in the scavengers: when the streets are very dirty this is paying for something; but these sweepers are generally as importunate when the ways are dry and good as in the most dirty and miry state.

The beggars of this metropolis may be divided into cripples, blind men, old men, women, and children, sweepers, match-girls, ballad-singers; and, in winter, sham watermen, fishermen, and gardeners.

Of cripples there are divers sorts, some so from their cradles, such as the man who used to crawl upon all-fours; another whose lower parts were contained in a kind of porridge pot. These people may be said to have very good personal estates, their miserable appearances melting the most obdurate hearts into charity.

Mutilated soldiers or sailors, a wooden leg or a stump hand, holding out the hat, frequently is more persuasive than the most melancholy tone of voice.

Formerly, men who pretended their tongues were cut out by the Algerines, got a pretty good livelihood; but this mode of exciting compassion is now out of fashion.

F. G.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

FLECTERE NON ODIUM COGIT, NON GRATIA SVADET.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The poetical Works of John Milton, in six Volumes, with the principal Notes of various Commentators. To which are added, Illustrations, with some Account of the Life of Milton. By the Rev. Henry John Todd, M. A. 8vo. London. 1801.

THE attractive illustration which our great dramatic poet received, in 1793, from the *variorum* edition of his plays by Mr. Steevens, may probably have led to this similar elucidation of our epic bard, by an editor every way accomplished for so extensive and honourable a task. Mr. Todd, in his highly-enriched edition of "Cornus,"* from a MS. in the Ashridge library, had evinced such eminent qualifications for becoming a general commentator on the works of our elder writers, that not to have committed to his care a reprint of Milton's poetry, would have betrayed a want of common discernment and of common policy in our London bibliopologists. In the prosecution of the present undertaking, Mr. T. has displayed an ardour, an assiduity, and a copiousness of resource, which we may confidently affirm that few, if any scholars since the death of Warton, could have combined, with equal taste and candour. Hence it is, that our attention becomes so agreeably divided between the text and the commentary, and that our admiration of the poet is heightened by the skill of his illustrator.

The few pages assigned in our miscellany to a review of literature, allow us not even to give an analysis of the contents of the several volumes: but we can assure the admirers of Milton, who, in course, are a numerous class, that their favourite never has been introduced to the British nation in so advantageous and satisfactory a manner. Ably and fully as the biography of our divine poet had been treated by Johnson and Hayley, the more extended and successful investigations of Mr. Todd have enabled him to introduce many novel circumstances into a new memoir, which he too diffidently entitles "Some Account of the Life of Milton." To those who possess any relish for the 'strains of elder days,' almost every page of these volumes will furnish a luxurious banquet. Mr. T. has traversed the regions of our English Parnassus with a discriminative eye and a discerning taste, perpetually 'studious, like the

* Published in 1798.

bee, of gathering sweets wherever he could find them.' With these, he has most judiciously embellished and elucidated the labours of Milton: * of Milton (as his editor exclaims, with honest exultation) of Milton, the proud boast of his own country, and the admiration of the world: of Milton, whose imitations of others are so generally adorned with new modes of sentiment or phraseology, that they lose the nature of borrowings, and display the originality of a perfect master; and from whom succeeding poets, at various periods, have "stolen authentic fire."

The Poor, or Bread: a Poem, with Notes and Illustrations; by Mr. Pratt. Second Edition.

WE are induced to advert to this elegant and very interesting performance, which we have so recently reviewed,* in order to inform such of our readers as have not yet gratified themselves with a perusal of it, that the above alteration has been made in the title to prevent it being supposed that the author's investigation had been limited to the article *bread*, instead of having expanded his enquiry to all subjects which relate to that grand and important link in the chain of society—the POOR. On this ground, the former title was, certainly, too local; and we cannot but approve of the change.

A Memoir of Transactions that took Place in St. Domingo in the Spring of 1799; affording an Idea of the present State of that Country: the real Character of its Black Governor, Toussaint l'Ouverture, and the Safety of our West India Islands from Attack or Revolt. Including the Rescue of a British Officer under Sentence of Death. By Captain Rainsford, twenty-four Years an Officer in his Majesty's Army. 8vo. London. 1802.

WHILE a peace has been concluded between the principal powers of Europe, the attention of the world is directed to the contest between the French Republic and the Black Governor of St. Domingo, which is daily assuming the most serious and interesting aspect. This pamphlet will throw some light on the character of Toussaint, and give the reader an idea of the formidable obstacles which the French army will have to encounter before they effect (should they ever be so fortunate) the subjugation of the revolting negroes in that island. Among the *Domestic Events* of this month, we have inserted some account of this sable hero; in addition to which we shall make a short extract from the observations of Captain Rains-

* See Monthly Mirror for January 1802.

ford, who was taken prisoner while on his passage to Martinique, and escaped the punishment of death as a spy, by the humane interference of Toussaint.

"Toussaint l'Ouverture, the present commandant of St. Domingo, is one of those characters which contentions for power and the extension of territory, as well as the jars of individual interest, have not unfrequently introduced to astonish the world."

"Born a slave, in which capacity he continued till the revolution, it is hostile to *received opinions* to consider him in any other light than as a fortunate Brigand; but chance has directed that the present writer should be constrained to acknowledge—he is worthy of imitation as a man—he excites admiration as a governor—and, as a general, he is yet unsubdued, without the probability of subjection! His regard for the unfortunate appears the love of human kind; and, dreaded by different nations, he is the foe of none.—To the English he is by no means inimical, and, in possession of many of the blessings of humanity, he courts the acceptance of the world.

"He is a perfect black, at present about fifty-five years of age—of a venerable appearance, but possessed of uncommon discernment. Of great suavity of manners, he was not at all concerned in the perpetration of the massacres, or in the conflagration.

"He is styled the *General en Chef*, and is always attended by four *aide-de-camp*. He wears, as an uniform, a kind of blue spencer, with a large red cape falling over his shoulders, and red cuffs, with eight rows of lace on his arms, and a pair of large gold epaulettes thrown back on his shoulders; a scarlet waistcoat, pantaloons, and half-boots; a round hat, with a red feather and national cockade; and an extreme large sword is suspended from his side. He receives a voluntary respect from every description of his countrymen, which is more than returned by the affability of his behaviour, and the goodness of his heart."

Thoughts on Happiness. A Poem. In four Books. pp. 94. London. 1802.

THE merit of this poem is of itself sufficient to claim the notice of the public, whose respect for the author will be increased by the declaration that, "whatever profits may arise from the sale of this publication, will be applied to the fund of the charity for the relief of the necessitous widows, sons, and daughters, of clergymen within the arch-deaconry of Coventry."

The History of Neterville, a Chance Pedestrian. A Novel. 2 Vols. 12mo. London. 1802.

THERE is some novelty in the conduct of this novel, and the characters and incidents are ingeniously varied. The plot is, perhaps, a little perplexed, but the interest, amid all the episodic interruptions which it meets with, suffers but little abatement.

On the probable Effects of the Peace, with respect to the Commercial Interests of Great Britain. Being a brief Examination of some prevalent Opinions. 8vo. 1802.

THIS pamphlet has been written for the purpose of controverting the opinion that the peace then negotiating with France, would be injurious to our interests as a commercial nation. The author seems well read in the politics of his country, and his arguments in favour of the *great event*, which we hope will be consummated before the expiration of the present month, are unanswerable. The relative situation of England and France are examined with minute accuracy, and the result is highly favourable to us. He deduces proofs that, from the crippled and disorganized state of France and her revenue, we have no danger to apprehend from the result,

Essays on Men and Manners, by William Shenstone. Small 8vo. London. 1802.

SHENSTONE, a name dear to the Muses, will long be remembered for the warm enthusiasm and pastoral sweetness of his verse; and the Veteran Hull has furnished us with specimens of his epistolary elegance, in the publication of his letters. These essays evince considerable knowledge of mankind, and the pleasing form in which they are presented to the public will ensure them general circulation.

Sketches from Nature; taken and coloured in a Journey to Margate. Published from the Original Designs, by George Keate. 5th Edition. 1802.

THE author of these sketches, who is now no more, enjoyed, during his life-time, a reputation equal to the merits of his various poems, which is not often the case with men of letters, unless they have the good fortune to be rich. We see no harm, however, in this re-publication, although we can hardly conceive the edition immediately called for.

Sermons, with a Help to Prayer. By the Rev. George Patrick, L. L. B. late Vicar of Aveley, Essex; Joint Lecturer of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch; Sunday Evening Lecturer of St. Bride's, Fleet Street, London, and Chaplain to the Right Honourable Lady Dacre, of Lee. To which are prefixed, Memoirs of the Life of the Author. pp. 412. 8vo. 1801.

MR. Patrick was a clergyman of great zeal and piety, and had acquired much popularity as a Lecturer in this metropolis. In the

year 1790 he was dismissed from the situation of Chaplain to Morden College, upon a complaint from the pensioners that Mr. P. was a methodist, and a variety of other accusations, which were contained in a very curious petition to the trustees of the College, a copy of which is given in the memoirs.—Mr. P.'s only fault seems to have consisted in an earnestness to discharge his duty to his employers, and the persons committed to his charge, in the most pious and conscientious manner.

The history of this proceeding is a very singular one, and both the act of dismission, and the terms proposed for Mr. Patrick's subscription, but which he very properly rejected, are not a little disgraceful to the several parties concerned.—Mr. P. died suddenly at the latter end of October; and this volume of sermons, written *currente calamo*, and with no view to the press, is now published for the benefit of his widow and children. They are eighteen in number, and are followed by several short prayers, adapted to different occasions.

A spirited head of the author is prefixed, engraved by Collyer, from a crayon painting by Mr. Russell. The editor has executed his task with uncommon ability.

Poems by William Collins, being Odes descriptive and allegorical (with the Ode on the popular Superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland.) Elegiac Odes, Oriental Eclogues, and Miscellaneous Pieces. 12mo. Colchester.

By accident this correct and elegantly printed edition of the poems of Collins has for a long time been mislaid. Mr. Strutt, of Ipswich, a gentleman of considerable taste, superintended the poems through the press, and to his uncommon accuracy they are indebted for their almost faultless appearance. The impression, which is printed in beautiful *Italics*, did not exceed two hundred copies.

The Physician's Portable Library, or Compendium of the Modern Practice of Physic, in which the Causes, Symptoms, and Treatment of all the Diseases incident to the Human Body are clearly and fully delivered; together with the Virtues, Doses, and proper Exhibition of all the Medicinal Simples and Compositions directed in the last London and Edinburgh Pharmacopæias, &c. By Braxton Smith, M. D. Small 12mo. London. 1801.

THIS compendium is chiefly intended for the benefit of young practitioners in physic; it seems to be formed with great care, and as

much attention to brevity as the importance of the several articles would permit. The author thus speaks for himself in his preface.

"An alphabetical order has been adopted as best calculated for a manual. Classical arrangement may be consulted at leisure, as absolutely necessary to the formation of a good physician, and the right understanding of what is delivered in this work; but the most perfect system is not so unerring as to render any departure from it liable to the brand of empiricism, and, where the judgment is not fettered by scholastic dogmas, it will often be necessarily superseded by the anomalisms that are daily met with in diseases.

"In this compend the symptoms are occasionally extracted from such authors as have written thereon with the greatest correctness and discrimination; and as the treatment is delivered from facts and experience, the whole is intended to display a comprehensive view of the present practice,—and to render it more complete, all the medicinal simples and compositions directed in the last London and Edinburgh Pharmacopœias have been inserted, with their virtues, doses, and proper exhibition. It is hoped, however, that the limits, prescribed to such a work, have not been exceeded, and that the object of compressing into a pocket volume all that is requisite to refresh the memory, has been attained."

Annexed to this compendium is a table of the new names adopted by each College, and of their reference to those formerly in use.

The Sacred Meditations of John Gerhard, translated into Blank Verse. By W. Papillon, M. A. 8vo. London. 1801.

WE give the writer credit for his *intention*, but can by no means commend or compliment him on his success in the prosecution of his laborious attempt to translate these meditations into blank verse.

John Woodvil, a Tragedy; by C. Lamb. To which are added, Fragments of Burton, the Author of the Anatomy of Melancholy. 12mo. London. 1802.

THERE is considerable ingenuity, and no less singularity, in the structure of this little volume. It contains what the title denominates, a tragedy; a ballad from the German; another called High-born Helen, and fragments extracted from a *common-place book*, which belonged to Robert Burton. In whose collection of rarities the latter curiosity exists, we are not told: nor does the tragedy appear to contain more than scenic sketches of a drama, which want coherence and incident to produce a dramatic effect. An antiquated style of composition is attempted throughout the piece, and in many instances the ingenious writer has caught a manner, a rhythm, or a phraseology, which approaches the Shakspearian, as in the following dialogue.

Simon.—I am in some sort a general lover.

Margaret.—In the name of the boy-god, who plays at hood-man-blind with the Muses, and cares not whom he catches : what is it you love ?

Simon.—Simply, all things that live,
 From the crook'd worm to man's imperial form,
 And God resembling likeness. The poor fly,
 That makes short holyday in the sun beam,
 And dies by some child's hand. The feeble bird
 With little wings, yet greatly venturous
 In the upper sky. The fish in th' other element,
 That knows no touch of eloquence. What else ?
 Yon tall and elegant stag,
 Who paints a dancing shadow of his horns
 In the water, where he drinks.

Margaret.—I myself love all these things, yet so as with a difference :* for example, some animals better than others, some men rather than other men ; the nightingale before the cuckow, the swift and graceful palfrey before the slow and asinine mule. Your humour goes to confound all qualities.

What sports do you use in the forest ?

Simon.—Not many ; some few, as thus :—
 To see the sun to bed, and to arise,
 Like some hot amourist with glowing eyes,
 Bursting the lazy bands of sleep that bound him,
 With all his fires and travelling glories round him :
 Sometimes the moon on soft night clouds to rest,
 Like beauty nestling in a young man's breast,
 And all the winking stars, her handmaids, keep
 Admiring silence, while those lovers sleep :
 Sometimes outstrect, in very idleness,
 Naught doing, saying little, thinking less,
 To view the leaves, thin dancers upon air,
 Go eddying round ; and small birds, how they fare
 When mother Autumn fills their beales with corn,
 Filch'd from the careless Amalthea's horn ;
 And how the woods berries and worms provide
 Without their pains, when earth has naught beside,
 To answer their small wants. — — —

The reflections of Simon cannot fail to remind our readers of the melancholy Jaques. The prose fragments, whether genuine or fictitious, are so strongly marked by that rambling eccentricity which characterizes Burton, that we shall close our brief report of this agreeable mélange with a short extract.

* I, *Democritus Junior*, have put my finishing pen to a tractate *De Melancholia*, this day, December 5, 1620. First, I blesse the Trinity, which hath given me health to prosecute my worthlesse studies thus far, and make supplication, with a *Laus Deo*, if in any case these my poor labours may be found in-

* Thus Ophelia, in *Hamlet*, "you may wear your rue with a difference."

strumental, to weede out black melancholy, carking cares, harte-grief, from the mind of man. *Sed hoc magis volo quam expecto.*

"I turn now to my book, *i nunc liber*, goe forth my brave ANATOMY, child of my brain-sweat, and yee, *candidi lectores*, lo! here I give him up to you, even do with him what you please, my masters. Some, I suppose, will applaud, commend, cry him up, (these are my friends) hee is a *flos rarus*, forsooth, a none-such, a phoenix! others again will blame, hiss, reprehende in many things, cry down altogether, my collections, for crude, inept, putid, *post eam scripta*, Coryate could write better upon a full meal, &c."

An Essay tending to shew that the Prophecies now accomplishing are an Evidence of the Truth of the Christian Religion. Published in Pursuance of the Will of the late Rev. Mr. John Hulse, of Elworth, Cheshire, as having gained the annual Prize in 1801, instituted by him in the University of Cambridge. By John Bird Sumner, Under-Graduate Fellow of King's College. 12mo. 49 pp. Cambridge, &c. 1802.

MR. Sumner, son, as we suppose, of the learned Provost of King's, has here produced a work which reflects honour upon him as a Christian and a scholar—the deductions, drawn from events during the late revolution in France, are applied most happily to many familiar portions of scripture, and are contrasted with the national occurrences which have happened in Europe. The essay is written with a most ingenious clearness, and the language is well suited to the dignity of the subject. We insert the author's short review of the progress of atheistical principles in France, as a fair specimen of the whole.

"When Voltaire and the numerous partisans, who flocked to his secret standard, first began their attempt to subvert the authority of Divine government, our blessed Saviour was the object, against whom they aimed their open or concealed weapons of reason and derision: to whom indeed they at first conceded the merit of an humane or useful legislator, but whose sacred name, they afterwards profaned with the accusations of imposture and fanaticism. The next gradation of impiety was through false deduction of reasoning, or arguments of pretended philosophy, to proclaim death an eternal sleep. This great point once established, of course a future state of rewards and punishments vanished as an idle and superstitious dream: and as it is undeniable, that an exact proportion of rewards and punishments is not here awarded to good and evil actions, the conclusion was easily drawn, which Aristippus and Epicurus had embraced with more excuse of old, that the Supreme Being concerns himself not with human affairs. Totally to deny the existence of a God, was the too natural consequence of premises, which proved his character inactive, or unjust. Such was the triumph of Human Reason. Human Reason then was to receive all those incense-breathing prayers of adoration, which had before been so superstitiously misapplied. The temple of God became the temple of

those, who had blasphemed his name: an sacrifice was offered to his creatures, upon the altar consecrated to the great Creator*. How is mankind degraded by the reflection, that Reason, the best gift of God, implanted in us to be the instrument of his glory, should have thus been made the idol, to which the ingratitude of man offered those debts of praise, due only to HIM, who enlightens us with its power. 'This was the first attempt, which has ever been witnessed, on an extensive scale, to establish the principles of Atheism; the first effort, which history has recorded, to disannul and extinguish the belief of all superior powers†. There have been indeed men, at various times, and in our own country, who have raised natural upon the ruins of revealed religion; there have been advocates of chance, of necessity, of materialism: but these have been single individuals, scattered through distant generations, and signalized by few proselytes. France stands alone and unrivalled, as a nation, 'which durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.'

Geraldwood. By the Author of Villeroy, and Sigismar. 4 Vols. 12mo. London. 1801.

THIS is one of the most interesting, as well as one of the best written novels that we have met with for some time. The story is planned and executed with great skill and taste. It engages the attention very early in the first volume, and conducts the reader, by very agreeable stages, to the close of the work. The chief intention of the performance is to point out the iniquity of forcing children into an unequal marriage, and to display the distress and misery which too frequently attend the unfortunate objects, who, according to Rowe's expression, are thus "join'd, not match'd," by the rigorous exertion of parental authority. To extricate himself from difficulties into which he has been plunged by a life of extravagance and misconduct, the Earl of Portland compels his son and daughter to marry Joey and Miss Biddy Twaddle, the children of the rich and vulgar Mr. Alderman Twaddle, of Blue-Bell Manor. The volatility of the young lord is his security against the effects of this preposterous union; but the sensibility of Lady Jane, whose heart had long been another's, is too keen to bear so dreadful a shock. Her spirits sink under the calamity, and the tyranny of her husband

* I allude to the sacrifice paid to Voltaire's memory in the church of St. Genevieve at Paris, then converted into a repository for the remains of the French great men, with the name of "the Pantheon," and the inscription "Aux grandes hommes, la Patrie reconnoissante." Of this circumstance, and of the progress of Atheism I have attempted to delineate, it is now superfluous to extract proofs from works so well known as the Abbé Bareau and Professor Robison, Mr. Kett, &c.

† Mr. Hall's Sermon on Infidelity.

gives additional poignancy to her sufferings. She is under the necessity of escaping from his house, with her new-born infant, to avoid the consequences of his groundless jealousy and brutality.—In this attempt she unhappily falls into the hands of a robber, when, overcome by bodily weakness, anxiety of mind, and the terror of the moment, she sinks on the ground, to all appearance lifeless, leaving her infant, *Geraldwood*, to the mercy of the depredator, whose humanity induces him to carry the babe to his home, and become its protector. The mother revives to lament the loss of her child, and to linger for many years in a state of hopeless affliction. The various adventures and persecutions which this supposed orphan has the misfortune to encounter, form the subject of the three latter volumes, which, as well as the first, are full of incident and interest, and will richly repay the reader for the time he spends in perusing them.

The author depicts the scenes of high life with the spirit and fidelity of one who has mixed in its circles; and her talent for elegant and sprightly satire, and close delineation of character, is as conspicuous as her descriptive powers are bold and extensive. *Lady Belmont* is a very finished portrait of a woman of fashion, whose soul is devoted to all its pleasures and pursuits, but not quite depraved or deadened by their wide-spreading contagion. The *Twaddles* are correctly and humourously drawn, particularly *Lady Felix*, whose simplicity of heart and manners, renders her, amidst all her homely attachments, a considerable favourite with the reader, and furnishes a strong contrast to the low cunning and malignant vulgarity of her brother. Some of the traits in the character of *Lord Belmont* are perhaps rather too dark; at least, we trust that society is seldom infested with a character of such consummate atrocity. *Doctor Mirvan*, however, shews us the bright side of the picture, and we are happy in the writer's assurance, that a pattern of so much virtue, benevolence, and usefulness really exists at this moment. There are several other sketches, which abundantly prove that the author is no idle spectator of human actions, and we hope often to be favoured with the result of observations so accurately made, and so usefully applied:

DRAMATIC.

Review in Verse of the Performers from the Theatre Royal Norwich, during the Season, at Lynn, of 1802, with Notes. Sold at Lynn, Norwich, Yarmouth, Straffham, Ipswich, Colchester and Cambridge.

DRAMATIC satire is not, it seems, confined to the metropolis. A would-be wit has levelled his shafts at the provincial sons and

daughters of Thespis, in Suffolk, Norfolk, and Cambridgeshire : with what degree of success—the following specimens may enable our readers to estimate.

After lashing the manager for the penurious fare he has furnished to his audience, the author proceeds to characterize the various merits of the company. We therefore extract a small portion of what relates to a few of the characters.

“ Yet less to censure, than to praise a friend,
Fain would she first thy talents, *Bowles*, commend.

And happy turn, that owes to taste its birth,
Bespeak the ore of more than common worth.

—— *Phillips* —— one whose qualities appear

To fit the duties of the tragic sphere ;

‘Th’ impassion’d voice, though not of strongest pitch,

And the firm step, in graceful motion rich.

Next on the stage *Fingerald* see appear,

His brow contracted, and his looks severe ;

But, stern and frowning, scarce can aught beguile,

Relax a feature, or extort a smile—

Disclaim’d by nature, and the feeling heart !

Bennet, most useful veteran of the stage,

What various tasks your various powers engage.

Next comes, with huge pomposity of air,

And much of what’s term’d vacancy of stare,

The elder *Bowles*. ——

Here oft his jokes a sportive *Waddy* broke,

Here *Jackson* oft his comic powers hath spoke ;

Here *Blanchard* late indulg’d his laughing vein,

Hail’d as the leader of the humorous train ;

Yet these no more—in *Mellison* we trace

Alike concentr’d wit and low grimace.

—— *Brewer*, you, who next attention claim,

Give little promise of thestrio fame.

—— *Brown*, we frequent mark your fair attempt

For the pert *sop* to raise deserv’d contempt.

To *Eastmure* sure no common powers belong,

For hith the Muse shall weave her plausible song.

By turns a *Quaker*, *Butler*, *Justice*, *Crown*,

In every play some part he makes his own.

We presume our readers will be perfectly satisfied with these specimens.

The Thespian Dictionary ; or Dramatic Biography of the Eighteenth Century ; containing Sketches of the Lives, Productions, &c. of

all the principal Managers, Dramatists, Composers, Commentators, Actors and Actresses of the United Kingdom. Interspersed with several original Anecdotes, and forming a concise History of the English Stage. 12mo. London. 1802.

THIS is the most extensive compilation of the kind that has ever been presented to the public, and will prove a source of considerable amusement and information to the lovers of the drama. Besides giving an account of all our principal living authors and actors, &c. the editor has introduced the history of every dramatic character of eminence since the days of Betterton.

It is not to be expected, that a work of this nature, for the materials of which so many authorities must have been consulted, and some of a very doubtful character, should be entirely free from errors. Of existing characters, in particular, biographical notices are seldom much to be depended upon. The well-known avidity of the public to get at the private history of those who amuse them on the stage, operates as a constant inducement to needy and unprincipled scribblers, to fabricate a number of scandalous and lying anecdotes, and disseminate them, in catchpenny pamphlets, among the lower ranks of people. Against these spurious accounts, the editors of the *Theatrical Dictionary* have not been entirely guarded, though we must do them the justice to acknowledge, that the candour which distinguishes the whole work, sufficiently exonerates them from all suspicion of having been influenced by improper motives in the compilation.

With no view to detract from the general merit or utility of the performance, but rather to increase its value upon a re-publication, we shall point out a few of the mistakes which caught our eye on a cursory perusal.

Mr. Allingham—is said to be the author of a farce called ‘*The Wheel of Fortune*,’ instead of ‘*Fortune’s Frolic*.”

Mr. C. Bannister—is not now a member of Drury-Lane theatre.

Miss De Camp.—1779 is printed for 1799; and there is no truth in the assertion, that she assisted Mr. C. Kemble in translating *Deaf and Dumb*.

Mrs. Gibbs—was engaged at the Haymarket theatre, before the secession of Mrs. Stephen Kemble.

Mr. Harley.—1761 is printed, we suppose, for 1791.

Mr. Kemble—has no share in the Drury-Lane property.

Mrs. Litchfield.—Her first public essay did not happen on the occasion noticed by the editors, nor was her engagement at Covent-Garden in the least suggested by, or connected with that event.

Mr. Lee, manager of the Salisbury theatre.—Thetford should be Shatford.

Mr. M. G. Lewis—is said to have been born about the year 1733 by which reckoning he must be now tottering on the verge of 70 ! It should have been 1773.

Mr. C. J. Macartney,—who appeared at Covent Garden in Romeo, is confounded with the Mr. Macartney who appeared in Lysimachus, and who was the gentleman concerned in the dispute at Margate alluded to by the editors.

Mr. Powell—(late of Covent Garden theatre) was never engaged at Mr. Colman's.

Mrs. Ward—was never a mantua-maker at Liverpool, but went there under an express engagement with Mr. Younger. Mr. Ward appeared *after* Mrs. W. and therefore could not, at the time of her introduction on the Liverpool boards, have been a favourite comedian in the company ; neither was he ever a printer ; and his share in the Manchester theatre was not purchased till several years after he left Drury Lane.

Mr. Tate Wilkinson—is mentioned as pleasing Rich, by his imitation of Rich's father, although the old gentleman had been dead long before Mr. Wilkinson was born. Instead of two, Mr. Wilkinson has had six children, only one of whom is dead.

The late Mr. Ross did not make his first appearance at Covent-Garden, about the year 1753, but at Drury-Lane, in October, 1751.

Mrs. Crawford was married to Mr. Dancer, at Bath, and not at York. As her relations would not suffer her to play in the former city, she went in the summer to Portsmouth. The following winter they went to York, solicited an engagement, and obtained it. She was the favourite actress there until September, 1758, so that the intelligence with respect to her being interrupted by the magistrates at York, at the instigation of her relatives, is not correct.

In a second edition, to which the work will no doubt extend, these corrections may, perhaps, be thought worthy to be adopted.— If we had not thought the undertaking entitled to encouragement, we should have passed it over without particular remark. In several instances the conductors are indebted to this work for their information, particularly in the accounts of Mr. Lewis, Mr. Cooke, Mr. Elliston, Mr. Hoare, Mr. Home, Mr. Holman, &c. Upon the whole, we can recommend the *Thespian Dictionary* very strongly to the theatrical reader, and we wish every performance of the kind were conducted upon principles equally liberal and impartial.

THE BRITISH STAGE.

IMITATIO VITAE, SPECULUM CONVERSATIONIS, IMAGO VERITATIS. *Class.*
 The Imitation of LIFE---The Mirror of MANNERS---The Representation of TRUTH.

CURSORY REMARKS ON TRAGEDY.

THE pleasure which is derived from the representation of an affecting tragedy, has often been the subject of enquiry among philosophical critics, as a singular phenomenon.---That the mind should receive gratification from the excitement of those passions which are in themselves painful, is really an extraordinary paradox, and is the more inexplicable since, when the same means are employed to rouse the more pleasing affections, no adequate effect is produced.

In order to solve this problem, many ingenious hypotheses have been invented. The Abbe Du Bos tells us that the mind has such a natural antipathy to a state of listlessness and languor, as to render the transition from it to a state of exertion, even though by rousing passions in themselves painful, as in the instance of tragedy, a positive pleasure. Monsieur Fontenelle has given us a more satisfactory account. He tells us that pleasure and pain, two sentiments so different in themselves, do not differ so much in their cause;---that pleasure, carried too far, becomes pain, and pain, a little moderated, becomes pleasure. Hence that the pleasure we derive from tragedy is a pleasing sorrow, a modulated pain. David Hume, who has also written upon this subject, unites the two systems, with this addition, that the painful emotions excited by the representation of melancholy scenes, are further tempered, and the pleasure is proportionably heightened by the eloquence displayed in the relation---the art shewn in collecting the pathetic circumstances, and the judgment evinced in their happy disposition.

But even now I do not conceive the difficulty to be satisfactorily done away. Admitting the postulatam which the Abbe Du Bos assumes, that languor is so disagreeable to the mind as to render its removal positive pleasure, to be true; yet, when we recollect, as Mr. Hume has before observed, that were the same objects of distress which give us pleasure in tragedy set before our eyes in reality, though they would effectually remove listlessness, they would excite the most unfeigned uneasiness, we shall hesitate in applying this solution in its full extent to the present subject. Mr. Fontenelle's reasoning is much more conclusive; yet I think he errs egregiously in his premises, if he means to imply that any modulation of

pain is pleasing, because, in whatever degree it may be, it is still pain, and remote from either ease or positive pleasure; and if by moderated pain he means any uneasy sensation abated, though not totally banished, he is no less mistaken in the application of them to the subject before us.—Pleasure may very well be conceived to be painful, when carried to excess, because it there becomes exertion, and is inconvenient. We may also form some idea of a pleasure arising from moderated pain, or the transition from the disagreeable to the less disagreeable; but this cannot in any wise be applied to the gratification we derive from a tragedy, for there no superior degree of pain is left for an inferior. As to Mr. Hume's addition of the pleasure we derive from the art of the poet, for the introduction of which he has written his whole dissertation on tragedy, it merits little consideration. The self-recollection necessary to render this art a source of gratification, must weaken the illusion; and whatever weakens the illusion, diminishes the effect.

In these systems it is taken for granted that all those passions are excited which are represented in the drama. This I conceive to have been the primary cause of error, for to me it seems very probable that the only passion or affection which is excited, is that of sympathy, which partakes of the pleasing nature of pity and compassion, and includes in it so much as is pleasing of hope and apprehension, joy and grief.

The pleasure we derive from the afflictions of a friend is proverbial—every person has felt, and wondered why he felt, something soothing in the participation of the sorrows of those dear to his heart; and he might, with as much reason, have questioned why he was delighted with the melancholy scenes of tragedy. Both pleasures are equally singular; they both arise from the same source. Both originate in sympathy.

It would seem natural that an accidental spectator of a cause in a court of justice, with which he is perfectly unacquainted, would remain an uninterested auditor of what was going forward. Experience tells us, however, the exact contrary. He immediately, even before he is well acquainted with the merits of the case, espouses one side of the question, to which he uniformly adheres, participates in all its advantages, and sympathizes in its success. There is no denying that the interest this man takes in the business is a source of pleasure to him; but we cannot suppose one of the parties in the cause, though his interest must be infinitely more lively, to feel an equal pleasure, because the painful passions are in him really roused, while in the other sympathy alone is excited,

which is in itself pleasing. It is pretty much the same with the spectator of a tragedy. And, if the sympathy is the more pleasing, it is because the actions are so much the more calculated to entrap the attention, and the object so much the more worthy. The pleasure is heightened also in both instances by a kind of intuitive recollection, which never forsakes the spectator; that no bad consequences will result to him from the action he is surveying. This recollection is the more predominant in the spectator of a tragedy, as it is impossible in any case totally to banish from his memory that the scenes are fictitious and illusive. In real life we always advert to futurity, and endeavour to draw inferences of the probable consequences: but the moment we take off our minds from what is passing on the stage to reasonings thereupon, the illusion is dispelled, and it again recurs that it is all fiction.

If we compare the degrees of pleasure we derive from the perusal of a novel and the representation of a tragedy, we shall observe a wonderful disparity. In both we feel an interest, in both sympathy is excited. But in the one, things are merely *related* to us as *having passed*, which it is not attempted to persuade us ever did *in reality* happen, and from which, therefore, we never can deceive ourselves into the idea that any consequences whatever will result; in the other, on the contrary, the actions themselves pass before our eyes; we are not tempted to ask ourselves whether they *did* ever happen; we see them happen, we are the witnesses of them, and were it not for the meliorating circumstances before-mentioned, the sympathy would become so powerful as to be in the highest degree painful.

In tragedy, therefore, every thing which can strengthen the illusion should be introduced, for there are a thousand draw-backs on the effect, which it is impossible to remove, and, which have always so great a force, as to put it out of the power of the poet to excite sympathy in a too painful degree. Every thing that is improbable, every thing which is out of the common course of nature should, for this reason, be avoided, as nothing will so forcibly remind the spectator of the unrealness of the illusion.

It is a mistaken idea, that we sympathize sooner with the distresses of kings, and illustrious personages, than with those of common life. Men are, in fact, more inclined to commiserate the sufferings of their equals, than of those whom they cannot but regard rather with awe than pity, as superior beings, and to take an interest in incidents which might have happened to themselves, sooner than in those remote from their own rank and habits.

It is for this reason that Æschylus censures Euripides, for introducing his kings in rags, as if they were more to be compassionated than other men.

Πρῶτον μὲν τὲς βασιλευσὶν ῥάκιαμπισχων, ὃ ἑλλενοὶ
Τοῖς ἀνθρώποις φαίνοντ' εἶναι.

Some will, perhaps, imagine that it is in the power of the poet to excite our sympathy in too powerful a degree, because at the representation of certain scenes, the spectators are frequently affected so as to make them shriek out with terror. But this is not sympathy; it is horror, it is disgust, and is only witnessed when some act is committed on the stage so cruel and bloody, as to make it impossible to contemplate it even in idea without horror.

Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet,
Aut humana palàm coquat exta nefarius Atreus.

Hor. Ars Poet. l. 185.

It is for this reason, also, that many fine German dramas cannot be brought on the English stage, such as the Robbers of Schiller, and the Adelaide of Wulfingen, by Kotzebue; they are too horrible to be read without violent emotions, and Horace will tell you what an immense difference there is in point of effect between a relation and a representation.

Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator.

Ars Poet. l. 180.

I shall conclude these desultory remarks, strung together at random, without order or connection, by observing what little foundation there is for the general outcry in the literary world, against the prevalence of German dramas on our stage. Did they not possess uncommon merit, they would not meet with such general approbation. Fashion has but a partial influence, but they have drawn tears from an audience in a barn as well as in a theatre royal; they have been welcomed with plaudits in every little market town in the three kingdoms, as well as in the metropolis. Nature speaks but one language: she is alike intelligible to the peasant, and the man of letters; the tradesman, and the man of fashion. While the Muse of Germany shall continue to produce such plays as the Stranger and Lovers Vows,* who will not rejoice that translation is able to naturalize her efforts in our language.

Nottingham, April 10th, 1802.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

* I speak of these plays only, as adapted to our stage by the elegant pens of Mr. Thompson and Mrs. Inchbald.

ALFONSO, BY M. G. LEWIS, ESQ.

AND

DAVID AND BETHSABE, BY GEORGE PEELE,

MR. EDITOR,

THE candour and impartiality which have on all occasions distinguished your deservedly popular work, will not, I hope, deter you from admitting into the stage department of the Monthly Mirror the very few observations I have to offer on the subject of Mr. Lewis's ingenious play of *Alfonso*, and *The Love of King David and fair Bethsabe*, a tragedy, written by George Peele, and first printed in 1599.

I flatter myself I shall not, by this comparison, either wound the feelings or degrade the talents of Mr. Lewis, when I remind him that George Peele was a student in the same university with himself—a man of considerable learning and exalted genius, whom the famous *Anthony Wood* has mentioned in high terms of praise.—He was the city poet—superintended the *Pageants*—and a celebrated *bon vivant*. *Meres* in his *Wit's Treasury* has a joke at his expence, not sufficiently refined for your miscellany, but for its authenticity we have the concurring testimony of cotemporary writers.

The opening speech in *Alfonso*, by *Ottilia*, and the lines with which Peele has commenced his tragedy, are the specimens of coincidence I would point out; the former is in the possession of every amateur of the drama—the latter I transcribe from the original, which is extremely scarce.

Even though the traces of resemblance may be considered as too slight for particular observation, the poetical beauty of the passage, I should hope, will justify its insertion in your miscellany.

Your's,

BURBAGE.

David drawes a curtaine, and discovers Bethsabe, with her maid, bathing over a spring: she sings, and David sits above viewing her.

Bethsabe. Come gentle Zephire trickt with those perfumes
That erst in Eden sweetned Adam's love,
And stroke my bosome with the silken fan:
This shade (sun prooffe) is yet no prooffe for thee,
Thy body smoother than this wavelesse spring,
And purer then the substance of the same,

Can creepe through that his launces cannot pierse,
 Thou and thy sister soft and sacred Aire,
 Goddesses of life, and governesses of health,
 Keepest every fountaine fresh and arbor sweet,
 No brasen gate, her passage can repulse,
 Nor bushly thicket bar thy subtle breath,
 Then decke thee with thy loose delightful robes,
 And on thy wings bring delicate perfumes,
 To play the wantons with us through the leaves.

MR. SEYMOUR'S NOTES UPON SHAKSPEARE.

TIMON OF ATHENS.—ACT I.

95. " ——— Thro' him

" Drink the free air."

This I believe means no more than that these flatterers affected to hold their existence as dependent on Timon, and to breathe the common air only by his permission.

255. " ——— Hate a lord ——— wherefore ?

Ap. " That I had no angry wit to be a lord."

There has been no satisfactory explanation offered of this passage. The best I can propose is this :—Apemantus, who is restrained by no rules of decorum, or respect to rank, replies to this question of Timon, " Wherefore should you hate yourself, being a lord ?" Because, being a lord, I should, of course, be destitute of that wit which I can now apply with due indignation against so despicable a distinction. Apemantus would infer that sense and title are incompatible things. " To be a lord," for " by being a lord," or " in being a lord."

354. " So many dip their meat

" In one man's blood ; and all the madness is

" He cheers them up too."

If the sense is disputable here, the metre is incontestibly depraved : something probably has been lost. Dr. Johnson's application of the practice in the chase is a mere sophism : the hounds dipping their mouths in the *blood* of the animal they kill, is not dipping their *meat*, neither can it be said, in any just reference to Timon, that it is the animal, but rather the huntsman, who cheers them. The only sense I can extract from the passage, as it stands, is this : So many feed luxuriously, or " sauce their meat," at the expence of one man, whose very means of living (blood) must at length be exhausted by them ; and yet he preposterously encourages them to proceed in his destruction.

ACT III.

56. "Has Friendship such a faint and milky heart,

"It turns in less than two nights?"

This conceit, referring to the acescence of milk, poor as it is, has been adopted by the eloquent writer of Junius's Letters, where, speaking of the perverse effect of royal interference in behalf of a certain candidate, he says, "It drops like an acid, and turns the election." The thought also occurs in Hamlet:

"It doth posset,

"And curd like eager droppings into milk."

193. "Takes virtuous copies to be wicked."

Quotes holy texts, to countenance vice, or pervert the maxims of morality. A single short sentence from our poet himself will, perhaps, much better than Doctor Warburton's note, explain this passage. Anthonio, in the Merchant of Venice, remarks, on a specious quotation of Shylock's—

"Mark you this,

"The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose."

ACT. IV.

103. "Raise me this beggar, and denude that lord—

"The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,

"The beggar lasting honour."

The denuded senator shall incur the contempt entailed on ruined greatness, and the beggar shall receive the honours that are inherent to prosperity.

247. "Let your close fire predominate his smoke."

Let the tenacious infection of your embraces overcome the effect of the medical vapours he shall use.

363. "Thou art a slave," &c.

Dr. Johnson has justly distinguished the parenthesis here, which suspends the sense; but there is further an apparent want of concord in what follows, which, whether casual or studied, is very natural in a passionate and desultory speech.

"Have with one winter's brush

"Fell from their boughs," &c.

Have fell (fallen) has no proper nominative case; for the construction, as it stands, is this:—"But myself, who had the world as my confectiory—who had the mouths, &c., of men that numberless upon me stuck as leaves do on the oak, have fell, &c." "Myself" as yet holds, legitimately, the station of the governing noun; but in the passionate allusion to the leaves on the oak, disorder and anarchy intrude, and what was employed as an auxiliary, usurps the dominion.

ORIGINAL LETTERS
FROM GARRICK TO LE KAIN.

The late Roscius of the French Stage.

LETTER IV.

Bath, 27 Mars, 1766.

JE ne sais pas, mon très-cher Lekain, si je suis plus étonné ou affligé de recevoir votre lettre. Vous m'avez mis dans le plus grand embarras ; ma femme qui le partage et vous envoie mille amitiés, a été malade depuis quelques jours et garde la maison.

J'ai commencé les eaux avec succès, et nous sommes entourés de la neige [*de neige*]. Toutes ces considérations m'ont empêché d'être déjà en route pour vous joindre.

Cependant si vous pouvez rester à Londres encore huit à dix jours, je partirai sur votre réponse, que je vous prie de me donner le même jour que vous recevrez la présente. Vous pouvez compter de me voir avant la fin de la semaine.

Vous ne sauriez croire dans quel état d'inquiétude mon malheureux éloignement de Londres m'a jeté, en me privant du plaisir de vous embrasser sur-le-champ.

Votre affectionné ami,

D. GARRICK.

TRANSLATION.

Bath, 27 March, 1766.

I know not, my dearest friend, whether I was more astonished or afflicted upon the receipt of your letter. You have thrown me into the greatest embarrassment ; my wife, who shares it with me, and sends you a thousand salutations, has been ill for some days, and keeps her room.

I have commenced taking the waters with success, and we are surrounded with snow. All these considerations have prevented my being already on my way to join you.

Notwithstanding, if you can remain in London eight or ten days longer, I will leave this place on receiving your answer, which I beg you will send by return of post. You may rely on seeing me before the end of the week.

You can have no conception how much distressed I am, that my unlucky absence from London should have deprived me of the pleasure of embracing you immediately on your arrival.

Your affectionate friend,

D. GARRICK.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY CAPTAIN HICKS,

*On the Representation of King John, by the Officers of the Brigade of Guards, at
Chatham, March 20th, 1802.*

Auri

Sacra fames, quid non mortalia pectora cogis ?

WHAT does not thirst of gold make men enact ?
A classic question from a moral fact ;
And still the case is, as in days of yore,
The miser's thirst increases with his store.

But is it sordid avarice alone
That by unceasing appetite is known,
Is there no craving in the human mind
Like that by reason's limits unconfin'd,
No canker which the spring of life molests,
As that its " sear and yellow leaf infests " ?
Whatever ills from thirst of gain arise,
Thirst of applause does still more prodigies ;
That has but gradually its progress made,
But this at once *has spoil'd a whole Brigade*,
Has given birth to folly and profusion,
And thrown *three strong Battalions* in confusion.
Its strange effects now witness'd every day,
Appear'd some time before the present play.
Three officers were absent from parade,
And after all the usual fuss was made,
The adjutant, dispatch'd to know the reason,
* Found Henry charging Scroop and Grey with treason,
But thought it best to say, in his report,
" They're reading of the fight at Agincourt ; "
Since that, one morning when the line was form'd,
And duties of parade almost perform'd,
A vacant file that caught the general's eye
Producing an immediate scrutiny,
It soon appear'd that to the rear had stole
King John, to sound the depths of Hubert's soul.
A thousand instances like these of late
Have happen'd, which 'twere tedious to relate.

Nor does this rage the field alone possess,
But makes its fatal inroad at the mess,
* The play of Henry 5th, was fixed upon before King John.

The taste for wine it has destroyed quite,
 And made sad havock with the appetite,
 The frighten'd messman told me but to-day
 That if we thought about another play,
 It really was not worth his while to stay.

Yet surely there must be some secret cause,
 That makes men quit their wine to taste applause;
 Some sweet ingredient in the wish'd-for cup,
 More grateful far than all that they give up,
 That like a magic spell the sense beguiles,
 I'll own the secret—'tis the ladies' smiles,
 For these to night King John his crown would barter,
 And all his barons would give up their charter,
 King Philip would the claims of France resign,
 Nor intermeddle more with Geoffrey's line.
 Young Falconbridge cease talking of his figure,
 And little Arthur grow a great deal bigger;
 Hubert consent to be what John espied him,
 Nor have to boast how much his looks belied him.
 For these we all our characters would change,
 And follow Shakespeare thro' his mighty range,
 Till each grown sensible of follies past,
 Should make the part of Benedick his last.

SONNET.

ADDRESSED TO MISS H—.

A TRUCE to that dull melancholy Muse
 Whose sombre pencil pictures life in shade;
 Whose woe-refining art the dismal woods,
 Then weeps at sorrows which itself has made.
 Hail to the maid, whose charms so well beguile
 The dreary voyage of life's troubled sea;
 Who, amid scenes of discontent can smile,
 And, in her goodness, bend that smile on me,
 So, when the sun transcendent shines on high,
 Intensely glorious, and divinely bright,
 Full oft an envious tempest in the sky
 Chills his warm blessings, and obscures his light;
 Yet still thro' parted clouds his beauty glows,
 And o'er some favor'd spot a partial sunshine throws.

Wolverhampton, July 10.

CIVIS.

SONNET.

BY MISS SARAH WATSON FINCH,

NOW MRS. LOFFT.

Composed in a Garden.

XX.

SCARCE has the SUN six short-liv'd SIGNS renew'd
 Since all this train from Nature's fostering hand
 Rose, in succession uniform and bland,
 And woo'd to rest the Mind in care embru'd.

II.

But now, with eye averted I survey
 Scenes on which then with rapture I could dwell;
 Now I reject their late so potent spell,
 And sicken that they e'er could charm my way.

III.

For chang'd is ev'ry feeling of my soul!
 Awaken'd Reason estimates her right;
 Cheer'd by the Ray of Friendship's sacred light,
 She dares the pressure of unjust Control;
 And hears surrounding Nature urge complaint,
 Immers'd in the dire horrors of Restraint.

9th Sept. 1801.

THE RING.

DEAR, mystic CIRCLET!...Orbs like thine are found
 Within their hallow'd Empire to enclose
 Such unimagin'd Joys, such Cares and Wees,
 As still in Hearts most sensible abound.
 O, since for me Bliss animates thy Mound
 Few be thy cares to Her:—and only those
 Whence Sympathy more sweet and tender flows,
 And Anguish with encreas'd Delight is crown'd.

II.

Dear Circlet!—while with Love and Awe I gaze
 On thy pure Gold, of Constancy the sign,
 Ah, prompt, if once Imagination strays,
 Recall my wedded thoughts to their blest shrine:
 Nor Look unkind, nor Passion's angry sound
 E'er touch Her gentle Heart who bears for me thy round.

22 Febr. 1802.

C. L.

THE LITERARY MOUSE,

A FABLE.

—ridiculus Mus.

HOR.

A MOUSE of no dull rustic looks,
 But one who had a *taste* for books;
 At which he'd nibble, like his betters,
 And hence was he a *mouse of letters*—
 Long in a book-case had he thriv'd,
 And deep in musty volumes div'd;
 But most luxuriously he fed
 On those which *never should be read*;
 For need it in your ears be drum'd,
 That such for ever are most *thumb'd*?
 At length, unhappy, learned mouse!
 The owner spied thee in thy house.
 "A trap!" he cried.—A trap was pos'd,
 And soon the savoury cheese was nos'd.—
 Ah me! what classic could withstand
 So fair a bait, so near at hand?
 Books now no more employ'd his thought—
 He came, he tasted, and was caught.
 A father, who this deed had done,
 Here turn'd, and thus address'd his son—
 "From ev'ry chance, from dawn to dawn,
 "Some useful moral may be drawn.
 "Observe, my boy, the mouse's fate,
 "And warn'd by that, e'er yet too late,
 "Neglect not books, to gratify
 "Those appetites where dangers lie!"

LINES

*Presented to the Honourable Miss Courtenay, at the late Masquerade
 at Powderham Castle.*

FAIR Courtenay, why in mimic shade,
 Ah say, do you conceal those eyes?
 Such little stars were never made,
 I'm sure, to shine thro' misty skies.

M M—VOL. XIII.

Say, are they wrapt in so much shade,
That they may more successful rise,
Starting from such soft ambuscade,
To catch and kill us by surprise?

Or of their various powers afraid,
Is it in mercy to our sighs?
Lest love o'er many a heart betray'd,
Should sob, "the little flutt'ring dinn."

Then, oh! remove the envious shade,
Let others wear, who want disguise;
We all had sooner die, sweet maid,
To see, than live without those eyes.

Devon.

LEONARDO.

THE RUSTIC'S FAREWELL.

A FRAGMENT,

In the Dorsetshire Dialect.

FRIEND Jahn, 'tis more than twenty years agoe,
Sunce you an' I, an' others, not a vew,
Ware ploymeates wikt; and still methenk I see
The zun-burn'd sircle, romping roun' our tree.
Whare are the' now?—Dear heart!—Why zome to town,
An' zome to zen, an' zome to lands unknown,
Ha' wandred war*, and left us here behine—
And now the task to peart wi' you is mine:
I know ye'll zay—"Why, WILL, so heasty now?
"I thote thease cases wou'd ne'er gleame your brow;
"You're yonge an' lusty—you can zow an' reap;
"You understand the management o' sheep;
"You meak good hurdles, from the brushet boughs,
"Can guide the zull†, or dreve the bell-team ploughs."
Aall this is true—but lock'ee here's the kease—
When my wold vather draps, then draps our lease;
Vor the yonge 'squire wou'd ne'er a lease renew—
Becaase he had a better thing in view:
Zoon aall your little varme his own wool be;
Zoo I'll not stay thick esuel days to zee;

* Var—far.

† Sull—or plough.

When these poor cottages mus' aal come down,
 An' ev'ry orchit, ev'ry gearden-groun',
 Into his park be drow'd*, whose peales shall run,
 Vur as yan stream that glitters in the zun.
 Sometimes, thinks I, how hard my kease wou'd be,
 If I, from zummer-day's long leabors vree,
 In future time (a grote man sleave!) shou'd come,
 To view the spot where stood my neative whome,
 O! how my heart wou'd yache, while I shou'd zay—
 "Where is the green on which we us'd to play?
 "Where is the hovel, which wi' music rung,
 "When there the merry buttoner† sat and zang?
 "An' I, delighted, gi'd my greedy ear,
 "The *Cruel Geardener's Tragedy* to hear—
 "Sweet *Allé Crocker's* praise, that charm'd the land,
 "And beauties o' the lovely *Paggy Band*;
 "While often from the eyes o' rousey *Nance*,
 "Or gigling *Jeane*, wou'd dart a roguish glance,
 "Answer'd wi' sheepish looks, an' wishful leers,
 "That spoke, at once, my passion an' my veers."
 I zay no moore—my heart goo'th pit-a-pit,
 Whene'er I think o' thich a time as that!
 Then, sunce these happy days be gwon an' past,
 An' cares an' troubles comin' on zoo vast;
 Who, while h'as lags and leems to carr'n ‡ away,
 To zee his porish ruin'd wou'd wish to stoy?
 When sich thengs come to pass, ye'll think of I—
 Mahap, then, vollyen|| me, bid *your* last friends *good b'ny's*.

W. H.

IMPROMPTU TO A YOUNG LADY,

BY THOMAS DERMODY.

SEVERELY pleas'd, and heedful of its smart,
 When, idly, you torment my doating heart;
 Then, trust me, to yourself you're cruel grown,
 For, ah! dear maid, that heart is *all your own*!

* Thrown.

† Making of buttons is the principal employment of children of both sexes in many parts of the county.

‡ Carr'n—carry him.

|| Vollyen—following.

ELINOR, THE CONVICT.

A MONOLOGUE.

By Mr. Dimond. Jun.

THE anchor weigh'd, the swelling sails were spread,
 And England's parting shores fled fast from view,
 When *Elinor, the Convict*, rais'd her head,
 And breath'd her soul into a last adieu !

" Ye white cliffs of Albion, that fade on the skies,
 How fair do ye seem to the outcast's dim eyes,
 The sinful-one, banish'd for ever.
 The sands too, beneath you, look goldenly bright,
 And precious seems each little grain to *her* sight,
 Whose steps shall revisit them never !

" Ah ! dear native country, tho' destin'd to part,
 Still long your pure scenes of delight in her heart,
 Yea ! *long*, will poor Elinor cherish ;
 Your remembrance shall make her day's bondage more light,
 In dreams shall restore her to freedom at night,
 And only with *Life itself* perish.

" Yes ! lov'd land of freedom ! the poor toiling slave,
 Tho' sunder'd afar by the measureless wave,
 Shall feel with your children connected !
 And boast of her birth, as in days of fair fame,
 Ere yet, for its sinfulness, Elinor's name
 From the lists of the good was rejected.

" The land sinks apace, and the day-light decays,
 Ah ! how blest will be they, whom yon setting-sun's rays
 Shall smile on in England to-morrow !
 But, alas ! for the convict ! light will not restore
 To her longing eyes, her belov'd native shore,
 She from fancy *her* England must borrow !

" Now faster and faster the flying coasts fade,
 Each instant fresh objects dissolve into shade—
 Gaze !—Gaze !—O ye eyes that are banish'd
 The town, with its buildings, the ships in the bay,
 The steeple, the light-house—all, all melt away—
 And now, the last headland has vanish'd !

"Strain, strain, balls of sight, your faint faculties strain,
 And *something* of England still strive to retain !
 No—tears gush and drown the endeavour !
 Nay, throb not so wildly, thou poor, breaking heart—
 Home ! kindred ! and friends ! soul and body now part,
 Farewell ! native country, *for ever !*

THE NUN AND THE DEVIL.

AN INFERNAL TALE.

THE good folks in Provence the story oft tell,
 How the Devil once tapt at a Nun's holy cell,
 When began the night-raven to croak ;—
 In a Monk's cowl his horns and black features he veil'd,
 His huge cloven feet and fork'd tail were conceal'd
 In a long spreading sanctify'd cloak.

"Father Peter is come to absolve thee of sin ;"
 Said the arch-fiend, and stifled a horrible grin,
 "Confession and tears I require !"
 The Nun drew the latch ;—in the cell bolt he came,
 His garments flew off in a blue sulph'rous flame,
 His eyes roll'd like meteors of fire.

With terror she shriek'd at his horns and his tail :—
 "In the name of the virgin ! thy purpose reveal ;
 "O Jesu ! preserve my poor soul !"
 With long ave-maries the fiend seem'd dismay'd,
 Full of wrath he breath'd forth noxious steams, and display'd
 In his black iron claws a red scroll.

"Thy soul's all I want—these few articles sign,
 "And ev'ry delight of this life shall be thine,
 "All hell to thy pleasure shall kneel !"
 "O fie ! prince of darkness, 'tis not quite polite
 "To pay court to a lady, in such a sad fright ;
 "Pr'ythee take off that strange dishabille !"

The dæmon then vanish'd, and shortly up sprung,
 Strangely alter'd indeed, he was comely and young,
 In a dress quite cut out a-la-mode :—

"Well, you're something at last, you look handsome and spruce;
 "And now, my dear Devil, the writings produce,
 "Let us see what new joys they forebode!
 "Hey day, fourteen years! why the time is too short,
 "These walls while I live can yield frolic and sport,
 "Then away with thyself and thy bond!"
 "Go too," said the tempter, "to sign pr'ythee haste;
 "Fly, fly from these cloisters, and true pleasure taste
 "Midst my vot'ries, who form the beau monde!"
 "Dear Sir, you're outbid, and your tongue's of no use;
 "In transports the purest this world can produce
 "Friar Lewis and I mightily revel!"
 "Take your blood-written scroll; take your curst scarlet bait!"
 "Ah!" mutter'd the fiend, and went shaking his pate,
 "A Nun has more wit than the Devil!"

Manchester.

B. H. BERTI.

THE WIDOW.

A POETICAL SKETCH, IN IMITATION OF SOUTHEY.

WRETCHED Matilda! her heart swell'd with anguish,
 Over her children her head hung dejectedly;
 When the soft voice of pity, unusual accosted her,
 "Why dost thou wander in sorrow and wretchedness?
 Hast thou no husband?"

"Hast thou no husband?"—her hollow voice echoing,
 (That was the string upon which all her sorrows hung,)
 "Dismal my story is; listen and pity me,
 I have no husband.

Long since he fell midst the battles fierce raging,
 Then was my comfort and hope gone for ever;
 Now sorely burthen'd with grief and my little ones,
 Abject I wander.

Against my distresses I find ev'ry-door shut,
 None will lend ear to a wretched complainor;

Few, though to silence my loud importunity,
Throw out a halfpenny.

Soon I must perish with grief, cold, and hunger,
Soon must my children mourn over their dead mother,
Parentless, friendless, oh ! thought agonizing !
To leave my poor children !

Though my stern parents, enrag'd at my marrying,
Vow'd in their anger for ever to cast me off ;
Yet, could they know the fierce pangs which now torture me,
Sure they'd forgive me !"

Fast down the stranger's cheeks trickled the salt tears ;
Down hung the mourner's head, she had ne'er notic'd him ;
" Cease your complaining !" exclaim'd he, upraising her,
I am your brother !

Thy cruel parents, alas ! are laid low in dust ;
There, undisturb'd, leave their failings for ever.
I'll be the friend of thy fatherless little ones,
Come then along with me."

Wildly she gaz'd at him, joy and grief mingling,
In her sunk eyeballs the tears faintly glisten'd ;
Tottering towards him she, to support herself,
Sunk on his shoulders.

" Mother ! don't die yet !" scream'd out the young Theodore,
" What shall Amelia and me do without you ?—
Ah ! dearest sister ! our mother can't speak to us !—
Mother !—oh, mother !"—

Rous'd from her trance by the heart-piercing accents
Trembling she snatch'd the lov'd pair to her bosom.
Greatly the soft scene her brother affected ;—
Homeward he led them.

Despair's scowling clouds which had long overshadow'd her
Fled : there remain'd but the mist of calm sorrow,
Hope, like the moon a long tempest succeeding,
Shone through the scatter'd gloom.

Clapham, 14th August, 1800.

J. G. B.

MAY, AN ODE.

Jovis omnia plena. Virgil.

BRIGHT in verdure, gaily smiling,
May trips lightly o'er the plains,
Thousand beauties time beguiling,
Wanton in her rosy train.

Nature all her charms discloses,
Fields in lively colours bloom,
Golden cowslips, pale primroses,
Spread around a rich perfume.

From the whiten'd hawthorn bushes,
And on each emblossom'd spray,
Mellow blackbirds, warbling thrushes,
Carol forth the tuneful lay.

Milky lambkins, harmless sporting,
Frolic o'er the dewy lawn,
Ringdoves in the thickets courting,
Cooing usher in the dawn.

Music sweetly round us flowing,
Earth and air in concert move,
Ev'ry breast with rapture glowing,
Lost in ecstasy of love.

Thus in Eden's blissful station
Swell'd the universal theme,
Beauty smil'd—and all creation
Sung the praise of God supreme.

Scenes of wonder daily rising,
Widely scatter'd o'er this clod,
Say with eloquence surprising,
Nature's self is full of God.

Manchester.

NICHOLSON.

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA, &c.

DRURY-LANE.

MARCH 25.—*The Winter's Tale*.—The more popular dramas of Shakspeare having been so frequently revived with all the pomp and circumstance which the theatres, in their present state of magnificence, have been able to furnish, Mr. Kemble has paid a proper attention to the public, and a just tribute of respect to the immortal bard, who is at once the support of our stage and the boast of our country, by employing his correct and classical taste upon a play which, though less generally interesting than *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, or *Othello*, and extremely irregular in its fable, certainly possesses many very weighty claims to our regard and admiration. Warburton speaks of it in high terms. "This play," he says, "throughout, is written in the very spirit of its author. And, in telling this homely and simple, though agreeable country tale,

Our sweetest Shakspeare, fancy's child,
Warbles his native wood notes wild."

Dr. Johnson, though his commendation of it is but flat, agrees with the bishop "that with all its absurdities it is highly entertaining;" and its coldest admirers will allow that it is a very pleasing romance, full of variety, and embellished with the finest passages of poetry. How Pope could conjecture that "only some characters, single scenes, or perhaps a few particular passages, were of Shakspeare's hand," it is not easy to imagine; and it is still more difficult to conceive how Lord Orford could prevail upon himself to believe that the play was "intended in compliment to Queen Elizabeth, as an indirect apology for her mother, Anne Boleyn."

In 1756 Garrick reduced the play into three acts; and, though there are many excrescences which may be rescinded without injury to the body of the piece, it must be admitted that Garrick applied the hatchet with too unsparing a hand, and his alteration is, upon the whole, too daring and licentious, considering the sacredness of the materials upon which he was employed. The concluding couplet in the prologue, written and spoken by himself upon the revival, were not very applicable to the occasion, after the mutilations of which he had been guilty.

" 'Tis my chief wish; my joy, my only plan,
"To lose no drop of that immortal man."

Garrick played *Leontes*, Woodward the *Clown*, Yates *Autolycus*, Mrs. Cibber *Perdita*, and Mrs. Pritchard *Hermione*. The acting was of the first order, and Mrs. Cibber was much admired in her song of "Come, come, my good shepherds, our flocks let us shear."

The entertainment of *Florizel and Perdita*, from which the jealousy of *Leontes*, with the scenes in which he is concerned, is excluded, is another alteration of this play, which has been frequently acted with success.

We now come to Mr. Kemble's revival of this evening, by which he has restored the original drama of Shakspeare, with some few necessary curtailments and omissions, thus re-combining into one play the alteration of Mr. Garrick and the *petite* piece of *Florizel and Perdita*. The attempt was hazardous, but its success has justified the effort; and the splendour of the dresses, the taste and elegance of the decorations and scenery, the judgment of the cast, with the stage management and display of the whole *Dramatis Personæ*, demand the most

grateful acknowledgments from every true lover of Shakspeare, and the best thanks and patronage of the public.

The jealousy of *Leontes*, after *Othello*, is the finest serious exhibition of that "disease'd opinion" which our dramatic writers have furnished; and the trial, and vindication of *Hermione* are excessively interesting and dramatic. In the first of these characters, Kemble was inimitably great, and depicted with exquisite skill, beauty, and force, the various emotions into which *Leontes* is betrayed upon first suspecting the fidelity of his wife; his perplexed and distracted behaviour, when he has marked, as he thinks,

The note infallible

Of breaking honesty;

the impatience with which he bears his imaginary disgrace, the "goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps" which sting him into madness, and hurry him to the rash accusation and trial of *Hermione*, displayed separately the astonishing powers of conception and execution which are possessed by this great actor. The awe-commanding deportment and expression of Mrs. Siddons, were exerted with their finest effect, in the *trial scene*, and her enumeration of the hardships she had sustained by being hurried from her chamber, before she had got 'strength of limit,' was unspeakably tender and affecting. Nothing can exceed the grace and grandeur of her position, when discovered as the statue. A young lady, of the name of Hicks, made her first appearance in *Perdita*, and, with practice and attention, will probably become a favourite. She has a very agreeable countenance and figure, and timidity, no doubt, represses at present the fair exertion of her powers. Mrs. Powell's Paulina is a fine addition to the strength of the play, and Bannister is exceedingly pleasant in *Autolycus*. The other characters which are most ably supported, are as follows. Polixenes, Barrymore; Camillo, Powell; Antigonus, Dowton; Cleomenes, Raymond; Mamillius, Master Byrne; Dion, Caulfield; Phocion, Holland; Florizel, C. Kemble; Shepherd, Waldron; Clown, Suett; Mopsa, and Dorcas, Mrs. Harlowe, and Miss B. Menage. The latter introduced her favourite hornpipe from the *Corsair* with the happiest effect, though we do not think it quite fair to borrow any of the attractions of an entertainment exhibited in another theatre.

A correspondent has sent us the following observations on the *costume* of this play, but we think the test by which he examines it, however just, is a little too rigid, and would baffle almost every attempt at scenic ornament. "The action of the *Winter's Tale*, carries us back, at least, 2000 years. In the getting up of which we find in the scenes the incongruous display of the architecture of the Roman and Grecian schools; the architectural styles first used in the reigns of Edward I. Henry III. Henry VII. and from the works of Paranesi. The dresses consist of the usual stage purloinings, from the fashions of James I. Charles I. and Oliver's courts. Among the decorations are an altar of Apollo; Edward I. or the coronation chair in Westminster-Abhey; two cathedral reading desks; a canopy for a court of judicature, and a child's *Rocking-Horse*, from the toy promenade at Spring Garden."

APRIL 5th.—This evening brought Mrs. JORDAN forward, for the first time this season, in the character of the *Country Girl*. She never looked better, nor played with greater effect. The absence of this lady, during so considerable a part of the season, is much to be regretted.

22.—*Fashionable Friends*.—This is the comedy which was said to have been found among the late Lord Orford's papers, and which was acted at Strawberry-Hill, by Lord Mount Edgumbe, Mrs. Damer, &c. [See M. M. for Dec. 1801.] We need not say much of a play that has been so decidedly condemned by the public. It affords a very dispiriting, but we trust overcharged, picture of fashionable life: every man seems to make it a point to betray his fellow, and the women vie with each other in indelicacy and intrigue. The plot is weak; the characters are not discriminated with any dramatic skill; there is no contrast—no situation—no humour. There is the profligacy and indecency of Wycherly, but no trace of his wit and fancy. The dialogue is passable, but the points are few, and the scenes tedious and protracted. The materials seem to have been borrowed from various sources, with which the public have been long acquainted. About the middle of the fourth act, the audience began to express its indignation, which increased to such a tumult of opposition, that the *dénouement*, for which recourse is had to the hacknied expedient of a masquerade, was not suffered to be disclosed, and the dropping of the curtain was attended with a mixture of applause and hissing, in which the *noes* had evidently the superiority. It was repeated on the following evening, but the disapprobation was so loud and general, that, notwithstanding its having been announced beneath the bills for several ensuing evenings, the manager was obliged to revoke his orders, and the *Fashionable Friends* were consigned to the oblivion and contempt they merited. The piece was powerfully acted by C. Kemble, King, Suett, Miss Pope, Mrs. Young, Miss De Camp, and Mrs. Jordan, who we think might have saved the comedy, if her character had been further extended. She sung a cheering little song composed by Kelly, which is turned with much taste, though the air is perfectly familiar to us.

COVENT-GARDEN.

APRIL 6. *Brazen Mask*; or, *Alberto and Rosolia*. A Grand Ballet by Mr. Fawcett, produced under the direction of Mr. D'Egville. In the present subject Mr. Fawcett has not been so fortunate as in his *Obi* and *Perouse*, though he has disposed his materials with considerable ingenuity, and produced some very interesting and effective situations. *Sigumar*, a Polish baron, under the disguise of a *Brazen Mask*, commits all manner of enormities, spreading terror and confusion throughout the country which is the scene of his mysterious exploits; while, the better to conceal his character, he offers public rewards to those who shall discover the practices of which he has himself been guilty.

There is something extremely striking and original in this *double character*, but it is attended with a dramatic inconvenience which we think no skill can master. It is intended to deceive the people into a belief that the baron, and the man in the mask, are two different persons: but if this be done effectually, the plot of the piece is inexplicable, till the very last scene; and the preceding incidents will appear flat. If, on the contrary, the two-fold capacity of the baron is evident (which indeed it must be to the majority of the spectators) the discovery produces no surpries, and the diligence with which the author has so long endeavoured to conceal it goes almost for nothing.

The chief interest of the *Ballet* is produced by the domestic calamities which occur in the family of *Alberto*, through the power and contrivance of the Baron. To possess the person of *Rosolia*, who rejects his solicitations with abhorrence, he

effects, with the aid of a banditti, over which he has a secret control, the total dismemberment of the family; the father is intercepted in his way home, and escapes with difficulty, after receiving several wounds; he is pursued and dragged from the place of his retreat; his house is demolished; his children dispersed; and the afflictions of his wife terminate in madness. All this is well painted, and deeply affecting: but it is nevertheless impossible to forget that the same incidents were exhibited last summer, with inconsiderable variation, in Mr. Farley's ballet of the *Corsair*.

We do not see that Mr. D'Egville has done much either for the action or the effect of the story, and we rather think that his abilities, powerful and scientific, as unquestionably they are, are not exactly calculated for an English ballet, which though derived immediately from the opera stage, requires a peculiar something which our audiences are apt to prize much more than the most finished efforts of classical taste. The performers exerted themselves to the utmost, viz. Mr. and Mrs. H. Johnston, Master Menage, Mr. Farley, and Mrs. St. Leger, the latter of whom distinguished herself, on this occasion, in a very particular manner. Her mad scene was excellent. This lady is likely to be one of the best ballet performers on the stage. The scenery is magnificent, two views especially, of a salt mine by Whitmore. In all the decorations the manager has displayed the utmost liberality and splendour, and the attraction of the piece promises to repay him amply for the care and expence he has bestowed upon it. The music is the joint composition of Mr. Davy and Mr. Mountain, and does them very great credit.

KING'S THEATRE.

The serious operas of *Mitridate* and *Alzira*, with splendid dresses, scenery, and music, have exhibited the full tones of Banti's exquisite voice. The amateurs of this species of entertainment will shortly have a great treat in the production of a new comic, and a new serious opera; *Il Fanatico di Berlino*, and *Arxida*, the music by *Bianchi*. Signora Rovedino greatly improves, and is a support to Banti. *Viganoni's* sweet voice is suited, and with equal effect, both to the serious and the comic department.

The lively Hilligsberg met with an accident the other evening, which for a few nights deprived the town of her exertions. Parisot is now indisposed, and not likely to resume her situation for some time.

ORATORIOS, DRURY-LANE.

In consequence of various causes of interruption, the oratorios were given at this theatre but two nights. They were, however, produced in such a style of excellence, as to occasion a general regret that they did not commence with the season. *Madame Mara*, whose vocal powers certainly never were excelled, and seldom equalled, took the lead. The whole was conducted by *Dr. Arnold*, and lead by *Shaw*. An entire new building was erected on the stage, in the Gothic style, planned and executed by the artists of the theatre, which had a good effect. The selections were happily made by the conductor. On the last evening *Mara* introduced the popular duet composed by *Florio* from *Franklin's Egyptian Festival*.

To the regret of the lovers of vocal excellence, Mara is about to depart for the continent, where she is engaged for three years.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Ashley closed his career with more success than we think he is entitled to, provided the statements relating to these exhibitions, made in the various newspapers, be founded in fact. This, however, remains to be proved.

ROYAL CIRCUS, ST. GEORGE'S FIELDS.

This elegant theatre opened on Easter-Monday. During the recess, the proprietors have considerably improved its interior. The addition of a commodious *fruit room* is of essential convenience to the audience; indeed, the whole theatre is newly decorated, and with infinite taste.

Cross, who abounds with novelty, has commenced his season with a splendid *serio-comic pantomime Romance*, called the *Enchanted Harp*, or *Harlequin from Ireland*: the principal incidents in which are taken from O'Connor's History. They are, however, embellished with the author's usual invention, and assisted by scenery of a new and beautiful kind. The dresses by *Ware*, and the scenery by *Greenwood*, and others, are superb. The piece has been received with unbounded applause, and must long continue a favourite. Mrs. Wybrow is the heroine, and retains all her excellence and spirit.

Cross's *Rinaldo Rinaldini*, of last year, is added to the present list of amusements, and Master Saunders, the expert equestrian, deservedly takes the lead in that department.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE OF ARTS.

Our industrious manager has marched his forces from the East to the West, and on their journey has added to the strength of his troop "enterprise of great pith and moment." *Phantasmagoria*, about which all the world seems mad, is given with great effect. *Mercerot* and *Miss Johannot*, in the ballet department, stand very high. And that son of laughter, *Johannot*, has added to his stock much novelty of jest, for the benefit of the gods and goddesses during summer. Laurent is a tower of strength to the company, and Mrs. Astley is herself an host, where elegance is necessary to decorate and embellish the scene. This lady's attitudes are so uncommonly correct, and so closely in unison with our best Grecian models, that we have often wondered her powers have not been exhibited in our ballets at the Opera House. Young Astley, notwithstanding the labours attached to him as manager, very wisely retains his situation as actor. Mr. Upton, of whose genius we have so often had cause to speak, has again given further specimens to strengthen our opinion in favour of his talents.

The *pantomime of Harlequin St. George* is most excellent, and attracts full houses every night.

SADLER'S WELLS.

THE interior part of this theatre has been rebuilt upon a very superb scale. The house now forms a circle; there is an elegance in its appearance which it never displayed before, and its accommodations are much greater. The boxes have an additional circle, upon the plan of the private ones at Drury-lane. The paintings are extremely well executed, representing groupes of figures tastefully decorated with appropriate emblems. The front of the stage is fancifully ornamented in the gothic style, the scenery is good, and does credit to the taste of

the manager. The interlude, rather resembling in plan Colman's "New Hay at the Old Market," is a most witty production, and is, we understand, written by Mr. C. Dibdin, Junr. who, to the gratification of all lovers of fun and merriment, is still the manager. Where there has been such industry, accompanied with so much ability, we can hardly think it possible that the success will not be commensurate to the exertion:—our good wishes go with Mr. Dibdin completely. The pantomime, by the same author, has all the cleverness of his former meritorious productions.

PROVINCIAL DRAMA, &c.

Theatre Royal MANCHESTER.—Having lately spent a short time at this place, I send you a few remarks on the theatre, which appears to be conducted on as liberal a scale as any in the country. The house itself is elegantly ornamented, the performers altogether form a very respectable company, the orchestra is excellent, and the unusual mass of scenery, &c. evinces a most laudable spirit on the part of the managers Messrs. Ward and Bellamy. I shall enumerate the performances I witnessed, and offer a few remarks on each, as they occur to me.

MARCH 9.—*School for Prejudice, Benevolent Tar, and Phantasmagoria.*—Old Liberal was very well supported by Mr. Penson, as are all his old men, but he is by no means fit for such characters as Will Steady. Mr. Gordon's Frank Liberal was every thing the author intended. His figure is admirably calculated for genteel comedy, and his countenance is very good; but in parts which require a rapidity of utterance, he is not always distinct. This seems to be the effect of some nasal obstruction, and is, perhaps, but temporary. In other respects Mr. G. is improved since he left the Nottingham and Derby company. I could not perceive that Mr. Ward, in the Jew, was at all guilty of neglecting the dialect, a charge laid against him in your work a year ago. He gave great effect to the character. Chevy Chase did not suit Mr. Bengough's talents. Miss Ward was a very feeble Mary Anne, but Mrs. Bellamy did ample justice to Fanny. The after-piece was not very well performed, and the evening's entertainment concluded with a most despicable imitation of the Phantasmagoria exhibited at the Lyceum.

10.—*Suspicious Husband and Village Lawyer.*—Mr. Swendall's Strickland was chaste, impressive, and gentlemanly; Mr. Ward's Ranger a richly coloured and highly finished portrait of a frolic-loving rake. A better Clarinda than Mrs. Bellamy criticism could not require. Scout and Sheepface are very seldom, if ever, so well personated out of London, as they were this evening by Mr. Gordon and Mr. Penson.

11.—*Speed the Plough and Spoiled Child, by desire of the Agricultural Society.*—Mr. Bengough is entitled to much praise, but he had not disguised his features sufficiently for Sir Philip, and Mrs. Ward could not disguise her's sufficiently for Miss Blandford. The father looked at least a dozen years younger than the daughter. It is astonishing (as more than one of your correspondents has before remarked) that this lady does not resign the character, but it is still more astonishing that she should have ever taken it. Mr. Faulkner was the Henry, and a very poor one. Of this gentleman and Miss Ward, who performed Susan

Ashfield, I shall speak more at large below. The three Handys and Farmer Ashfield were all extremely well sustained by Mr. Penson, Mr. Gordon, Mrs. Tayleure (late Mrs. Bernard) and Mr. Swendall. A ploughing-match had taken place near Manchester in the morning, which gave an additional spirit to the piece. Mrs. Bellamy (except in the songs) is a charming Little Pickle, and Mr. Gordon a most whimsical Tag. He was very ably supported by Mrs. Tayleure in Miss Pickle.

15.—*Alfonso and Review.*—It is with pleasure that I have now to notice a most promising actor, Mr. Huddart, who has not, I understand, been long upon the stage. His voice, person, countenance, and action are all in his favour. The last, however, will still admit of considerable improvement; and once or twice a false emphasis struck the ear; but amidst so many beauties, it is hardly justifiable to point out a few defects, which talents so great will certainly soon remove. Cesario is not an easy character. He is in constant perturbation; and the actor should, of course, be able to display the various sources from which this perturbation proceeds. Mr. H. in his attempts to do so, was uncommonly successful. The conflict of passions was not expressed (as is too frequently the case) by one continued rant; but each, however rapid the transition, was accurately shewn, and all combined with quick successive force to form one dreadful whole. Orsino by Mr. Faulkner, *bad*; the King by Mr. Bengough, *good*; but he again looked too young. Otilia and Amelrosa were exquisitely performed by Mrs. Ward and Mrs. Bellamy. On this occasion, the former was in her proper sphere—as for the latter, she is never out of it. In tragedy, comedy, or farce; as an injured princess, a fashionable lady, a sentimental girl, or a romp, she always delights the audience. I did not see the farce this evening.

17.—*Poor Gentleman and Poor Soldier.*—Lieutenant Worthington was allotted to Mr. Faulkner. I have, perhaps, not seen enough of this gentleman to justify me in forming a decided opinion so materially different from those which have appeared in former numbers of your miscellany; but from his Henry, Orsino, and Worthington, he does not appear to me capable of supporting first-rate characters. He has a genteel person, and not a bad voice. Sometimes, though only seldom, he shews himself possessed of feeling; but, of energy or dignity he seems to have no idea. Mr. Penson and Mr. Swendall in Sir Robert Bramble and old Humphrey, afforded much merriment, Mr. Hollingsworth's Stephen was but very indifferent. His "rich comic vein" mentioned in your number for January, I have never yet discovered. Mr. Ward was an excellent Frederick. Imagination cannot conceive a more interesting Emily than Mrs. Bellamy, and Mrs. Tayleure did much credit to the blood of the Mac Taba. I did not think Mr. Carr a bad Corporal; but his dress was too new and bright. A literary friend of mine, resident at Manchester (whose critical acumen is well known to the public) suggested that there was nothing unnatural in this, as the Corporal might lately have received his new uniform from Chelsea. I grant the case is possible; but as attention to *costume* is of evident importance on the stage, all the possibilities should be taken into consideration, and the result would dictate what dress ought to be adopted, as productive of the greatest effect.

Upon this principle, I contend that if Mr. C. had worn a very old uniform, he would have given a better idea of the veteran corporal, and that if his coat had been threadbare, it would have more become him than the blazing scarlet of a mail-coach guard on the king's birthday. Much as I admired the humour with

which Mr. Gordon portrayed Ollapod, I must also enter a protest against his dress, which was still more exceptionable than that of Mr. Mathews in the same character; mentioned in my late remarks on the Hull theatre. It is wonderful that an author's express directions should be so little attended to. I remember to have seen Captain Fitzroy in the Poor Soldier, performed by an actor of the York company in a *blue* coat, though he must have known that a challenge intended for Patrick would be delivered to him, merely because they might equally be described as the man in the *red* coat. Mr. Bellamy and Mrs. Addison, whose vocal powers are of the first order, gratified the public in Dermot and Norah. It was Mrs. Addison's first appearance after a severe illness, and she was greeted with a thunder of applause. Mr. Penson displayed his accustomed humour in Darby, but Mr. and Mrs. Darcy shewed no superior talent in Patrick and Kathleen. He was a *poor soldier* indeed.

18.—*Lover's Vows* and *Blue-Beard*. Mr. Swendall has great merit in many respects; but I agree with F. (vol. II. p. 136) that Baron Wildenhaim is beyond his powers. It is not my wish to make any invidious comparisons; but often as I have seen this play on the continent, in London, and the country, I must avow that Mr. Huddart gave me greater satisfaction in Frederick than any other performer. He has made no one his model, but evidently acts from his own feelings and judgment. Some of his tones strike instantaneously to the heart. The scene in which Frederick discovers himself to his father was a treat which any lover of the drama might with justice envy. The whole audience seemed to have but one soul, and that soul the actor harrowed up. Mr. H. is very much indebted to nature for many valuable requisites in the profession he has chosen, and, by close application, he will doubtless arrive at considerable eminence. Mr. Penson did not make so much of the Butler as might have been expected; but Mr. Bengough's Anhalt was too good to be unnoticed. Agatha again brought forward Mrs. Ward to great advantage. I wish I could congratulate Miss W. on any distant prospect of possessing such talents as she might doubly hope for by inheritance; but the same impartial justice which guided my pen as to Mr. Faulkner, compels me to remark, that in Miss Howard, Susan Ashfield, and Amelia Wildenhaim, she was often inanimate, and still more often affected. *Blue-Beard* is most magnificently *got up* here, and forms a striking contrast to the paltry exhibition I witnessed at the *Theatre-Royal HULL*. The illuminated garden (which was totally omitted at the latter place) is as splendid as at Drury-Lane. Mr. Bellamy and Mrs. Addison again charmed the amateurs of music in Selim and Fatima. I wish before Mrs. Darcy plays Irene again, that she would persuade the wardrobe-keeper to let her have a cleaner dress. The camel acted very well, but I never before saw an elephant with a flat face and goggling eyes. The study of managers in general is to assist scenic deception. You will, therefore, Mr. Editor, be surprised at the following quotation from the play-bill. "*Blue-Beard* will be carried on the elephant, preceded by—*The Royal Manchester and Salford Volunteer Band*. You already know that I am a great stickler for propriety of dress; and may easily suppose how agreeably I was disappointed when this band appeared, not as Royal Volunteers, but as slaves of the Great Bashaw. Exclusive of the ridiculous idea conveyed by the play-bill, I cannot, for the life of me, discover why the public was not told that Abomeliqne would be preceded by his *own* band; for, surely, if to excite curiosity was the object, it would have been better policy to offer some

thing new than merely to state that musicians would appear, who might constantly be seen and heard gratis in the street.

NOTTINGAMIENSIS.

Theatre WOLVERHAMPTON.—This theatre has been opened eight weeks, and the manager has experienced rather an unusual run of full houses; indeed he merits the liberality of the public by his exertions to please. As your correspondent *Civi*s promised, in your last number, some particulars of the merits of the company, I shall confine my remarks to a new farce (written by Mr. Amphlett of this town) which was produced yesterday evening for the benefit of Mrs. Hoy, the manager's wife. It is entitled *The Astronomer*. The *Dramatis Personæ* as follows: *Marshall*, Mr. Archer; *Timothy Tube*, Mr. Shuter; *Captain Tube*, Mr. Farren; *Phillip*, Mr. G. Shuter; *Landlord*, Mr. Chambers; *Rhymo*, Mr. Fox; *Miss Tube*, Mrs. Farren; *Mrs. Rhymo*, Mrs. Chambers.

Marshall a young man of fortune and genius, having conceived an affection for Miss Tube, wishes to become her admirer in form. He has already contracted a friendship with Captain Tube her brother, and the first scene opens with the arrival of the friends at an inn, in the neighbourhood of old Timothy's house. Here they concert a method of introduction, and as the Captain knows his father's reigning foible is astronomy, and that he will never consent to his daughter's marriage, but with one of a similar taste, it is agreed, that the lover shall be announced as a person who admires and studies that science. In short the old man agrees to the union, and hugs himself in the idea that he has wedded his daughter to one of the first astronomers of the age. He afterwards discovers the deceit, but, like a true philosopher, reconciles himself to that which is inevitable. Such is the story of the piece, which, though rather a stale one, the author has so judiciously blended with satire and humour, as to render it at once instructive and entertaining. The characters of Rhymo and Phillip (hired servants to Marshall and Timothy) kept the audience in a continual roar of laughter, and discover the writer to possess no small degree of original conception in the choice of such incidents as are best calculated for stage effect. The extravagance of Timothy Tube in his astronomical flight, adds much to the low comedy of the piece: nor is the author deficient in the more refined sentimental parts, between the brother and sister and their friend Marshall. Indeed the farce seems equally well calculated for reading and representation, and the audience, which was very respectable and unusually numerous, testified an uniform approbation. It is reported the author means to publish it; if so, Mr. Editor, you may have an opportunity of giving your readers a more accurate account.

Wolverhampton, Feb. 20, 1802.

W.

Theatre WOLVERHAMPTON.—This theatre closed on Saturday March 6, 1802, with the "Mountaineers," and the grand spectacle of "Oscar and Malvina," which the manager, Mr. Hoy, has brought forward at a prodigious expense. The machinery, dresses, decorations, &c. were entirely new, and would do credit to a much superior theatre. "Paul and Virginia" likewise has been brought forward in a very superior and magnificent style. Phantasmagoria, or the new system of Spectrology, has been exhibited, in addition to the customary amusements, so that the manager has seldom had a better run of good houses, nor has the town lately been entertained with such a constant suc-

cession of novelties. A new farce, entitled "The Astronomer," written by a gentleman of the town, was brought forward for Mrs. Hoy's benefit, and received with general approbation by a genteel and crowded audience. From the hurry in which it was gotten up, being only three days in preparation, the intention of the author doubtless would not sometimes be conveyed, nor the structure of the sentences preserved. We have been pestered, this season, Mr. Editor, with the private quarrels of the performers, and have witnessed a few instances of extreme presumption, that are *new* in the annals of impudence; such as excite a *merry kind of contempt*, that does not descend to the general mode of disapprobation. Public performers cannot be too often reminded of the lines of our celebrated moralist.

The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,

And those who live to please, must please to live.

Mr. Archer, our principal male performer, has been the representative of Hamlet, Shylock, Richard, Octavian, Stukely, &c. which he has performed mostly to the satisfaction of the town. We do not, with many of our provincial fire-side critics, compare him with a Kemble or a Cooke. We believe Mr. Archer to be a man of more sense than to be gratified with such praise. His performance is generally correct and animated, and often striking and impressive. Mrs. Farren we believe to be a performer possessing more powers than the town in general has given her credit for, both as a singer and as an actress. Her figure is genteel and interesting, and her general demeanour stage-like and prepossessing.—Mr. Farren is a very young man, and has acquired ease and grace in his acting since we saw him last, but nothing more: his acting, since his benefit, which probably did not answer his expectations, has been intolerably slovenly: his speaking is the declamation of a school-boy—his pronunciation glaringly vulgar and incorrect,—and his conception of character notoriously defective and inconsistent. We would particularly recommend Mr. G. Shuter to the notice of the manager, a young man of very promising talents in low comedy, which, if duly cultivated, cannot fail to render him a considerable addition to the company. Mr. and Mrs. Gibbon are always correct in their parts, and are both very attentive to stage business. Mrs. Chambers is an actress of very surpassing merit in old ladies. Mrs. Edwards, if her figure were not objectionable, would, without exception, be the best performer in the company. She is a critical speaker, and an animated actress. The rest of the company, Mr. Editor, are mere expletives (excepting those I have often spoken of before) a mere retinue of a carriage or the tail of a comet.

Civis.

Theatre BRIDGNORTH.—This theatre closed on Tuesday, March 16, 1802, with the *Belle's Stratagem*, and *Sicilian Romance*, being for the benefit of Mr. Stanton. I attended the representation of the *Will*, with the *Trip to Dover*, being for the benefit of Mr. Knight, their favourite low comedian. The receipt of the house was £45 16s., which when the audience are in their proper place, will hold but £30. The stage was crowded even to suffocation, till there were but two yards square for the actors, whom we were often puzzled to distinguish from the audience. Mr. Knight possesses a deal of comic humour, which, if modulated, and restrained within the bounds of consistency, will render him a distinguished actor.

Civis.

DOMESTIC EVENTS.

A trial was lately made of a gun, on a new construction, invented by the Hon. Colonel Blaguire; and on Friday various experiments were made in Hyde Park, by the inventor, on this curious piece of ordnance. The following are some of its properties: it measures about a foot in length, and requires only one tenth of the quantity of powder used with heavy ordnance, and one man alone can load and fire it with astonishing quickness; neither sponge, ramrod, nor cartridge being necessary. These are some of the advantages that this instrument of destruction possesses; and it will be found to have many more.

A boatswain's mate of one of the ships lately paid off at Plymouth, was waylaid by some of the ship's company, who seized him, cut off his ears, and actually put them in his pocket. The villains then made their escape, leaving the poor fellow in the most pitiable condition.

David Forrester, lately executed for the murder of Captain Pigott, of the *Hermione*, made the following shocking confession a few minutes previous to his being turned off:—"That he went into the cabin, and forced Captain Pigott overboard through the port while he was alive. He then got on the quarter-deck, and found the first lieutenant begging for his life, saying he had a wife and three children depending on him for support; he took hold of him, and assisted in heaving him overboard alive; and declared he did not think the people would have taken his life, had he not first laid hold of him. A cry was then heard through the ship, that lieutenant Douglas could not be found; he took a lantern and candle and went into the gun-room, and found the lieutenant under the Marine officer's cabin; he called in the rest of the people, when they dragged him on deck and threw him overboard. He next caught hold of Mr. Smith, midshipman; a scuffle ensued, and finding him likely to get away, he struck him with his tomahawk, and threw him overboard. The general cry next was for putting all the officers to death, that they might not appear as evidence against them, and he seized on the captain's clerk, who was immediately put to death."

A marvellous letter from Surinam states, that Capt. BROWN, of the 5th battalion of the 60th regiment, being out on a shooting party upon the Surinam river, saw a large shark near in shore, which he shot at with a bow and arrow. The fish was evidently struck, and went down, and the next morning it was seen in a wounded state close in shore; on which boats went off and brought it in and killed it; and, on opening it, to the astonishment of Captain BROWN, and a considerable number of people, there was found in the stomach a woman, genteelly dressed, and entire, except her head, which had been evidently severed from the body. A correspondent, who says he was present in Surinam river when the lady without a head was rescued, assures us further, that she was alive at the time, and in the act of eating a piece of plum cake, which she had found by chance in her pocket; adding, that when he left Surinam, she was quite well, and had, since her escape, been brought to bed of a fine boy, whom she had christened *Jonah*!!!

Letters received from Kerry relate a very horrible transaction, which occurred lately in that county. A gentleman of respectability, and who held a high

situation as a magistrate, was invited to dinner by his son-in-law, a young gentleman of considerable fortune. After the cloth had been removed, an altercation arose, in consequence of which the latter struck his father-in-law a violent blow on the head with a poker, which instantaneously deprived him of existence. The offender lies in custody, and has been subject to periodical mental derangement; his wife, an amiable and beautiful young woman, was present, and witnessed the melancholy death of her unfortunate parent.

By the parochial returns of the clergy, of the number of acres under tillage, which, however, are far from correct, it appears that there were nearly seven millions of acres of corn grown in England in the year 1801, and of those, about 2,400,000 acres of wheat.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has been pleased to appoint the Hon. Thomas Erskine to the office of chancellor and keeper of his royal highness's great seal.

The king has been pleased to grant the dignity of a baron of the united Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland unto Sir Edward Law, knight, chief justice of his majesty's court of King's-bench, and to the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten, by the name, style, and title of baron Ellenborough, of Ellenborough, in the county of Cumberland.

The Militia, by the new plan proposed in parliament, are to be enrolled in four distinct classes: first, young unmarried men; secondly, married men without children, thirdly, married men who have only one child; and fourthly, elderly and married men who have more than one child. They are to be divided thus, in order that the lieutenants of counties may have a better opportunity of selection, whenever the public emergency does not require the whole of the Militia to be embodied.

The following is the amended rate of assessments. On inhabited houses, additional duty—8d. in the pound from £. 5 to £. 20—1s. ditto above £. 20 and under £. 40.—1s. 3d. do. from £. 40 and upwards. Windows: 9 windows, 11s.—10, 16s.—11, £. 1 1s.—12, £. 1 4s.—13, £. 1 7s.—2s. additional for every window to 25, and then 5s.

ASTONISHING COINCIDENCE!—M. DE BOISGELIN, late archbishop of Aix, who preached before the FIRST CONSUL, on Easter Sunday, is the same prelate who, when LOUIS XVI. was crowned at Rheims, delivered a discourse analogous to the solemnity!

Letter of Sir Joseph Banks, president of the Royal Society of London, to the president and secretaries of the National Institute of France.

London, January 21, 1802.

Citizen—Be pleased to offer to the National Institute my warmest thanks for the honour they have done me in conferring upon me the title of associate of this learned and distinguished body. Assure, at the same time, my respectable brothers, that I consider this mark of their esteem as the highest and most enviable literary distinction which I could possibly attain. To be the first elected to be an associate of the first literary society in the world, surpasses my most ambitious hopes, and I cannot be too grateful towards a society which has conferred upon me this honour, and towards a nation of which it is the literary representative—a nation which, during the most frightful convulsions of the late most terrible re-

volution, never ceased to possess my esteem; being always persuaded, even during the most disastrous periods, that it contained many good citizens who would infallibly get the upper hand, and who would re-establish in the heart of their countrymen the empire of virtue, of justice, and of honour. Receive, more especially, citizens, my warmest acknowledgements for the truly polite manner in which you communicated this agreeable intelligence. I am, with sincere esteem for your distinguished talents, &c.

JOSEPH BANKS.

A man has constructed a carriage at Conbourn, Cornwall, to move without horses: the motion is produced by means of a small steam engine, which propelled the carriage, containing several persons in it, to the weight of a tun and a half, up a steep hill, at the rate of four miles an hour. On a level it runs about nine miles an hour.

His Majesty has been pleased to appoint General his Royal Highness Edward Duke of Kent, K. G. to be Governor of Gibraltar, vice General Charles O'Hara, deceased.

TOUSSAINT LOUVERTURE.—Toussaint was originally a slave, but distinguished by the great quickness of his genius. While young he was sent by his master, a merchant of St. Domingo, into France, to learn the language, and acquire other accomplishments, which might render him useful in business. At the expiration of three years, when about to be recalled to the island, he begged of his master permission to continue his studies a year or two longer; and this request, being accompanied by the most honourable testimonies of the rapid progress he had already made, procured him the consent he solicited.

He was now at liberty to pursue his studies; and having already mastered the ordinary course of education, he applied himself with unremitting diligence to the *belles lettres* and military science. After pursuing this course, probably even then with a view to the important station he now fills, he returned in about two years to St. Domingo, fraught with all the acquirements which genius, diligence, and the best teachers, could bestow.

Till the revolution, his uncommon merits and his fidelity recommended him to all that knew him; but when that event took place, he was called forth by the united voice of his African brethren, who justly esteemed him the ornament of their country. He had drunk the bitter cup of slavery, and he resented the disgusting potion; but he did not, therefore, mingle cruelty with his resentment. He was determined to be free, but his nobleness of soul forbade him to stain his hands with rapine or murder. During the whole time that he has been Governor of St. Domingo, his justice has been inflexible. The uninformed Africans, goaded into madness by the cruelties they had suffered, were restrained by his counsel, by his example, and by his authority; any excesses on their part he never failed to punish; nor had those merchants or other strangers whom necessity compelled to visit the island, the smallest cause of apprehension either for their persons, or their property. His justice, his equanimity, and his firmness, are mentioned by them all in the highest terms of honour.

The slanders cast upon him by the French journals, that he did not write his own proclamations, and other public papers, are equally false and malicious. It is not only improbable that his genius and acquirements should need the humble aid of a Secretary, but it is known that he did write them. Their language,

were there no other proof, would be almost incontestible evidence of their authenticity. It is not the diction of laboured eloquence, it is not the diction of artificial policy, it is not the diction of arbitrary sway; but it is the diction of good sense, and paternal authority, and steady government; and fervent piety, and patriotic love—it is the diction of Toussaint.

Madame Garnerin afforded, on the 28th March, the novel spectacle of a woman, unaccompanied, performing a voyage in the air. She took her departure from Chantilly, at four o'clock in the afternoon, and after having for some time conducted her balloon with great judgment and presence of mind, she descended between Vincennes and St. Mandé. Her return has been celebrated by an elegant entertainment and a ball.

The Concordat has been submitted to the Legislature. It is understood that the Archbishops are to receive 15,000 francs per annum, the bishops 10,000, the curates in large towns 1,500, and those in villages 1000 francs. The clergy of all religions, except the Jewish sect, are to be paid by Government. The number of bishops and archbishops (there being ten of the latter and fifty of the former) has, by some recent arrangements, been much increased, beyond what was originally proposed; and the celibacy of the clergy, respecting which there was much difference of opinion, has been finally determined. It is supposed that small pensions will be allowed to those priests who married under the authority of the former government; but they will not, of course, be allowed to officiate.

The Prince of Wales accepted the invitation of the Lord Mayor to dine at the Mansion House on Easter Monday. This is the first public visit ever made by his Royal Highness into the city, and the only instance, for many reigns, of an Heir Apparent going there on such an occasion.

The late Lord Kenyon often said that the age of man was three score and ten, and he had persuaded himself he would die at that age. This opinion strongly operated on his mind, and is supposed to have hastened his dissolution. He was within a few weeks of the age of seventy.

A meeting has been held of noblemen and gentlemen, chiefly of persons employed in the improvement of the national agriculture, at the house of Sir Joseph Banks, in Soho-square, when it was resolved, that a Colossal Statue, in bronze, of the late Duke of Bedford, should be erected in the centre of Russell-square; and that to give an opportunity to the whole people to manifest their love and veneration for the memory of a nobleman who had devoted his life to the service of his country, the said monument should be erected by a voluntary and general subscription.

At the Whig Club meeting, on Tuesday, April 6, the Duke of Norfolk, who was in the chair, after paying a handsome compliment to the memory of the late Duke of Bedford, moved, "That a committee of the club be appointed to consider of the most proper means of testifying their respect and veneration for the late Duke of Bedford, a member thereof," which motion was received with unbounded approbation, and a committee was appointed to carry the resolution into effect.

It is said that the Royal Family of France has been thus provided for: Louis XVIII. receives from Russia 200,000 roubles a year, and 100,000 piasters from

Spain; the Count D'Artois 360,000 livres from England; the Prince of Conde 100,000; his son 80,000; and the Duke D'Enghien 60,000. The Duchess of Anguleme has the fortune her aunt left her. The Duchess of Orleans has 50,000 livres from France.

Madame Durande, a handsome and accomplished actress at Marseilles, became, not long since, much attached to a young man of that city. Jealousy on the part of the lover occasioned a misunderstanding, and for a while they seemed to have totally forgotten each other. Projects of vengeance, of which the lady was wholly ignorant, once more brought them together.—She had played in the forenoon of Shrove Tuesday, in the piece called “Le Nouveau Debarque.” In the evening she went to a ball with her lover, and next morning they took a walk. They continued alone the whole of the day, unobserved by any individual. On the evening of Wednesday, Madame Durande was to appear, for the first time, in “L'Enfant du Malheur.” Two pieces were played, and the interval proving longer than usual, the audience became impatient. The manager sent a person to Madame Durande's lodgings, to learn the cause of the delay.—No one was found at home. The messenger flew to the residence of the lover. He perceived blood at the door of his chamber, and immediately apprised a magistrate of the circumstance. The door was forced open, when they found the lady lying lifeless on the floor, and the wretched lover covered with blood, and struggling amidst the pangs of dissolution.

A person was lately apprehended at Carthage, in Spain, and soon after put on board a ship of war, to be conveyed to South America. His face was covered with a mask of black velvet, and as a further precaution against discovery, even that was covered by a black crape or handkerchief. It is supposed he is some nobleman in disgrace at the court of Spain.

Hadfield, the unfortunate maniac who made an attempt, about two years ago, on the life of his Majesty, for which he was tried and acquitted, killed a fellow prisoner lately in Bethlehem hospital, by a blow on the jugular vein.

In March, 1800, the ship *Elkridge Planter*, Captain Moore (sole owner) sailed from Portsmouth to Gibraltar, with a cargo of coals from Newcastle, which produced nine thousand dollars; with that sum it was his intention to sail to Oran, on the coast of Barbary, to purchase corn, but was prevented by his English crew being impressed, which obliged him to substitute a crew composed of Greeks, Slavonians, and Portuguese, who, on the first night of leaving Gibraltar, entered the cabin while the captain was asleep, and murdered him; after which they threw him overboard, and then murdered his son, only eight years old. They then took possession of the specie, scuttled the ship, and escaped in a boat to Almeria, in Spain, where they divided the plunder, and dispersed. For a length of time it was not known what became of Captain Moore, or the ship, until Providence brought to justice one of the criminals at Malaga, who, having been condemned to suffer death, made the above confession, which was transmitted by Mr. Comforth to Mr. Collier, in London. The unfortunate father left behind him a wife, with four daughters and two sons, without any means of support. The Gentlemen of Lloyd's Coffee-house have opened a subscription at Lloyd's for the relief of this family.

MARRIED.

At St. Martin's Church, Colonel Francis Moor, to Mrs. Pulling, widow of the late Captain Pulling, and daughter of Admiral Kingsmill. At Minster, Mr.

Lancaster, to Miss Stewart, both belonging to the Theatre Royal, Margate.—At St. George's, Bloomsbury, Samuel Fothergill Lettson, Esq. of Otford Hill, Camberwell, to Miss Garrow, only daughter of William Garrow, Esq. of Bedford Row. At Moreden, Warwickshire, the Hon. William Booth Grey, second son of the Earl of Stamford, to Miss Pryce, eldest daughter of Thomas Pryce, Esq. of Duffryn, Glamorgan. Lately, in Cheshire, at the seat of M. Keatinge, Esq. M. P. the Hon. Coulson Wallop, Member for Andover, to Miss Keatinge.

DIED.

On Sunday night, April 4, at Bath, the Right Hon. Lloyd Lord Kenyon, Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench. He is succeeded in his title and estate by his only remaining son George, now Lord Kenyon. The late Lord Kenyon was the eldest surviving son of Lloyd Kenyon, of Bryn, in the county of Flint, Esq. His great abilities pointed him out as a proper person to be appointed Attorney General in the year 1782, and at the same time Chief Justice of Chester; in 1784 he was made Master of the Rolls, and in 1788 Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, on the resignation of the Earl of Mansfield, a station which he filled with great integrity and ability. Sir Edward Law succeeds to the Chief Justiceship. On Tuesday afternoon, March 23, universally regretted, Henry, Earl Fauconberg. His Lordship was taking a walk in the New Road, and, it is presumed, was seized with an attack in the head, which compelled him to go into a house on the spot where he was taken ill. As soon as he was in the house, he was just able to articulate, "Send for Mr. Heaviside," whom the family of the house accidentally knew. His Lordship directly after became speechless and senseless. Mr. Heaviside was sent for, who went immediately, and found his lordship in an apoplectic fit. He directly wrote to Lady Fauconberg, to bring instantly a physician, and in the mean time bled him in the temporal artery, and used other means till their arrival, but unfortunately his Lordship survived only an hour. At Gibraltar, that gallant and distinguished officer, General O'Hara. At Somers' Town, in the 44th year of his age, Mr. W. Nutter, engraver. Of a phrenzy fever, in the 26th year of his age, John Coe Pigott, Esq. of Maldon. After a short illness, Mr. Durant, of Spitalfields. At the house of his father-in-law, R. Cumberland, Esq. of Tunbridge Wells, W. Badcock, Esq. in his 29th year, of a rapid decay. The Rev. Mr. Warner, dissenting minister, many years resident at Lynn, Norfolk, and lately removed to Hapton, near long Stratton. At Melton Constable, in Norfolk, Sir Edward Astley. On the 19th March, at Hamburg, Prince Frederick of Hesse Darmstadt, brother of the Dowager Queen of Prussia, and of the Dowager Princess of Baden. At Knightsbridge, Maurice Morgan, Esq. a gentleman well known for his distinguished genius and extensive knowledge. Aged 97, the Rev. Potter Cole, Vicar of Hawkesbury, in Gloucestershire, which living he held for 73 years. At Naples, on the 7th ult, the Queen of Sardinia, in consequence of a putrid fever. She was born on the 23d of September, 1759. The Right Rev. Dr. Moss, Bishop of Bath and Wells. Dr. Huntingford, Warden of Winchester College, is his Lordship's successor. This gentleman was tutor to Mr. Addington, and is an excellent scholar and an eminent divine. At Vauxhall, Mrs. Pinto, formerly Miss Brent, the celebrated singer. Viscount Palmerston. Earl of Guildford, who is succeeded by his brother the Hon. Col. Francis North. Dr. Darwn.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR, FOR MAY, 1802.

Embellished with

A PORTRAIT OF MR. C. KEMBLE, ENGRAVED BY RIDLEY, FROM AN ORIGINAL PICTURE.

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London:

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Sold, also, by all the Booksellers in the United Kingdom.

1802.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Our Engraver not having been able to finish the Portrait of Capel Loft, Esq. which was announced for this Number, we have substituted a Likeness of Mr. Charles Kemble. The Head of Mr. Loft shall certainly appear in our next.

A Portrait of Mrs. GLOVER is in a state of forwardness.

We have received a second letter from J. B. S. ITALICUS, (*Ashford*), and hope to be able to select one or two of his communications in the course of a few Numbers.

W. N. is informed that our design is only delayed; not dropped.

We are sorry J. B. should have had the trouble of re-transcribing his sonnet, which proves to be too inaccurate for insertion in this work.

We take the observations of our friend at *Manchester*, in good part—but we must still consult our own convenience.

The favours of W. TOONE, (*Beaumaris*), appear in the number for the present month.

Fanny Mortimer, Melancholy Hours, No. 11, *Genius* an Ode, &c. from our attentive correspondent H. K. WHITE, (*Nottingham*), all as soon as possible.

The *Novelist*, a *Fragment*, by B. H. BERT, (*Manchester*), in our next.

Constancy; to *Catherine*, by J. N. the first opportunity. There are defective rhymes in the 3d and 4th Stanzas, which we could wish amended.

An Ode by HILARIO (*Manchester*) and some Stanzas by JULIA DE B. shall have a place.

The *Queries* of LAOCOON, (*Abergavenny*) next month.

The *Sylphid*, by the same correspondent, and his former communications, shall be inserted as soon as possible; but Laocoon should consider that the multiplicity of our poetical contributions will not permit us to attend, so speedily as the writers may wish, to individual favours.

T. R. N. (*Nottingham*) is referred to the contents of this number.

A poem by Mr. DIMOND, Junr. shall have an early situation.

ERRATA IN OUR LAST.

Under the article "*Ceres Ferdinanda*," p. 230, l. 23, for "pluation," read "position." page 232, l. 24, in the Extract from Rollin, for "*Mantinie*," read "*Mantinée*."

✂ In the remarks on the Royal Academy, in this number, No. 207 is described as "one of the finest heads in the exhibition"—this is an error for which the author of the remarks is not responsible. It may be regarded, however, as a fine head and a characteristic likeness.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR.

FOR

MAY, 1802.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MR. CHARLES KEMBLE,

[*With a Portrait.*]

THE public ought not to be, and in fact is not, wholly indifferent as to the private characters of those who are in any respect candidates for their favour. It requires the force of uncommon dramatic talents, to overcome the honest prejudice exerted by immoral or irregular conduct, although every individual who feels it is aware that there is not the slightest connexion betwixt the moral qualities of the man, and the professional abilities of the performer. The gentleman (of whom we are now to give a short and imperfect account) belongs to a family whose private worth is as much acknowledged in the narrower sphere to which its action must necessarily be confined, as the extraordinary genius of his sister, and the consummate skill of his brother, are universally admired. Mr. Charles Kemble was born at Brecknock, in South Wales, (a town distinguished by being the birth place of Mrs. Siddons) on the 25th Nov. 1775. At the age of thirteen, he was, by the kind and paternal assistance of his brother John, sent to the college of Douay in Flanders; where, during the period of three years, besides perfecting himself in the French language, he made no inconsiderable progress in the ordinary learning which a public school affords. On his return he was placed in the post office. In that situation, of which the duties were irksome and the salary inconsiderable, and from which his rise must necessarily have been slow and precarious, he remained only a twelve-month. In embracing his present profession, he was, perhaps, not so much originally impelled by strong predilection as by the dictates of necessity. The eminent success of his sister and his brother was as likely to have excited apprehension as to have kindled emulation. With little previous preparation, he commenced his career at Sheffield, in the year 1792, in the character of Orlando, in which we have been assured that he acquitted

himself with considerable credit. He occupied himself for a year in playing a variety of characters at Sheffield, Newcastle, and Edinburgh. When it was determined to bring him to the London stage, it suggested itself to the sound judgment by which he was guided, not to present himself to the public, with the aid of so little experience, in one of those arduous characters so injudiciously selected by young performers for their debüt. He, therefore, appeared for the first time at Drury-Lane, in the winter of 1794, in the character of Malcolm, in Macbeth, and continued for two years generally to fill parts so subordinate, that though they gave him the benefit of experience, could not afford him an opportunity of distinguishing himself. On account of the indisposition of his brother, during the run of the opera of Mahmoud, he was called upon to supply his place at so short a notice, considering the length of the part, that nothing but his uncommon facility of study could have enabled him to accomplish it. He was, for the sake of security, obliged to take the book with him upon the stage; but, feeling his confidence strengthened, and his emulation awakened, by the indulgence of the audience, he soon got rid of the book and of his fears at once, and performed the character with a spirit and propriety which were at the same moment felt and rewarded. He soon afterwards appeared in the character of George Barnwell, to which his sister kindly contributed no inconsiderable attraction by her Millwood. In Barnwell he displayed that promise of judgment and feeling, which in his performance of Alonzo in Pizarro, appeared in a considerable state of maturity. He has since shewn himself capable of versatility, ease, and vivacity, in such characters as young Mirabel in the Inconstant, and Campley in the Funeral. About two years since, he made an essay of his talents as an author, by adapting the *Deserteur* of Mercier, to the English Stage. It was performed with much success at the Hay-market. In this drama he shewed a command of vigorous and elegant expression, and no common knowledge of the means necessary to produce a powerful effect upon an audience. Owing to an indisposition, arising probably from the fatigues of his profession, operating upon a nervous habit, he relinquished his engagement at the Hay Market last season, which he did with the more reluctance, as Mr. Colman had not only, during several years, treated him with the most liberal courtesy, but had anxiously sought opportunities of putting him into characters, from the performance of which he derived not only experience but credit. He spent last summer in Germany, both for the re-establishment of his health, and also be-

cause of the means it afforded him of becoming, in some degree, familiar with a language in which so many successful dramas have of late been composed. This gentleman has had many difficulties to struggle with, arising not only from the commanding superiority of two members of his own family, to whose practised excellence the comparison (owing to the striking general resemblance he bears to them) is as inevitable as it must be disadvantageous; but from having been brought before the public in the rawest stage of his inexperience, he, at this moment, labours under prejudice arising from awkwardnesses and defects, which are now rather remembered than observed. However, notwithstanding such disadvantages, his judgment, natural requisites, and improving taste, have raised him to a degree of credit with the public, which we hope and expect his own exertions will daily increase. The praise of correctness of conduct, natural and unassuming good sense, and gentleman-like deportment, will not be denied him by those who have had the means of forming a candid but not exaggerated estimate of his private character.

INSCRIPTIONS

ON A

MONUMENT, OR OBELISK,

LATELY ERECTED AT NEWHAVEN, SUSSEX.

(See Monthly Mirror, P. 176.)

No. 1.

SACRED

To the memory

Of

Captain James Hanson,

The

Officers and company

Of his Majesty's Ship

Brazen;

Who were wrecked

In a violent storm

Under the cliff,

Bearing from this place, S. W.

At 5 o'clock A. M. Jan. 26, A. D. 1800;

One of the crew only surviving

To tell the melancholy tale:

By this fatal event
 The country, alas ! was deprived
 Of 105 brave defenders,
 At a time when it
 Most required their assistance :
 The remains of many of them
 Were interred near to this spot,
 By the direction of
 The Lords Commissioners of
 The Admiralty.
" The waters saw thee O God ! "

No. 2.

The Brazen
 Had been ordered
 To protect
 This part of the coast
 From the insolent attacks
 Of the enemy ;
 And in the evening
 Preceding
 The sad catastrophe,
 Had detained a foreign vessel,
 Which
 Was put under the care of
 The master's mate, a midshipman,
 8 seamen, and 2 marines ;
 Who where thereby saved
 From the fate of their
 Companions.

No. 3.

Names of
 The officers lost.
 James Hanson, Esq.
 Commander,
 James Cook, }
 John Dembry, } Lieutenants.
 Archibald Ingram, Master.
 Patrick Venables, }
 James Hanwell, } Midshipmen.
 John Braugh, Purser.

Robert Still, Surgeon.
 Thomas Whitfield, Boatswain.
 Robert Alder Yawrie, Gunner.
 John Teague, Carpenter.

No. 4.

The friends of
 Captain Hanson
 Caused this monument
 To be erected,
 As a mark of their esteem
 For a deserving officer,
 And a valuable friend :
 It was the will of heaven
 To preserve him
 During a four years voyage
 Of danger and difficulty,
 Round the world ;
 On discoveries
 With Captain Vancouver,
 In the years 1791, 1792, 1793, and 1794
 But to take him from us
 When most he thought himself
 Secure.

"The voice of the Lord is upon the waters."

EXTRACTS

FROM

GUNAIKEION;

OR,

Nine Bookes of various History concerning Women.

Inscribed by the Names of the Nine Muses.

WRITTEN BY THOM. HEYWOODE,* FO. 1624.

THE king of England, and Francis, the first of that name, king of France, being at odds, Henry was much incensed, and appointed] Bishop Bonner [(his embassadour) to debate with him sharply about the designs then in hand : who having accommodated all things fitting for the journey, came to take his leave of the king his maister, who uttered many bitter and disdainfull words against

* The book from which we extracted the curious story of the Two Friars, inserted in a former number.

Francis, all tending to his opprobrie and dishonour. And, in these tearmes (sayth he) deliver unto him thy embassie. To whom Bonner replied; "If it please your Majestie if I should give him such harsh and despightfull language, and in his own court too, he can doe no less than take off my head. Thy head (answered the king) If hee doe, it is no matter: but tell him further, If he dares to cut off thy head, ten thousand of his subjects heads shall be sent after it. To whom Bonner, (after some small deliberation) again replied: *But I am doubtfull (my Liege) whether any of these ten thousand heads will fit my shoulders.*

BRASILLA DYRRACHINA, a prime ladie, being taken prisoner, and seeing an immediate shipwracke of her chastitie threatned by her cruell victor, shee covenanted with him, that if he would but relieve her honor for the present, she would give him an hearbe, with whose juice, if he would annointe any part of his bodie, it should preserve it wound free. The souldier accepts of the condition—she, from a neighbour-garden plucking up the weede that came next to hand, with the sap or moysture thereof annoyntes her own neck and throat, bidding him to draw out his sword, and make triall of herselfe, whether she kept not with him faithful covenant. The souldier giving credit to her words, in regard of her constancie and courage, with one strong blow dispatched her of life:—a resolute and noble ladie saith *Nicephorus*, li. 7. c. 15. to prefer death to the loss of her honour.

THE Christian princes having united their forces to redeeme the Holy Land from the oppression of the Infidels, Santius, brother to the King of Spaine, was made generall of the Christian forces, a man of great sanctitie and an austere life, and withall a noble souldier: hee, amongst other princes, sitting in counsell with the pope, but not understanding the Roman tongue, in which the businesse was then debated, onely having his interpreter placed at his feet; upon the sudden (after their decree) there was a great acclamation and clamour, with flinging up their caps, &c. At which Santius demanded of his interpreter what that sudden joy meant? hee told, it was because the Pope and Colledge of Cardinalls had by their publique suffrage created him king of Egypt (for the Saladine then usurped in the holy citie.) *Is it so* (saith he) *then arise and proclaim the Pope Caliph of Baidacha.* Thus, with a princely libertie, taxing their forwardnesse; who, as they gave him a kingdom without a countrie, he, to requite the pope's gratitude, gave him a bishoprick without a diocese.

THE ARTS.

REMARKS ON

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY,

At Somerset House, 1802.

THE Exhibition of this year equals in splendour any that has yet been presented to the public. The style that pervades the whole, whether in colour, drawing, or form, would certainly not disgrace the most refined nation that ever existed. The fastidious critic will find in it few opportunities of turning away with disgust, or the jocose one of devoting industry to ridicule.

There is, indeed, another class of observers, who will here have less reason to deviate from the usual bent of their reflections—those who anxiously wish to see the Arts, in their own country, advancing in the highest paths of eminence, will still feel occasion to regret, that, among the dazzling efforts of genius and fancy, very few are to be found in the dignified class of history; that the beautiful garden expanded before them is every where adorned with wild-flowers and daisies, almost to the exclusion of the laurel and the oak.

Of this dearth of classic energy, let us not, however, impute the blame to the artist,—let us lay it where it is more truly deserved, and where, there may be reason to fear, it will be more unconcernedly endured. If, among the various, and now numerous, lovers of painting, few are yet awakened to a vivid sense of such encouragement as would reflect honour on themselves and their country; if they find a more alluring or more social indulgence in the mutual contemplation of each other's persons; if it is in them the true cause must be sought of the restrained limits of art. But let it not be forgotten that the shackles which they forbear to loose are worn by hands worthy of superior toil. The exhibitions of every year demonstrate talents inadequately exerted, and genius stooping its powers to custom, or sacrificing them to casual employment. But neither, in this point, let any thought of despair be admitted into the mind.—While such splendid prices are every day given to the names of those, whose historic works have enriched former ages and foreign countries, and while we can boast of living artists capable of being the ornament of our own, a just sense and desire of the due encouragement of art in its higher branches, cannot fail gradually to arise in a PUBLIC, accustomed to appreciate the comparative worth of various labours, or in a GOVERNMENT, attentive to maintain an unshrinking competition with other nations in all just pretensions to eminence and fame.

It is deserving of notice that the arrangement of the pictures in the rooms of the exhibition this year, has, in general, been admirably conducted.

The historical subjects principally entitled to notice, will be, as usual, first selected for observation, together with those of the greatest merit, in any manner connected with the same class.

No. 8. *A Cap for the Dunce.* BARNEY.

The pictures of this artist are, in the present year, distinguished by no inconsiderable force of natural expression and good colour.—The subject before us is happily treated, and the picture one of Mr. B's most finished performances. He is in the path of advancement in his art.

No. 10. *Banditti.* DRUMMOND.

A spirited composition, brightly painted. The figure lying on the ground is happily executed. In No. 252, the figure of the Monk has very natural expression, and 255* displays academic study.

No. 27. *David.* REYNOLDS.

Well studied, and of an historical style.

No. 30. *The Unfortunate Traveller.* OPIE, R. A.

The principal figure of this interesting subject is well designed and well coloured, and the singular composition and tone of the surrounding landscape, every where lonely and gloomy, give an impressive force to the whole work. There is wanting, however, in this picture, an apex, *a commanding point*, which the painter of it gives ample proof of his ability to achieve. The dog is highly natural, and his intent look on his dead master, excellent. No. 162 displays a soft natural colour and simple composition.

Two other historical pictures of this artist (180 and 195) ably maintain the celebrity of his name. The *Female Mourner*, watching over the slain warrior, is full of solemn grandeur. The *Angry Father* is of that species of domestic history which comes home to the bosoms of all. It seems to belong to the country in which the artist paints. It is the story of an English family, and a lesson of universal nature.

The daughter, accused and abashed, exhibits the mortification which arises from the consciousness of transgressed duty.

The indignation of the father, more violent than her fault may require, is checked by the affectionate interposition of the mother, from which it is evident that the deluded girl has an excuse to plead, and

* Adam and Eve lamenting the death of Abel.

interest is of course excited for her sufferings. In the whole of this graphic narration, the expression, character, and design, are bold and forcible, in the usual manner of this true painter of nature. The colouring is of the same cast, simple and natural; the effect of light and shade broad and strong, and the execution powerful in the highest degree.

We believe that this picture, and two of the same kind, exhibited in former years, are parts of a regular series, designed by the artist to display the dangers to which youthful beauty is exposed.

No. 37. *Ruth returned from gleanings.* SINGLETON.

This picture has not the usual grace of colour or expression of the artist, who this year appears with singular eminence in his *Inter-view of Coriolanus with his Wife and Mother* (267), a work highly deserving of praise, in composition, character, and colour. The figure of the hero is of a truly historical class, at once simple and energetic.

Of the other works of Mr. S. the *Infant Neptune*, and the *Nun going to Matins*, are painted with equal brightness of colour. The sketch of *Lord Strafford* is well grouped, but of fainter effect.

No. 44. *Dorothea. Don Quixote, B. IV.* CLARKE.

The figure is remarkable for its natural attitude and expression. It has a *quick* air, like one really starting, as she is supposed to be, at the first sound of voices near her. The colouring is clear, and the whole picture has a singular facility of execution.

No. 57. *Henry and Birtha.* THOMSON, A.

The two figures are skilfully grouped for the display of contrasted objects, necessarily differing in colour and expression. The sentiment is pleasing and correspondent to the subject.

No. 84. *Mary.* HOPPNER. R. A.

A deep and strong colouring, in the style of Rembrandt. We have been more pleased with Mr. H. in his own style.

It is doubtful if this picture belong to the present class, or that of Portrait.

No. 85. *A Soldier recounting his Exploits.* MISS SPILSBURY.

This and other pictures by Miss S. in the present Exhibition, possess the same sprightly intelligence, variety of natural expression, and lightness of pencil, which distinguished the works of the artist last year. In the present picture, the anxious concern of the old woman is most happily contrasted with the infantine carelessness of the boy leaning on the soldier's knee. In the *Fair Day*, the whole

back-ground is of the most brilliant execution, and, in the *Pastoral Scene*, the lightness and simple grace of the young dancer, is a no less true than difficult copy of nature.

Miss Spilsbury's performances may be considered as some of the most pleasing ornaments of the exhibition. She has few equals in her line. Let her accept a caution amidst this praise—let her be aware that she is, in some points, *in danger* of deviating into affectation. Let her exhibit, perseveringly, the *naïve* character of expression, for the perception of which she is evidently endowed with more than ordinary faculties.

No. 107. *Psyche*. PELLEGRINI.

Is well drawn and richly coloured.

No. 117. *The cutting out of the French Corvette, La Chevrette, from the Bay of Camaret, by a Detachment of British Boats.*—LOUTHERBOURG, R. A.

This is a spirited composition, of which the groups are admirable, and the expression powerful, in the usual style of the master. There is an appearance of confusion, which, however natural in the subject, probably arises from want of a principal object, sufficiently distinguished by effect of design or colour. 875, by the same artist, has equal spirit and execution.

No. 128. *The Reception of the Hostage Princes of Mysore, before Seringapatam, by Marquis Cornwallis.* DEVIS.

This picture, which is executed in a masterly style, both with respect to the grouping of an infinite number of figures, and the general tone of colour and effect, receives additional interest from the circumstance of all the persons represented being actual portraits, chiefly painted in India, on or near the scene itself. The back-ground, and sky, distinguished by a large mass of towering clouds, are not without their claim to praise.

No. 133. *Arion cast into the Sea, and saved by a Dolphin, &c.* WEST, R. A.

Mr. West, besides the usual chaste and simple style of his compositions, appears this year particularly as a colourist. His small pictures evidently glance at the school of Titian. The preference is perhaps to be given to No. 134.*

No. 137. *The Welcome Visitant.* JOSEPH.

The female figure gracefully disposed. The colouring too fiery.

* Arethusa. Ovid's Metamor. B. v.

No. 147. *The Minstrel.* WESTALL, R. A.

The attitude of the boy is natural, and the figure well drawn. The eyes, that roll to heaven, have rather a plaintive air than the appearance of *deep thought*. The general effect and colour are bright. Every merit in this picture is subordinate to the general aim at execution, which is of a highly finished kind, as far as relates to the figure. The execution of the landscape and sky is as elaborately coarse and rough as that of the former is delicate. It is difficult to guess the artist's intention in this singular discordance of one part of his execution from another.

No. 181. *Allegorical: representing the Institution of the Literary Fund for the Relief of Authors in Distress.* REGAUD, R. A.

An ingenious composition, with good colour.

No. 198. *The Village School Dinner Time.* BIGG, A.

Exhibits a studied and successful expression of nature. The colouring is clear, but there is a want of greater harmony. The figures press alike on the eye in all points.

No. 254. *The faithful Celert.* ECKSTEIN.

THE animals in this picture are justly admirable for their drawing and expression. The wounded dog, in another picture by the same artist, likewise excels in natural expression.

369. *The School Mistress.* OWEN.

Has much natural expression and colour, with great strength of effect.

No. 469. *Girls with a Fire-stick.* TATE.

A clever design and execution.

No. 502. *Victims of a Storm.* THOMSON, A.

A bold conception, well painted. Greater distinctness would have placed it in a still higher rank.

PORTRAITS.

THE portraits exhibited this year are so unusually numerous, that barely to name them all, would more than fill up our narrow limits; and we shall therefore be obliged to mention a comparatively very small portion of them. Taken collectively, they exhibit an extraordinary display of cultivated taste. Whoever shall compare the general appearance of the present exhibition with those of ten or twelve years ago, will not fail to perceive the progressive advancement of art amongst the great number of those who apply

themselves to it. Whether the places of Reynolds and Gainsborough are yet filled again, it would be useless to enquire.

No. 3. *Mrs. Huntley and Daughter.* PHILIPS.

We have not forgot the simplicity of style which was deserving of praise in Mr. P.'s pictures of last year, and those of the present one afford strong ground to conclude that it is by adhering vigilantly to this point, he is likely to support his pretensions among his numerous competitors. The present picture is of this class, natural and simple in colour and expression. Lord Thurlow's portrait is of the same rank.

No. 5. *Lady Templetown.* LAWRENCE, R. A.

A highly successful picture of a beautiful woman. It possesses very eminent beauties of softness, clear and simple colour, natural grace, and bright effect. It is seldom that the study of a man's own works has been considered of use to him; yet we could scarcely wish to offer Mr. L. a better object of contemplation and comparison with his other pictures. It is not, however, meant to insinuate that those are without merit: but they yield the palm to the one before us. There are several very characteristic heads by the same painter, of great force of execution; amongst which that of Mr. Erskine stands pre-eminent.

No. 14. *Portrait of a Young Lady.* HOWARD, A.

A graceful design and figure, with a pleasing effect of light and shade.

No. 220* possesses merit of design and composition. It were to be wished that the colours had been more harmoniously disposed.

No. 16. *Portraits of two Children.* HALLS.

Well painted heads, with strength of character.

No. 29. *Portrait of Baron Williams, Colonel in the Service of Austria.* THOMSON, A.

The figure well drawn, and the whole attentively studied. The attitude has much spirit, and the general effect is respectable.

No. 33. *Hon. Lady A. Hudson and Child.* SINGLETON.

Possesses softness and bright colours, and is of a polished execution; such as appears peculiarly proper to the nature of the subject and the size of the picture. The portrait of Mr. H. Johnston deserves praise of the same kind.

* Portrait of a Lady and Children.

No. 46. *A Portrait.* EDWARDS, A.

Remarkable for lightness of penciling, and the clearness of its tints.

No. 61. *Portrait of H. R. H. the Duke of Cumberland.* BEXCHEY, R. A.

Is the best of Sir W. B.'s whole lengths of this year. The figure, particularly the upper part, is well drawn; the attitude easy and spirited, and the head well coloured. The portrait heads by this artist, in the present exhibition, hold a high rank. They are rich in colour and general effect, and painted with great power of pencil. These remarks may be applied to them in general, unless it should be thought that No. 274* reminds us too much of the manner of the late president. No. 101 has a masterly expression of character.

No. 68. *Portrait of a Lady.* NORTHCOTE, R. A.

A very pretty girl, with lively arch expression, to which the attitude is happily suited. The picture is of a low, quiet tint.

The Lady crossing the Alps is the most eminent work of this artist in the present exhibition. It appears designed to unite the decorations of historic fancy with the natural attractions of portrait, and raises an interest, not unlike to that of a novel, for the person represented. The figure of the lady is disposed with much skill and happiness. The face is an animated representation of a lively and beautiful woman; and, if we are not mistaken in our conjecture, the same as in the foregoing picture. The mule is painted with the usual excellence of the artist in this department, and the general effect and brightness of harmonious colour, is not exceeded by any of his former works.

The portrait of *an Admiral* is a picture singularly characteristic, and the clear and forcible colour of No. 481† is worthy the high credit of the artist's pencil. Two female portraits by this artist, No. 166 and 240, are painted with great chasteness of style, and are of that pearly colour, by which the modest loveliness of nature is always best expressed. There is something remarkably interesting in the character of the former.

No. 78. *Portrait of Miss Alderson.* OPIS, R. A.

No artist more exhibits the fascination of beauty than Mr. O. The picture before us is an instance of an almost luxurious softness

* Mr. Watts,

† Portrait of a Gentleman.

and expression. But it is the undesigning luxury, softness, and expression of nature.

The head of *Lavinia* is equally attractive, but with charms of more sedate and pensive character. No. 116* exhibits a bold simplicity of design and colour, in the most masterly manner.

No. 95. *Portrait of Earl Spencer.* SHEE, R. A.

Mr. Shee's portraits are in his usual forcible style. The present possesses remarkable decision of character and colour. 167† is painted with equal strength of effect, and a more studied softness, than is always attained by the artist.

No. 194. *Portrait of Capt. J. R. Johnston, of the Bengal Native Infantry.* ASHBY.

A singular aim at effect of colour.

No. 202. *Portrait of Lord Bruce.* WOODFORDE, A.

Like all the other portraits by Mr. W. shews a strict attention to nature.

No. 207. *Portraits of Mrs. Wilson and Miss Mein.* OWEN.

Has richness of colour, but wants clearness and simplicity. The artist is capable of both. No. 175, by this artist, is one of the finest portraits in the Exhibition, and a most spirited and characteristic likeness of Mr. Townley, of Doctors' Commons.

No. 226. *Portrait of a Lady of Quality.* JOSEPH.

Aims at lively expression and clear colour. A more calm hue of nature would render the general effect more satisfactory to the eye.

No. 236. *Portraits of two young Ladies.* REYNOLDS.

Like all the other works of this singular artist, shews great originality of conception and power of effect. The heads very well painted.

No. 246. *Portrait of a Lady.* PELLEGRINI.

Of clear colour, and simply attentive to nature. The best of Mr. P.'s portraits.

No. 258. *Portrait of the late G. Wakefield, B.A.* ARTAUD.

A well-studied head.

No. 269. *Portrait of Dr. Rutherford, Professor of Botany, &c.* RAEBURN.

Strong and clear.

* Portrait of J. Harvey, Esq. Captain of the Norwich Volunteer Cavalry.

† The Misses Dillon.

No. 273. *Portraits of Mr. G. R. Miss Caroline, and Master W. G. Chinnery.* CHINNERY.

Shews much study of effect and colour; but the latter abounds with artificial hues, which diminish the value of its own force.

No. 362. *Portrait of a Lady.* DOWNMAN, A.

A pleasing head, of very clear colouring.

No. 385. *Portraits of two Ladies.*

In crayons, with the usual abilities of the artist.

No. 394. *Portrait of Mr. Thomson, Animal and Bird Preserver to the Leverian and British Museum.* REINAGLE, A.

A design remarkable for simplicity. The head is painted with great force. In 520,* though varied in size, the execution has the same kind of merit.

No. 610. *Portrait of W. Garrow, Esq.* DEVIS.

The best of Mr. D.'s large portraits.

No. 670. *Portraits of nine Theatrical Characters, viz. Mr. H. Johnston, Mrs. Litchfield, Mr. Farwett, Mrs. H. Johnston, Mr. Simmons, Mrs. Mills, Mr. Farley, Mrs. Davenport, and Mr. Cooke.* DE WILDE.

The editors of a publication particularly devoted to the drama, should not omit particular mention of Mr. W.'s characteristic portraits of theatrical heroes and heroines. Those which he has this year exhibited will deservedly continue to him the reputation he has long possessed.

* Lady Clavering.

[To be continued.]

R A C I N E,

AND THE

SENIOR BACHELORS OF CAMBRIDGE.

[Concluded from page 244, of our last.]

THE progress of the human mind is slow, for the reason that, before we find the only path that leads to perfection, we are misled by numerous ways, whose terminations are of a very opposite description. We go far in the search of beauty, not perceiving that it is before our eyes, because it is but the imitation of nature. Our forefathers erected lofty buildings, the astonishing boldness of which appeared

to them in the light of the most admirable beauty ; but we despised this style of architecture, the instant we felt that it was contrary to the simplicity of nature. The same fate has attended poetry, painting, and every art, whose object is imitation. Our ancient dramatists had not the least idea of this imitation, and knew not that they ought to give their action the appearance of truth. They were even ignorant of the necessity of opening the plot and exposing the subject of the piece. A tragedy of Rotrou begins with this verse :

Seigneur, de par le roi, j'arrête votre attente.

Here the spectator at once saw a prince arrested by the order of the king, without knowing who was the king, who the prince, or why he was arrested. When Corneille commenced his career, he was himself unacquainted with the rules of dramatic poetry. Reflection forced them on his attention, and he seized the right. The success of one man who pursues the true path, induces others to follow him, even such as labour in a different kind of occupation, because, as they all work from the same model, which is nature, they serve as an example to each other, join hands, and perfect themselves by mutual assistance. Descartes is one who bore the torch, and threw a light on all the sciences—he was amongst us what Socrates said he was at Athens—the midwife of the mind. He led us on by shewing us the just mode of reasoning—the national powers became more perfect, and with them all the fine arts, and when the labours of the mind acquire perfection, the language in which they are composed partakes also of the beneficial effect.

This is, in my opinion, the cause of great men being nearly all coteremporary ; this, the cause of their emulation and their progress:—let us now look for the cause of the fatal revolution.

When rare geniusses, the happy imitators of nature, have for a time attracted the public admiration, those who succeed them, wishing to make themselves admired also, aspire soon to excite a greater portion of admiration ; and, filled with this ambition, they neglect the footsteps of their predecessors, and seek to open a new track for themselves. The desire of going beyond those they would rival, carries them too far ; and, disdaining simple and natural beauties, they endeavour to dazzle by such as are produced by the worthless tinsel of tasteless artifice. Hence arises the love of frivolous ornaments, glittering thoughts, and those affected airs which destroy all taste for the modest graces of nature, as the best viands, though replete with salutary nourishment, seem insipid to those who have accustomed themselves to highly seasoned ragouts, which irritate and

vitiates the appetite. In all ages a fondness for dazzling wit has been ruinous; every one knows how full of mischief it was to Italy—long before it was the destruction of Greece! Demetrius Phalereus was the first, who, by exerting himself to please the ears, rather than touch the hearts of his auditors, rendered the Grecian eloquence soft and effeminate, giving a false sweetness the preference over that grandeur and majesty of speech which had before prevailed.

The misfortune of the Romans arose from the same source, and I dwell on them, because there can be no doubt of the causes that brought about their speedy decline. Their style was changed under Tiberius—their language no longer possessed the same harmony. The orators, as it is observed in the dialogue on that subject, occasioned admiration merely by short and brilliant sentences. This false glare was called true beauty, and they already began to describe the eloquence of Cicero, as of a rough and unpolished antiquity: *tristem et impexam antiquitatem*. Petronius, who preserved an attachment to good taste, talks of the eloquence of his time as being weak and nerveless. *They like nothing now*, said he, *but little well turned phrases, full of sugar and honey: * mellitos verborum globulos, et omnia dicta quasi papavere et sesamò sparsa*. Thus the taste of the public becomes corrupt: we use ourselves to rich dishes, until solid and wholesome food appears unsavoury to us. In a word, as Rousseau has remarked:

L'ennui du Beau nous fait aimer le laid.

One man may alone effect this fatal revolution; when by his pleasing errors he acquires a great number of imitators; and every species of wit that pleases, easily obtains pardon for its faults. *Nullum sine venia placuit ingenium*. Seneca, who furnishes me with this reflection, furnishes also in himself the example which proves the truth of it. His genius, by no means common, placed him at the head of the writers of his day. After having abandoned the imitation of the great models which he assiduously decried, he reached the extreme point of his desire, and became himself a new model, by so much the more dangerous, as he yielded himself up

* The translator is aware that he has in the version of this passage, omitted a verbatim interpretation of *papaver* and *sesamum*, and followed the French of Racine, more closely than the Latin of Petronius. There are cases however in which he should have acted very differently; for in speaking of many works, he knows not how he could more truly have described them, than by giving a literal translation of *papavere sparsa*, and saying that they are most plentifully sprinkled with poppy!

entirely to the agreeable vices of composition. The language, disfigured by him, lost all the harmony that it had received from Cicero.

Luxury is another certain cause of the decline of intellectual greatness, as effeminacy of conversation is a proof of that of morals. That softness, the inseparable companion of luxury, enervates the mind. Children are no longer reared to the love of labour. The ancients are read no more, but decried, because it is much easier to decry than to study them. Those who wish to please by works of a taste opposed to those ancients, are interested in lessening the public esteem for them. Seneca speaks of Cicero but to degrade him, and the malicious league of certain wits amongst us against Boileau has no other motive. Boileau, by his example and by his precepts, established the laws of correct taste; those who are not willing to follow them would annihilate them, with him who is their model; like those men spoken of by Corneille in Cinna, who were troublesome to the state, because the severity of the laws annoyed them, and who despairing of ever obtaining the first rank by their merit, "*si tout n'est renversé, ne peuvent subsister*," could not exist without a radical reform, that is, a revolution.

May the misfortune of the Romans teach us to avoid the like! Let us not reproach nature with rarely producing minds capable of excellence; minds are not wanting, but proper cultivation; and as an infant, if it sucks corrupt milk, will never be healthy and robust, so men born with the best talents, if they breathe the infected air of bad taste, will remain in that state of languor and inactivity, for which they were not destined by nature. We do not accuse the authors who have written since Augustus of want of wit. Seneca and Lucan possessed too much. Wit is common, when genius becomes rare; and wit, to supply the defects of genius, which excels only in one thing, endeavours to shine in all. Seneca, an orator, historian, philosopher, moralist, and naturalist, wished also to be a tragic poet. Virgil would perhaps have been but a poor orator, and Cicero is considered as a bad poet. The buskin which was made for Corneille, would not have fitted Moliere, nor would it have set well on la Fontaine. Whoever aspires to be the universal monarch of letters, is not qualified to reign over any part.

Since this spirit, ever ambitious of shining, has in all times caused so much disorder, let us not be dazzled with its false éclat—let us preserve that good taste which constitutes the glory of our

fathers:—far from quitting their steps, let it be our pride to imitate them, and with them the ancients whom they have so happily imitated. In fine, let us so contrive, by our steadfast attachment to the lasting beauties of nature, that the age of France, equalling in number and merit the great men of the renowned ages of Greece and Rome, may surpass them in the length of its duration.

MAHMUT,

OR THE FOLLY OF DISCONTENT.

An Oriental Tale.

MAHMUT, the son of Isgar, shaking off the downy fetters of sleep, arose from his homely couch with the first dawning of the morning star. The sable veil of darkness still wrapt in obscurity the face of nature, save that on the shapeless tops of some of the highest mountains, there faintly gleamed approaching day—when loading his beast with the fruits of the earth, the rewards of labour, and prostrating himself before Alla, Mahmut journey'd towards the city, to dispose of his little merchandize.

The glorious parent of light had just awakened the choristers of the groves, and, with his cheering beams, painted the pearly dew-drops that hung glittering on the flowers of the valley with a thousand dyes, when Mahmut arrived before the walls of Schiraz. As the gates of the city were not yet opened, the son of Isgar sat down beneath a towering pine, and taking his humble provision from a wallet that hung on the back of his mule, began a repast, which the sons of luxury might well envy; it was the repast of health excited by labour.

Whilst he was thus employed, a cloud of dust approached him, and Mahmut discovered in the midst of it a vast herd of camels, heavily laden with the riches of the mines of Golconda. A numerous body of slaves and guards attended them, and Mahmut knew they belonged to the merchant Abossan, surnamed the Rich, whose sumptuous palaces glittering with all the splendor of eastern magnificence, adorned the spacious streets of Schiraz, and declared the immense wealth of the owner. The name of Abossan the Rich, was spread through the remotest nations of the earth; his vessels traded to the most distant cities, while the innumerable caravans which daily arrived from Egypt, and from India, from Bagdad, Balsora, and Cairo, filled his warehouses with the manufactures, the produce and treasures of every country.

The son of Igar viewed the procession, which had now rested before the gates, with surprise; his admiration was excited at the multitude of beasts, and the vast riches, beneath the weight of which they groaned; and, as he turned towards his male, and compared the humble steers with which she was laden, with the valuable merchandises of Abossan, his young breast was first enpoisoned by the venomous fangs of envy; he repined at his lot, and exclaimed "O! holy prophet, why hast thou shed all thy blessings on the favoured head of Abossan? what has he done more than the neglected son of Igar, to deserve thy peculiar protection? Whilst Mahmut is toiling at the plough, or labouring amongst the cedars of the forest, the happy Abossan is revelling in all the luxury of plenty, surrounded with the blooming beauties of Circassia, or reposing himself on the soft bosom of his favourite fair. Happy! Happy! Abossan!"

As he uttered these words the Gates of Schiraz were opened, and the retinue of the merchant entered. Mahmut arose from his seat, and, as he was preparing to follow the caravan into the city, was accosted by a man of the most venerable aspect; the marks of time and hoary age were seen on his countenance, which beamed with the mild light of beneficence; his snowy beard descended below his girdle, and gave dignity to his appearance. In one hand he held the Alcoran, the other grasp'd a staff, on which he seemed to repose his aged limbs. When he spoke the voice of truth proceeded from his lips, and the son of Igar was impressed with a reverential awe, when the aged stranger thus addressed him:—

"Ungrateful Mahmut! thou hast dared to arraign the wisdom of the holy prophet, and to call in question the proceedings of the Most High; but does it belong to thee to murmur at the dispensations of Providence? Know, Oh Mahmut! that the words thou hast uttered are heard at the throne of mercy, and in mercy hath the Prophet directed me to shew thee the folly of thy complaints. Thou thinkest the merchant Abossan is possessed of happiness, because he possesses riches; such is the judgment of youth; such its error. But age and experience, where Reason is coolly suffered to hold her sway, reflect a far different image of happiness, from that produced by the heated ideas of youthful imagination. Youth considers happiness to subsist in the habitations of wealth and pleasure; experience and reason teach us, that she flees from them, to the lonely cottage of content, and is but rarely found within the walls of the palace, and that Abossan, whom thou enviest for his possessions, is far—very far indeed, from being happy. Behold in me, O

son of Isgar ! the Genius of Truth. My name is Omrah, and I am permitted by Alla to enlighten thine understanding. Know that by my immortal nature, I have power to penetrate the thoughts of man, though hidden in the deepest recesses of the heart : this gift I am allowed to bestow on thee. Follow me into the city ; we will there enter into the house of Abossan, and, ~~in~~ the ring I wear, on which is engraven the great name of Solomon, will render us invisible, we can, unobserved, contemplate the envied happiness of Abossan."

The Genius ceased, and Mahmut held down his head, abashed that his exclamation had been heard, and taking his mule by her bridle, silently followed his venerable conductor into Schiraz. The spacious mansions of the merchant soon presented themselves to their view, and Omrah turning to the son of Isgar, cried, "Behold the abode of Abossan ; here let your beast rest, whilst we seek the presence of the master of the house." Mahmut accordingly quitted his mule, and passing on with Omrah through a croud of domestics, to whom the power of the Genius rendered them invisible, they entered under a colonade of pillars of costly marble, from which hung a profusion of silver lamps, suspended by chains of massy gold, into an extensive apartment, the magnificence of which raised the admiration of the peasant Mahmut, who never before having seen such vast riches, could not forbear expressing his delight, whilst he gazed with wonder on the scene before him. The walls were lined with the most beautiful jasper and mother of pearl, and the large mirrors, which were placed around the room, reflected the different objects an hundred times. In the middle of the floor, which was richly inlaid, stood a large fountain, the basin of which, constructed of the most costly materials, was supported by four lions of pure gold ; a dragon of gold reared his head in the centre, and spouted forth the clearest water, to a vast height, which fell showering down in innumerable streams, and was again received into the basin below.

Before the windows of the room were pots of silver, placed on feet of the most curious workmanship, in each of which were burning odoriferous herbs, more fragrant than the smell of the new blown rose, that, unveiling her charms to the morning sun, scents the ambient air with her soft perfume.

At the upper end of this apartment, on a throne of polished steel, sat Abossan, who was just arisen. Around him stood a troop of female slaves, more lovely than the Houris which are promised as a reward to the faithful. Yet his brow was apparently clouded with anxiety ; the smile of ease was not seen to play upon

his countenance, and he was totally inattentive to the efforts his women made to divert him.

.. "Behold, my son," said the Genius to Mahmud; "behold the envied Abossan. Mark the gloom that lowers around him, and say if that indicates happiness? But now partake with me the power of penetrating into his thoughts; view with attention the scenes that are unfolded to thee, and let the lessons of truth thou receivest be indelibly engraven on thy memory." Omrah then muttering some words, the son of Isgar was immediately endued with the faculty of reading the mind of man; and the Genius proceeding in his discourse, said: "Observe, my son, the breast of Abossan is filled with care and perplexity. Insatiable avarice has long since driven the social virtues from his bosom; pride and ambition have usurped their place. Possessed of the means of rendering thousands happy, he exists but for himself; though his coffers overflow with riches, he still eagerly grasps at more, and all his desires are concentrated to this one point, to be thought the wealthiest man in Persia. The voice of indigence assails his ears in vain, and poverty is driven from his doors without relief; the ingenious artizan meets with no encouragement from him, except it be to gratify his pride; all his expences are lavished on his apartments, to which the stranger is denied admittance; on the luxury of his tables, which are never graced with the presence of a guest, and where sensuality and hospitality preside. Such O peasant, is Abossan! What are the effects of such a mind? Though his power and his riches cause him to be feared, he is despised and shunned by all;—incapable of feeling the generous glow of friendship, he has no one in whom he can confide the secrets of his bosom—no one to comfort him in the hour of sickness; his days are passed in slothful inactivity, except when he is viewing his warehouses filled with the wealth he has accumulated; his nights in planning new schemes of aggrandizement; distrust is continually filling his mind, and he suspects every slave who enters his apartment of having some design on his property or his life. Say then, O Mahmud, if such happiness is worthy of envy?"

"I see," replied the peasant "the fallacy of human judgment, and I beseech the holy prophet that he will pardon the crime I have committed against him, by accusing him of injustice."—"Return thanks to Alla," cried the Genius, "for having graciously permitted me to reveal to thee these lessons. Learn from them, O son of Isgar! these useful and important truths:—that happiness consists not in a bundance of wealth or extensive possessions, unless the mind of the possessor be endued with virtue. When riches are made

conducive to the happiness of society—are employed to alleviate the wants of your fellow mortals, or in encouraging the arts and sciences, then they become a blessing in those hands to which Alla has entrusted them; the world at large feel the munificence of the possessor: he is like a cloud which, having gathered up the exhalations of the earth, spreads its bounty around, and, by its refreshing and invigorating showers, ripens the produce of the ground, and causes the flowers of the field to shoot forth their blooming heads. But when riches, which are given for the good of mankind, are applied to the purposes of ambition or avarice, or are joined with a distrustful and discontented mind, they become a curse to human nature. Know also, O Mahmut! and remember this great truth, that to be content with the situations in which Alla has been pleased to place us, is the only means of attaining happiness in this sublunary state: with her, smiling as our companion, we cannot fail of being happy: without her the wealth of Indostan, cannot make us so. Return therefore, O my son! to the toil and labour of the field, and be assured, that content, and the humble cottage of thy father Isgar, are far more enviable, than the gilded palaces of Abossan.

Plymouth:

L. G. Z.

MICRO-COSMOGRAPHY.

NO. IV.

A QUACK DOCTOR

Is a person who, knowing himself ignorant of the profession he has embarked in, is willing to make the world believe otherwise; for this purpose he advertises himself, in the public papers, as a person of wonderful skill, and, for the truth of his assertion, appeals to the testimony of suborned patients. As he is aware of his utter ignorance of the nature and properties of medicinals in general, he pretends to have made some nostrum his peculiar study, and, that this may answer all the purposes for which he has occasion, he has not niggardly confined its healing powers to one distemper, but attacks, with equal success, the ague and fever, the stone and the jaundice, and, in fact, the whole complication of animal diseases. He finds popularity is not attached to an unknown empiric; he gives an account of his travels in France and Germany, and, if he has a diploma, (which is not difficult to be obtained in some of the foreign universities) he never fails to exhibit in his bills a fac simile of the writing of the professor who signed it. He is a man who belies his own character, and rails, with all the bitterness of invective, against advertising doctors, and ignorant pretenders to physic.

If he is not so successful as he wishes, his next step is to procure some needy author to write a book in favour of his nostrum, and in praise of his skill: this book is entitled the tenth or twentieth edition, probably before the first has been sold. By these arts he becomes known, which he conceives is sufficient, and it generally proves so.

The best cure he ever performed is his own purse, which, from being lean and sickly, is become plump and full. His learning consists much in his knowledge of the Latin and Greek names of diseases and the superscriptions on the gallipots of his shop. If he has been, by accident, at some desperate or doubtful recovery, he claims the merit of the cure to himself, and this adds to his reputation and practice, for his skill is merely opinion. Of all odours he likes the smell of urine best, and holds Vespasian's rule good, that no gain is unsavoury; if you send this once to him (which he earnestly entreats you to do) he immediately divines your disorder, and will never examine your water till he has shook it into a disease; he then applies his *never-failing* remedy, and if it should not succeed, he will gravely tell you no other medicine could have succeeded. He tells you your malady in a number of unintelligible physical phrases, though it be only a cold or a head-ache, from which, by an adherence to his advice, you will shortly recover. By these means he has risen above the regular practitioner, who has too much honour to sacrifice his conscience to his worldly gain. He styles himself a Galen, or a Paracelsus, although it is well known, that, in the profession of physic, (to use a vulgar application) he is but a *Solomon!*

Beanmaris.

W. TOONE.

THE PLEASURES OF RETIREMENT.

DR. JOHNSON has decidedly given the preference to a town life: he somewhere says, "A man stores his mind better in London than any where else: in remote situations, his body may be feasted, but his mind will starve and his faculties degenerate for want of emulation, exercise, and competition; no place cures a man's vanity so well as London, as no man is either great or good *per se*, but as compared with others not so great or good: he is sure to find in the metropolis many his equals, and some his superiors. That man must be a fool who can leave the improved society of the capital, or consent to exchange the exhilarating joys and splendid decorations of public life, for the obscurity, insipidity, and uniformity of remote situations." It requires some hesitation to differ from so formidable a man; but, though we may justly allow the Doctor credit for his great abilities, it does not follow that we must implicitly subscribe to his opinions,

which were rather singular, as great men have generally a mode of thinking, and sometimes acting, peculiar to themselves. In none of his assertions is he more unfortunate than these ; but let it be considered that the doctor was but an indifferent judge of the pleasures of retirement ; a man greedy of literary fame, and immoderately attached to sensual enjoyments, can ill brook a neglect, or, what is worse, perhaps a contempt of his most shining productions, and will not easily be persuaded to forego the luxurious banquets of the gay world, for the simple and unadulterated viands of rural life ; the country could not gratify his inordinate desire of literary distinction ; it may therefore be readily conceived that a man of such a disposition would not exchange the splendid decorations and tinsel pageantry of public life, for a situation where he might live unnoticed, and, perhaps, unknown ; but to the philosopher, who despises the applause of the many, and is content with the approbation of the few, whose fullest wishes are satisfied, if providence has granted him the necessaries of life ; to him the country has its enjoyments, it affords sufficient amusement for a mind abstracted from the little concerns of the great world ; the vast variety of the vegetable kingdom, the generation and reproduction, in divers shapes and colours, of the numerous tribes of insects, and the gradual formation of earths and minerals, are inexhaustible subjects of reflection ; the works of nature are never enough to be admired, and cannot be viewed to such advantage, nor studied with so much serenity, in a crowded metropolis, as in the calm retreats of the country. In London, and, indeed, in all populous cities, the attention is distracted by a variety of objects, which still have no novelty to recommend them ; the same scenes are perpetually recurring. The theatres, and other places of public diversion, may please for a season, but cannot fail, in the end, to become indifferent to the spectator. The tumult in the streets, occasioned by the discordant voices of the retailers of fish, rabbits, &c. &c. is an intolerable nuisance to ears of a delicate texture, and the perpetual cries of ' dying speeches,' and ' barbarous, cruel, and inhuman murders,' convey no very pleasant sensations to a feeling mind. Those who have exchanged the society of the gay and the volatile, the fashionable levities and conversation of what is termed polite life, for provincial austerity and gravity, well know how to appreciate the value of a country residence : for, as an habitual acquaintance with loose manners will almost imperceptibly deprave the best intentioned mind, so will an intimate connexion with people whose morals are less corrupted, correct the eccentricities even of professed libertinism.

Braumaris.

W. TOOME.

 REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

 FLECTERE NON ODIUM COGIT, NON GRATIA SVADET.

 MISCELLANEOUS.

The Modern History of Hindostan: comprehending that of the Greek Empire of Baſſria, and other great Asiatic Kingdoms, bordering on its Western Frontier. Commencing at the Period of the Death of Alexander, and intended to be brought down to the Close of the Eighteenth Century. Vol. I. Part I. Bulmer's Press.

MR. MAURICE, indefatigable in his Indian Researches, again solicits the indulgence of the public, in favour of a work replete with interest and information. His preceding works on the antiquities and ancient history of India, evinced, in the author, an uncommon share of genius and erudition; but as the subjects discussed were mostly of an abstruse mythological nature, his readers were in general confined to the class of antiquaries, and men of the higher scientific attainments. In the present work, all investigations of an abstracted nature are omitted, and the author adheres solely to matter of fact, and historical detail. The current of events rolls on in an even and uninterrupted manner, and a style is adopted that at once delights by its ease, and animates with its vivacity.

Commencing at the period of the death of Alexander, where the ancient history terminated, Mr. M. proceeds to detail the events connected with, and consequent on, his decease, and in the first place presents us, from Sanscrit authorities, with the history of Sandracottus, as the Greeks denominated him, in this manner corrupting his Indian name of CHANDRAGUPTA; that daring usurper, who, after driving the Macedonian garrisons before him, from all their fortresses in Hindostan, and putting the venerable king Nanda to death, established in that country an empire, so vast and so formidable, as caused the kings of Syria (the Seleucidæ, successors of Alexander) to tremble on their thrones. With Sandracottus, however, the glory of that empire, in part, became extinct, and some adventurous Macedonian chiefs, who had seized upon Baſſria, a kingdom situated on the western frontier of India, and bounded northward by Sogdiana, gradually erected there an empire, extending from the Oxus to the mouth of the Indus. By degrees they made incursions upon the bordering provinces of India, and stretched their powerful domain to the banks of the Ganges; even the princes of the Deccan felt their power, and in many places,

bowed down to their jurisdiction. This INDO-GREEK empire, which flourished nearly a century and a half, and the history of which could only be collected, with immense labour of research, from various fragments to be found in Strabo, Polybius, Justin, and other classical writers that flourished about that period, employs a considerable portion of the early part of this volume, and the regular details here given, will doubtless be highly acceptable to the learned world, as adding so largely to the stores of oriental history.

Mr. M. then carries on the history, *properly Indian*, as far as that history could be collected from Ferishta, and the Asiatic Researches, compared with Greek and Roman writers, as he proceeds, down to the period of the Mahommedan invasion of India, in the seventh century of the Christian æra. Here his genius expands with his subject; with a bold pencil he sketches the aggravated enormities committed in India by that sanguinary and bigotted race; their unbounded ambition, and insatiable avarice, cloathed in the garb, and sanctioned by the insulted name, of religion. He introduces us with those ferocious conquerors, into their hallowed groves, and their most sacred pagodas; and strongly contrasts the peaceful character, and unoffending manners of the modest priests of Brahma, with the turbulent passions, and the blood-thirsty principles of the arrogant disciples of Mahommed; the former refusing all proselytes, the latter compulsorily making them with fire and the sword. Ruined temples, trampled altars, the butchery of the priesthood, and the violation of virginity, mark their dreadful progress through Hindostan, which our author properly denominates, under their visitation, a vast ACELDAMA, or *field of blood*.

From this general view of atrocities, committed during their first eruption into that rich and fertile country, Mr. M. proceeds to more regular and methodical details, and the successive princes of the celebrated Gaznaoidé dynasty, that governed India for nearly two centuries, are now introduced upon the historic DRAMA, and exhibited in the true MIRROR of native deformity. Justice is also done in these pages, to the valour of the ancient KHETTRIES, or war tribe of India, who, though repeatedly discomfited by the decided superiority in military tactics of the Mahommedan generals, again and again rally under the national standard, and, fighting for their altars and their thrones, exhibit the most astonishing proofs of cool undaunted fortitude; seldom allowing themselves to be taken alive, and often rushing, with their whole families, into the flames, to avoid the pollution induced by contact with infidels,

and the disgrace resulting from the chains of captivity, under a foreign lord. The *twelve* irruptions of MAHMUD, given, on account of their importance, in very particular detail, open scenes as interesting as they are *novel* to an European reader; the wealth in gold and silver bullion, which he amassed, is of that prodigious nature, as to be almost incredible, and would indeed be wholly so, but for the reason assigned by Mr. M. viz. that, for a series of centuries, India had, by her commerce, swallowed up, as in a vast vortex, the wealth of the tributary world; fascinated by her gems, and intoxicated with her spices and perfumes!

Our wish is to do essential justice and service, if possible, to Mr. Maurice, in the prosecution of a work of great toil, and great expence; a work *long wanted* in public libraries, and comprehending the complicated events of above two thousand years. He declares it to be his intention to bring his history down to the close of the 18th century; without dwelling on *minutiae*, which generally disgust by their insipidity, to seize the great features and events of the times; to pourtray the great characters of the successive ages, that roll before him in review, and to exhibit them, with impartiality, in his instructive page; from the guilty conquests of an Alexander and a Timur, to the *unsullied* glories, and *necessary* conquests of a CORNWALLIS and a HARRIS!

Mr. M.'s own ideas respecting what a *true historian* ought to be, and particularly an *historian of India*, a country strewed with the grandest objects for the contemplation of the philosopher in physics, and, in a political point of view, abounding with characters that astonish by their *virtues*, their *talents*, or their *crimes*, is thus expressed in the animated language of his preface; and it must be owned, that, without turgid inflation of style, he every where exemplifies his own conceptions.

"It has been well observed by a writer, who preceded me in this line of historical investigation, but whose Oriental researches, made at great labour and expence, could not keep him from a jail, if they did not lead him to it; that the course of a great history should resemble the current of a vast river, with difficulty restrained within its bounds, and sometimes even overflowing its banks; sometimes rushing forward with a great and impetuous descent, and at others gliding on with an equal and almost imperceptible motion.* From natural impulse, not less than conviction, I am led heartily to accede to this decision of Ockley, and am resolved to adhere, in the present, as in the former work, to that more dignified style of narration, which alone becomes the majesty of history. After having made choice of a period fraught with sublime and interesting events, the true historian descends not to trivial incidents, but

* Professor Ockley, in his preface to the second volume of his History of the Saracens.

seizing the striking facts and prominent characters of the times, consigns them to immortality on the faithful tablet of her recording page. It is, above all things, incumbent upon him properly to *feel* the various subjects which his pen describes—when the trumpets are sounded, he must glow with his hero, and transport his reader, with himself, amidst the thickest of the battle. But while he gives to valour its due tribute of applause, he should never forget (and I trust in these pages it has not been forgotten,) to expose in terms of just and warm indignation, the sanguinary principles that too frequently accompany the warrior to the field of Asiatic conflict; the ferocity of Mohammedan zeal, and the ravages of Tartar barbarity." P. 8.

Before, however, we commence our extracts from the historical part of the work, we shall introduce our readers into the palaces of two Indian monarchs, reigning in India, when visited, in the first century, by Appollonius; the one seems to have been a sworn votary of luxury; the other all that a wise and dignified sovereign ought to be. The contrast is very great and striking; but by no means, we believe, peculiar to India. Of Musicanus, the slave of pleasure, it is said—

"The front of his palace was erected on lofty columns of porphyry, richly gilded, round which, to the very summit, were twined artificial vines of solid gold, and amid the branches appeared the figures of Indian birds, the brilliancy of whose plumage is unrivalled, executed in jewelry. The inside of it was one continued blaze of magnificence, and abounded with whatever could gratify, even to satiety, the delighted ear and the astonished eye. In one apartment the stranger was soothed with the warblings of the softest music; in another, was heard the quick but measured step of the mazy dance; a third echoed with the wanton songs of the sirens of beauty; and a fourth resounded with the frantic mirth of the bacchanal. The monarch himself, who seems to have placed his chief happiness in the enjoyment of a supine and voluptuous indolence, was arrayed in a splendid vest of gold and purple, richly embroidered. He was incessantly surrounded with a train of women, who spent their whole time in perfuming his tresses and adorning his person; while their licentious conversation and gestures served as a perpetual incentive to libidinous pleasures. When he condescended to appear in public, silver censers, in which burned the richest aromatics of the East, were constantly borne before him, as if he were a god, and he lay extended on a litter of gold, the sumptuous covering of which was fringed with rows of the most costly pearl. His wives and concubines followed in litters of the same precious metal; while, whether on a march, or engaged in the chase, he was followed by an innumerable guard, as well as by subordinate officers, who carried branches echoing with the wild melody of the sweetest birds produced in the forests of India."

Let us now reverse the portrait. Leaving the luxurious race of Southern

• Strabo, lib. xv. p. 666. Quintus Curtius, lib. viii. cap. 9.

India, let us turn our eye to her more northern progeny, and enter with Appollonius the palace of Phraotes. There all was economy, regularity, and simplicity. Under that roof prevailed no vain parade of unnecessary pomp; no train of servants, pampered and insolent, crowding the lofty gate; no waste of treasures, better employed to great national purposes, were to be observed. The apartments of state were spacious and convenient, decently, and even elegantly, decorated, but without glare and profusion. In the hall of audience, the balance of justice was suspended on high with a steady hand, for at that tribunal the voice of adulation was unheard; the claims of individual interest unnoticed. In the interior apartments, the eye and the ear met with no object to inflame, no possible incentive to seduction; the wanton smile of the court-siren, betrayed not the unguarded youth; the song of immodesty was suppressed, and the banquet of intemperance forbidden.* P. 142.

We shall conclude our observations, for the present month, with the description of the Temple of the Sun.

"If, however, the palace of Phraotes was a fabric of such uniform simplicity of construction and decoration, far different was the superb temple of the sun, which they beheld in the great city of Taxila, on which a reverential awe of the Deity, adored in his brightest symbol, had induced the sovereign of that kingdom to bestow the utmost labour of art, and such an unbounded profusion of gold and precious stones of every kind and colour, as one might think would have exhausted the mines of both Golconda and Pegu. The lofty walls of this solar temple were composed of red marble, resembling the fire of his own resplendent sphere, interspersed at intervals with plates of burnished gold, broad at the base, and ending pyramidically like the rays emitted from it. On the floor, in a kind of mosaic work of jewelry, was wrought the similitude of the morning star, personified in the mythology of India, and worshipped under the name of *AURVANA*, the charioteer of day. No object ever yet displayed to human sight, could equal that resplendent pageant, either for richness or lustre; being wholly composed of various coloured stones, infinite in number, and exquisite in beauty, that seemed to burn upon the illumined pavement.* In this magnificent temple, and to the honour of the presiding deity, was probably performed, that ancient remarkable circular dance mentioned by Lucian,† as peculiar to the Indian priests, who, says that writer, *περὸς τὴν ἀνατολὴν στήτες* standing with their faces towards the east, worship the sun in a sacred dance imitative of the motion of his own orb. When to this we add what Sir William Jones has informed us, that the works of an ancient Indian sage, named Yavan Acharya, contain a system of the universe, founded on the principle of attraction and the central position of the sun, and farther, that the names of the planets and zodiacal stars are found in the oldest Indian records, we can scarcely deny them, in the most ancient periods, the credit of very high advance in astronomical science." P. 145.

* Vide Apoll. Tyan. lib. ii. cap. xi. p. 87.

† Lucian de Saltatione, in Operibus.

Scottish Poems of the Sixteenth Century. Large 8vo. 380 Pages. Edinburgh and London. 1801.

It, as the antiquarian publisher of this volume reports, and we are not inclined to question his veracity, "above seven hundred volumes have been examined," in search of poems and illustrations, to gratify modern curiosity, we seriously compassionate a labour which has been attended with so inadequate a recompense as the prosaic and poetic reliques here produced. Those gleaners who have preceded our tyro in this capacious field of literature, seem to have picked up every scattered ear, and to have left nothing for his sturdy scythe but a crop of mildewed stubble, which, however high the price of straw continues, will, most assuredly, meet with a very tardy sale in England. We wish it may enable the proprietor to pay for *back-carriage*: and in order to effect this, we will display his whole waggon-load of contents, and exhibit a specimen of his staple commodity, by way of sample.

PROSE.

Introduction, [consisting of] cursory remarks on *Ane booke of godly and spirituall songs, &c.* [For these remarks, the writer justly expects to be "taxed with impiety."]

Some incidents in the life of James, Earl of Murray, regent of Scotland. [Ob. 1570.]

Biographical Sketches of Sir William Kirkcaldy, of Grange, Governor of Edinburgh Castle. [Ob. 1573.]

A faithful narrative of the great and miraculous victory, obtained by George Gordon, Earl of Huntly, and Francis Hay, Earl of Errol, Catholic Noblemen, over Archibald Campbell, Earl of Argyle, Lieutenant: at Strathaven, in the North of Scotland, 3d October, 1594.

POEMS.

Ane compendious booke of godly and spirituall songs, collectit out of sundrie partes of the scripture, with sundrie of other Ballates changed out of prophaine sanges, for avoyding of sinne and harlotrie; with augmentation of sundrie gude and godly Ballates. [217 pages.]

Ane tragedie, in forme of ane diallog, betwix honour, gude fame, and the authour heirof, in ane trance, 1570.

The Lamentation of Lady Scotland, compylit be her self, speaking in maner of ane epistle, in the moneth of Marche, the zeir of Ged, 1572.

The Testament and Tragedie of umquhile King Henric Stewart,
of gude memorie, 1567.

Ane Declaration of the Lordis just Quarrel, 1567. A ballat,
1571.

The Sege of the Castel of Edinburgh, 1573.

The Legend of the Bischop of St. Androis Lyfe, callit Mr. Patrick Adamson, *alias* Cousteane.

The Battell of Balrinnis, foughtin betwixt Archibald Earll of Argyll, against Francis Earll of Erroll, and George Earll of Hundie, in anno 1594.

These meagre remains of Scottish poetry are mostly reprinted from scarce copies, and some readers might have expected to be told in whose hands those copies were reposit: but the prefatory matter merely intimates that they were "procured at different times and different places." The booke of godly songs is in Mr. Paton's possession, a well-known and liberal collector of curiosities, at Edinburgh. From this mass of miserable ditties, we have been at some pains to produce one of the most intelligible, that we may not be worse than our agreement. It is a ballat in favour of the marriage of priests.

God send every priest ane ¹ wife,
And every nunne a ² man,
That they may live that haly ³ life
As first the kirk began.

Sanct Peter, quhom nane can reprove ⁴,
His life in mariage led;
All gude preists quhom God did lufe ⁵,
Their marryit ⁶ wyfes had.

Greit causis then I grant had they
Fra ⁷ wyfes to refraine;
Bot greiter causis have they may
Now wyfes to wed againe.

For then suld ⁸ nocht sa many hure
Be up and downe this land;
Nor zit ⁹ sa many bidders pure ¹⁰,
In kirk and mercat ¹¹ stand.

And not sa meikell bastard seid ¹²,
Throw out this countrie sawin ¹³;
Nor gude men uncouth ¹⁴ fry suld feed,
And all the suith ¹⁵ were knawin ¹⁶.

¹ One. ² Holy. ³ Reprove. ⁴ Love. ⁵ Married. ⁶ From. ⁷ Should not.
⁸ Whores. ⁹ Yet. ¹⁰ Poor. ¹¹ Market. ¹² Seed. ¹³ Sown. ¹⁴ Strange children.
¹⁵ Truth. ¹⁶ Known.

Sen Christes law, and common law,
 And doctours will admit,
 That priestes in that zock '7 suld draw;
 '18 Quha dar say contrair it?

Gleanings in Ireland, &c. by B. Fraser, Esq. Author of the General View of the Agriculture and Mineralogy of the County of Wicklow. 1802.

IT has been a common practice with literary manufacturers, or rather of those who employ them, the booksellers, who may be said to set a price on literary labour, to avail themselves of the name given to any popular piece of intellectual workmanship. Thus we have had, of late years, Sentimental Journeys, upon Journeys of Sentiment; Bath Guides upon Bath Guides, till the original idea is in a manner dilated and amplified *ad infinitum*. The production before us is, we believe, the tenth, which has been hashed up for the public, under the name of "Gleanings," since Mr. Pratt gave us his well-known volumes. We have had "*Gleanings from Thomson*," "*Gleanings from Magazines*," "*Gleanings from Books*," "*Gleanings from History*," "*Gleanings of Agriculture*," "*Gleanings for the Young*," &c. &c. &c. and now we have "*Gleanings in Ireland*." Not that we hereby mean to inhibit the practice of making out a good title, from any prior celebrated work, as long as an author has occasion so to do; nor ought the original inventor of the said title to be displeased with such an obvious compliment to his original claims, since imitation presupposes excellence on literary as well as moral subjects. But we cannot help being disappointed to see this new popular title, and, as in the present case, applied to a mere pamphlet on one single subject, when it might have been used to denominate a work of great extension and importance. For, certainly, no man can question the claims which Hibernia has to those Gleanings, both for the head and heart, which have been the object of Mr. Pratt's observations under a similar title; and, indeed, should not that gentleman be tempted by the favour of the public to extend his remarks into the sister country, we should recommend Mr. Fraser, the author of this pamphlet (which discovers a patriotic and intelligent mind, in the * limited though by no means

* Yoke. '18 Who dare to contradict it.

* The author confines his remarks in this pamphlet chiefly to mines and minerals, metals and metallic strata, with very brief accounts of the agriculture, manufactures, and histories of Ireland.

insignificant, topics he has touched) to go over the ground more widely, with a view of doing more ample justice to himself and his country.

The Encyclopædia of Wit. 12mo.

THE rage for *Encyclopædias* has of course given rise to this selection, which is far too multifarious to contain much of the *attic*. We fear, with all the labour of modern attempts at this sort of relation, Joe Miller will not be surpassed for his originality, though left far behind for obscenity.

The Spirit of Anti-jacobinism for 1802. Being a Collection of Essays, Dissertations, and other Pieces, in Prose and Verse, on Subjects Religious, Moral, Political, and Literary; partly selected from the fugitive Publications of the Day, and partly original. Small 8vo. 1802.

THIS collection seems intended as a sort of set-off against a similar work, under the title of "Spirit of the Public Journals," which we have found entitled to our praise, especially the latter volumes. These sort of publications ought to be encouraged; they rescue from oblivion many a flower, otherwise "born to blush unseen," and, after a time, call to our recollection scenes in the remembrance of which we may feel some pleasure.

Deleval; a Novel. 2 Vols. 12mo. 1802.

THERE is one great merit attached to *Deleval*—it does not fatigue the patience of the reader, by its extreme length.

Dorothea; or, a Ray of the new Light. 12mo. 3 Vols.

WE had great pleasure in giving a favourable report of "St. Godwin," a good humoured hit at the author of *St. Leon*, because we believed the satire overflowed with merriment, and contained no malice *aforthought*. This novel differs most essentially from the former *jeu d'esprit*; it attempts to decry a work, in many of its parts extremely meritorious; and, in the relation of the story, nothing whimsical is given, by way of compensation for its coarse severity.

The Godwinian system must have more powerful assailants, than the author of *Dorothea* to overturn it.

The Dawn of Peace, an Ode—and Amphion, or the Force of Concord, Regulation and Peace, an Ode. By Thomas Noble. 4to. 1801.

THIS poem possesses a great share of merit; there is much strength of diction and originality of thinking, interspersed through "the Dawn of Peace."

The following is no unfavourable specimen of the work :

“ Come, ruddy Labour, lov'd by Freedom, come,
Drop thy red faulchion, and thy plough resume ;
No longer war requires thy youthful band ;
They come—a rude and hardy train—
They hear the uncultur'd earth complain,
They see cold Avarice grasp the dearth's land.
Tremble, Monopoly—thy reign is o'er !
A war-taught troop demand their food,
From fields defended by their blood ;
Where's their till'd acre—that paternal store ;
Barren ! it now extends thy desolate domain.

The Words of the most favourite Songs, Duets, &c. Sung at the Amphitheatre, Westminster Bridge, and the Royalty Theatre, Well-close Square. Dedicated to Mrs. Astley. The whole written by Mr. Upton. 30 pp. 1802.

In another department of our Mirror, we have so frequently mentioned the productions of this gentleman, that it is now only necessary to add, that the serious songs are pleasingly written, and those which are of a comic cast possess considerable point. They are handsomely dedicated to Mrs. Astley, of whom the author promises an engraved portrait in his next work. We thank Mr. Upton for his compliment to us.

Recreations at Ramsgate—Poetical Effusions, collated with, and collected from, Original Manuscripts in the Possession of a Lady. 4to. 46 pp. Ramsgate. 1801.

MR. TRESHAM, the painter, whose merit and reputation as an artist, stand very high indeed, is also entitled to no mean rank in the court of Parnassus ;—his “ Sea-sick Minstrel” is a favourable specimen of a lively and fervid imagination, and these recreations are a presumptive proof, at least, that the author might, if he had the assiduity, woo the muses with additional success. There is, however, now and then, an unpardonable carelessness in some of the verses, unworthy the elegant and accomplished taste of Mr. Tresham.

Poems on various Subjects, by Thomas Dermody. pp. 206. London. 1802.

We noticed a former volume of Mr. Dermody's poems in our number for Nov. 1800. [vol. x. p. 307.] He is a young man of extraordinary genius, and we are glad of an opportunity of repeating the commendation to which his talents so justly entitle him.

The principal poems in this collection are, a poetical romance called *Love's Legend*, or *Aribert and Angela*, in three parts; the *Extravaganza*, the *Pleasures of Poetry*, and the *Enthusiast*; the two latter in the stanza of Spenser. The remainder of the volume consists of odes, sonnets, songs, elegies, epigrams, &c. A few of the smaller pieces appeared originally in the MONTHLY MIRROR.

Aribert and Angela is a kind of legendary tale. The story is interesting, and in the composition the author has carefully attended to that ease and simplicity which are so requisite in poems of this kind. It is dedicated, in the following sonnet, to Sir JAMES BLAND BURGESS, a successful votary of the MUSE, and, on all occasions, the liberal friend and admirer of Genius.

Again my spirit wakes from deep repose,
Tho' deep, not joyless; and each fairer dream,
That fancy on the pregnant trance bestows,
Bids o'er the page in lasting beauty stream;
But ah! no dazzling glories shalt THOU find,
Such as illumine thy own consummate lay;
No miracles of the effulgent mind,
To guide thee thro' invention's milky-way;
A shepherd's simple song:—of ardent youth,
A rude narration, and of love sincere,
Which nature's mighty self, and virgin truth,
Instill'd, erewhile, into his raptur'd ear;
Nor, only, shall it charm the village train,
If THOU wilt deign to list so low a strain.

As Mr. Dermody has offered a few cursory remarks on his other poems, we think it will be fair to transcribe them.

"The Extravaganza, which is, perhaps, the most original, and fanciful poem, I ever had sufficient powers to compose, (together with the two imitations of Spenser,) has been honoured, while in manuscript, with the very flattering approbation of some of the first literary characters of the day. I do not think myself entitled to particularise the respective names of those celebrated personages; neither might it afford any very favourable idea of my personal modesty, whatever scope it might yield to the emotions of gratitude, and the public avowal of my feelings. My professed aversion to the arbitrary and ill-founded innovations of some modern Reformers, has induced me to aim at the manly style of our poetical fathers, and to attempt the revival of spirited sentiment, relieved by the chaste, and graceful simplicity of forcible diction. How far I have succeeded, and what degree of lenity may be due to the ardour of emulation, must rest entirely on the candid decision of the reader. I shall, at any rate, have the conscious satisfaction, in case of a failure in execution, of considering that my efforts were laudable, and unassuming, untinged with the slightest hue of critical arrogance, and content myself with the beautiful and appropriate reflection of Silius Italicus.

Explorant adversa viros; perque aspera duro
Nititur ad laudem vitrus interrita clivo.

The other pieces being, in general, the amusive recreations of a youthful mind, must not aspire to any marked instances either of implicit censure, or unalloyed favour. It will be found that they are neither licentious, or imporal; and though sparingly illuminated by the vivid coruscations of wit, not frequently destitute of ethic observation, and salutary precept. Though I am a most zealous advocate for pure and natural expression, yet I sincerely despise that present degenerate vulgarity of phrase, which may not be inaptly termed *cant*; and which has often induced me to suppose that some moderns had proposed to themselves Goldsmith's humorous "Elegy on a Mad Dog," as a model for their lyric, nay, and their epic labours. This is refinement with a witness, but savours much more of the nursery than of the school; of De Foe, or Tom Brown, or Tom Durfey, than of Quintilian, or Blair, or Beattie."

We leave Mr. Wordsworth and his friends to discuss the subject hinted at, in the latter part of the quotation. The *Extravaganza* certainly contains many bold and noble flights of imagination, such as could be conceived only in the mind of a poet. The *Pleasures of Poesy*, and the *Enthusiast*, are in the true *spirit*, as well as in the *stanza* of SPENSER. In the latter poem we think the following personifications are extremely grand and striking.

High o'er headlong torrent's foamy fall,
Whose waters howl along the rugged steep,
On the loose-jutting rock, or mould'ring wall,
See! where gaunt Danger lays him down to sleep!
The piping winds his mournful vigil keep;
The light'nings blue his stony pillow warm;
Anon, incumbent o'er the dreary deep,
The fiend enormous strides the lab'ring storm,
And, mid the thund'rous strife, expands his giant-form.

The vital stream, propel'd from every part,
Tumultuous, leaves each veiny channel dry;
The purple flood flows heavy on my heart,
As startled Madness meets my blasted eye;
How lamentable, now, his loaded sigh,
Of horrible intent, and fix'd despair!
And, now again, with agonizing cry,
He beats his boxen cheek, he rends his hair,
*Till in hot tears is quench'd his eyeball's fiery glare!

The sudden light that flash'd athwart his brain,
Dread interval! but more augments his woe;
Oft has that bare head brav'd the dashing rain;
Its brown locks oft been silver'd o'er with snow;
Ye savage tempests! cease awhile to blow;
Ye angry heav'ns! upfurl your sheeted flame;
From Love's deluding cup the poisons flow,
That drench in anguish his distracted frame,
That leave him man's fair form, without the boasted name.

Ah ! who is SHE, of dark unsettled brow,
 That, bleeding, drags an angel-shape behind,
 And quaffs the living gore ?—I know her now !
 'Tis *Jealousy*, that monster of the mind,
 In whom are thousand contraries combin'd,
 Now, moping, melancholy, o'er the wild ;
 Now, fretful, rash, unreasoning, unconfin'd ;
 In Constancy's best blood her hands drest ;
 And strangling in its birth her own devoted child.

These are the effusions of no vulgar fancy, and from them the reader will form a favourable opinion of the whole. The first stanza, however, reminds us too forcibly of Collins's description of *Danger*. The smaller pieces are very numerous. We were particularly pleased with the *Ode to Sir Ralph Abercromby*; the *Hymn to Autumn*, in the *Horatian* measure of Collins's *Ode to Evening*; and the *Grave of Merna*, in the construction and sentiment of which latter piece, Mr. Dermody has successfully caught and conveyed the solemnity of the Runic ode.

We hope the second edition will be supplied with an index.

DRAMATIC,

The Philanthropist. A Play in five Acts. Dedicated by Permission to Dr. Hawes. 8vo. 62 pp. London. 1801.

IT was thus observed by Mr. Windham, in his speech against the abolition of bull-baiting, when descanting on the merits of Bloomfield, author of the *Farmer's Boy*, to whom, and to his ingenious editor,* Mr. Windham paid an elegant, and, in our estimation, appropriate compliment.

"I have doubts how far it is proper to encourage ideas of literary renown in those who have been bred to a useful trade. In particular instances, as in the one before us, it may not be prejudicial, but to inculcate such notions, generally, can only tend to a mischievous purpose."

These sentiments apply with considerable force to the author of this play—his motive we commend, but his mind has not sufficient strength to combine the various requisites essential in the construction of a drama; and it would be doing him an injury to flatter him with any hopes of success in this department of literature.

* Capel Loft, Esq.

THE BRITISH STAGE.

IMITATIO VITAE, SPECULUM CONSUETUDINIS, IMAGO VERITATIS. *Cicero.*
 The Imitation of LIFE—The Mirror of MANNERS—The Representation of TRUTH.

STRICTURES ON THE EFFECTS OF TRAGEDY.

SIR,

HAVING read H. K. White's "cursory remarks on tragedy," I have been induced to send you the following strictures on the same subject, which if you think sufficiently apposite, by inserting them, you will oblige yours, respectfully,

CIVIS.

In considering the effect that the *first* representation of a good tragedy has on the human mind, we naturally refer ourselves to the state of mind in which we are left when the curtain falls, which state of mind may be called the aggregate of our sensations, during the performance.

The Abbe Du Bos, Monsieur Fontenelle, and David Hume, we will suppose, endeavoured to pourtray their own feelings, and each, perhaps, would derive his principal satisfaction from very different sources—the turbulence of the passions, the colouring of the phrase, or the adjustment of incident. The Abbe Du Bos, however, appears to have adopted the least exceptionable opinion, in considering that the mind delights in exertion, and that witnessing the direful effects of passion and revenge are interesting moments, when compared with the nonentity of fireside hours. If he err at all, it is in calling this exertion a *positive pleasure*, which would tend to confound the sensations derived from very different events. The thoughts of M. Fontenelle are so obscured in a querulous envelopment of words, that it is difficult to separate his distinct ideas. We perceive the intentions of a fine writer, rather than a sedulous enquirer; the thoughts of a playful imagination, rather than an analysis of truth, and a mere disposition of words, instead of an arrangement of things. The word *pleasure*, does or ought to imply approbation, and if so, we certainly are not pleased with the successive events of a tragedy, but are left thoughtful and contemplative, assailed only by a "slow succession of soft impulses." The mind, in this state, may be said to resemble the tremulous agitation of the sea, when the tempest has subsided; or like the body, after

being tortured on the rack, is left again freely to respire, and sink into a languid and trembling repose.

Mr. Sheridan, in a few beautiful lines in the epilogue to *Pizarro*, has pictured, by his own feelings, the feelings of human nature.

————— How shall elocution pour the verse,
 So sweetly that its music shall repay,
The low'd illusion which it drives away?
 Mine* is the task, to rigid custom due,
 To me ungrateful as 'tis harsh to you ;
 To mar the work the tragic scene has wrought,
 To rouse the mind that broods in pensive thought ;
 To scare reflection which in absent dreams
 Still lingers musing on the recent themes.

Every one must perceive an additional acuteness and susceptibility of mind, after the performance of a good tragedy, perhaps not unlike the effect that the inhalation of Doctor Beddoes' new species of gas has on the body. Pleasure is happiness in a less degree ; the former is light, bounding and gay—the latter swells in the human heart, as though it were a space too confined for its residence. 'Tis the province of true tragedy to raise terror, and excite pity ; we tremble with fear, glow with indignation, and melt in sympathy, which alternately preponderate, and give a wholesome exertion to the mind, and if they do not impart *positive pleasure*, communicate vigour of feeling and animation of thought.

Suppose a man of mind and sensibility present at the first representation of *Pizarro*. The moment Rolla enters, his face, his gait, his demeanour, all stamp him a hero ; and before he has spoken a word he becomes the principal personage of the scene. The spectator hears him harangue his soldiers, and his heart echoes his sentiments. He becomes a charm, that strikes consistency into the beings around him ; he *makes* his followers Peruvians, and gives dignity to his king. He attends Alonzo to the field, rallies his soldiers, and the spectator listens to the battle. He returns sad in the pomp of victory, and the triumph is incomplete. He relates to Cora her husband's last words, but hope beams not in his eye, nor does expectation speak in his voice. She suspects him ; he is silent, and the scene is still as death, as though the spectator listened to his thoughts. He departs, but words have little to do with his determination. He appears in the prison, passes the centinel, releases his friend, and encounters Elvira. He recollects the wrongs of his country, and takes the dagger ! He appears in the tent scene, pauses

* Mrs. Jordan.

ing over the genius of desolation, with the thunderbolt of power in his hand ! Virtue determines, and Pizarro is most conquered when he bids him " awake ! " He throws the dagger at his feet, and the spectator's heart goes with it. Nature prevails, and the hero is released. He is brought back in chains, yet still seems to possess his power. He seizes his friend's child, and the torrent that should oppose him shrinks at his approach. Vice levels the tube, and virtue seeks for consolation in her own tears. It little imports the spectator who is the successful combatant of the surviving warriors ; the eye may glance on the encounter, but the heart has become indifferent to the course of events. The magnificence of scenery, and splendour of decoration, that gave such animation and lustre to the performance, lose their effect ; and nothing succeeds of a congenial nature but the dirge for the loved hero, that bears the cadence of sympathy, and softens the agony of thought. This state of mind cannot be called *positive pleasure*, and it certainly is not *absolute pain*, and of course must be a modification of the two, and the entertainment which it imparts can only be accounted for from a certain satisfaction that the mind derives from the exertion of its powers, and the exercise of its affections. Nothing is so fretful and wearisome as for the tide of life to roll sickly on, without any addition to its pleasures, or qualification of its pains.

Wolverhampton, May 10th, 1802.

CIVIS.

ORIGINAL LETTERS

FROM GARRICK TO LE KAIN.

The late Roscius of the French Stage.

LETTER V. AND LAST.

Bath, 29 Mars, 1766.

Je ne puis pas vous exprimer, mon cher ami, l'inquiétude de mon ame, depuis que j'ai votre lettre entre mes [*les*] mains, et je me brouille [*je m'embrouille*] à force de penser à votre égard. Si je ne vous vois pas avant votre départ, je serai le plus malheureux des hommes. Permettez-moi de vous faire quelques propositions, que l'extrême envie de vous voir me fait naître ; et vous verrez la confiance que j'ai dans votre amitié, par la liberté que j'en use avec vous. En premier lieu, vous ne pouvez pas douter un instant que s'il avait

tenu à moi de jouer pour vous, que je ne l'aurais [*l'eusse*] fait avec transport ; mais il y a des obstacles insurmontables, dont vous conviendrez au premier mot que je vous en toucherais [*toucherais*] de bouche.

La proposition que j'ai à vous faire est de me venir voir ici, ou au moins une moitié du chemin. Je m'y rendrai pour avoir le plaisir de passer deux jours avec vous. Un de mes amis vous accompagnera, et aura soin également de votre retour à Londres : je l'enverrai chez vous pour savoir votre décision. J'ai mille et mille choses à vous dire, que je remets à notre rencontre ; et avec la plus grande espérance de vous voir et de vous embrasser.

Je suis tout à vous,

D. GARRICK.

TRANSLATION.

Bath, 29th March, 1766.

I CANNOT express to you, my dear friend, the uneasiness of my mind since the receipt of your letter, and I am full of perplexity on your account. If I do not see you before your departure, I shall be the most unhappy man in the world. Suffer me to make you some proposals, which originate in my extreme desire to see you ; and you will perceive what confidence I have in your friendship, by the liberty I take with you. In the first place, you cannot doubt for a moment that, if it had been in my power to play for you, I should have been delighted at so doing : but there were insurmountable obstacles in the way, of which you will be convinced the very first opportunity I may have of speaking to you.

The proposal I have to make is, that you come and see me here, or at least that you meet me half way. I shall hasten thither to have the pleasure of passing two days with you. One of my friends shall accompany you, and shall also attend you on your return to London. I will send him to you, to learn your determination. I have ten thousand things to say to you, which I defer till our meeting, and, with the most ardent hope of seeing and embracing you, I am,

Entirely yours,

D. GARRICK.

MR. SEYMOUR'S NOTES UPON SHAKSPEARE.

AS YOU LIKE IT,

THIS play, I think, exhibits very evident marks of sophistication, not only in the looseness and incoherence of the fable, but often in the style of the dialogue, as in the first scene, which has nothing of the manner of Shakspear, but resembles rather that of Ben Jonson.

32. "What make you here?"

Orland. "Nothing."

Ol. "What mar you then?"

Orl. "I am helping you to mar that which heaven made, a poor unworthy brother of yours with idleness."

Ol. "Be better employed then; be nought awhile."

Be nought, i. e. begone from this place; make a vacancy, by removing yourself, or, as it is sometimes expressed, avoid (imperatively). It is a play upon words; Orlando had said that he was helping Oliver to *mar* what God had *made*; and he is bidden to be better employed, in *making* himself a *cypher*: but the whole seems to be a reference to a trite joke, apparently of some antiquity, where a master, coming suddenly upon two idle servants, asks one of them what he is doing? To which the man replies—"Nothing, Sir."—"And what are you doing," says the master to the other servant; to which the fellow confusedly answers, "I am helping him, Sir."

ACT II.

315. "A verse—that I made yesterday, in despite of my invention."

Jaques *forced* himself to rhyme, and tortured his imagination to gratify his spleen.

390. "He hath strange places cramm'd with observation."

This is whimsically, but not carelessly, expressed. His wit is of so strange a kind, that it seems to be extracted from the most obscure recesses of the intellect.

424. "Till that the very very means do ebb."

The reading of the first copy, "weary, very means, &c." appears far preferable to the dull and ineffectual repetition of "very."

ACT IV.

17. "In which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness."

This certainly requires correction; but though Mr. Steevens's change of "in" to "its," affords a meaning and concord, I suspect it is not exactly that which was intended:—perhaps this may be nearer the mark: "It is a melancholy of my own, &c. and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, *on* which my often rumination wraps me, &c. i. e. my often rumination on *which* (my travels) wraps or entrances me." Often rumination seems a strange phrase, but perhaps it is not more anomalous than *semperlenitas*. I find the phrase, too, in Warner's *Albion's England*—

"With often kisses plying him, no sport was over-past."

100. "The foolish chroniclers of that age found it was Hero, of Cestos."

Sir Thomas Hanmer's reading, "coroners," is adopted by Mr. Edwards, who thinks it has support in Hamlet:—"The coroner hath sat on her, and finds it christian burial." Mr. Malone, too, though he prefers the old text, says that "found" is certainly used in a forensic sense; and Mr. Monk Mason asserts, that the allusion is doubtless to a coroner's inquest on the body of Leander, and that their verdict was—*Hero of Cestos was the cause of Leander's death*; but, unfortunately for this fair argument, we know that a coroner's inquest upon the body either of Ophelia or Leander, could only declare that the person *was drowned*, and, though they might *find* it accident or lunacy, it would be impossible for them to ascertain the particular cause.

220. "Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough."

Jaques appears to have been silyly a lover of music, while he pretends to despise it: this is the second time he has called for a song.

ACT V.

343. "Whose heart within his bosom is."

Mr. Malone supposes that the relative "whose" belongs not to Orlando, but to Rosalind: the meaning, perhaps, is only this—Join her hand with his, whose heart is where it ought to be, i. e. who is generous and faithful. We often say of an opposite character, that his heart is not in the right place.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET.

QUICK o'er the wintry waste dart fiery shafts,
 Bleak blows the blast—now howls—then faintly dies,
 And oft upon its awful wings it wafts,
 The dying wanderer's distant, feeble cries.
 Now, when athwart the gloom gaunt horror stalks,
 And midnight hags their damned vigils hold,
 The pensive poet, 'mid the wild waste walks,
 And ponders on the ill's life's paths unfold.
 Mindless of dangers hov'ring round—he goes,
 Insensible to every outward ill;
 Yet oft his bosom heaves with rending throes,
 And oft big tears adown his worn cheeks trill.
 Ah! 'tis the anguish of a mental sore,
 Which gnaws his heart, and bids him hope no more.
Nettingham.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

INSCRIPTION FOR A SPRING.

NEAR NORTHAMPTON.

PAUSE, heedless stranger! This mellifluous spring,
 Which warbles forth such heavenly strains unseen,
 Hides fair Nerina, Nereid of the rill;
 Dew-drops distilling from her beauteous lips,
 Or sympathetic tears, which deck the eye
 At others' anguish, form these liquid pearls;
 And those sweet murmurs which enchant thine ear,
 Finely expressive, are those dulcet songs
 Which queen Nerina chaunts, to charm the hours
 Of anxious absence; when her favourite nymph
 Reclin'd on clouds of party-colour'd hue,
 Vying with Iris, casts refreshing showers.—
 Ah! cease to wander, yet not cease to stray
 Near this delightful consecrated spot,
 For here does Virtue with her daughter live,
 Mild-ey'd content, diffusing all around
 Such rosy health, and those enchanting smiles,
 Which glad thy sight in all the prospect round.

Abergavenny.

MORTIMER.

TRANSLATION

OF

PETRARCH'S 239th SONNET.

Se lamentar jangelli.

WHEN widow'd birds in saddest notes complain,
 Of mates beguil'd into the treach'rous snare,
 Or the green leaf soft waves to summer air,
 Or rills low murmuring wind their lucid train.
 There, pensive on some flowery margin lain,
 Thoughtless of all save Love's mysterious care,
 I to my view behold her form repair;
 Who, though inhum'd, is conscious of my pain.
 Wherefore, O Petrarch, yield'st thou to the aim
 Of cruel love?—she said, in Pity's tones;—
 Wherefore this briny current, useless groans,
 That from thy youth withdraw the vital flame?
 Oh, weep not: for those eyes, though lost to thy frail sight,
 Were clos'd but to awake in everlasting light.

S. W. L.

TO MR. BRAHAM.

WHEN dying murmurs sigh o'er Orpheus' lyre,
 When sweet Alcæus woo'd his love-sick wire,
 When Lesbian Sappho hush'd the breeze with love,
 And Echo gave the notes to every grove;
 The dulcet swan then stray'd his wat'ry way;
 Then Philomela paus'd her pensive lay;
 Then list'ning woods, and heark'ning streams were still,
 And panting Aura join'd the magic thrill.
 Since those sweet hours, the lapse of years hath hurl'd
 That flood of music from the raptur'd world;
 Yet their departed shades in pity shed
 Their tend'rest dews o'er Braham's favor'd head;
 Again enchantment trembles through the air,
 Again immortal strains entrance a mortal ear!

MELODIA.

PROPINATIO.

Anglicè,

A TOAST.

(BY THE EDITOR OF THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.)

CONSUL Primus Buonoparté,
 Minor tantùm ipso Marte
 Luctuosâ Martis Arte,
 Vivat! valeat Buonoparté!

Cujus castra et victoria
 Usque sequitur, et gloria,
 Et quem celebret Historia!
 Vivat, valeat Buonoparté!

At si magnus sis Bellator,
 Major es Pacificator;
 Et maximus, cum Dei Aras
 Cultumq; instaurare paras!
 Vivas! valeas! Buonoparté!

Cedat magnus Jovis Filius,
 Cedat æquè magnus Julius!
 Qui nesciebant, quando poni
 Finem decuit ambitioni.
 Vivat! valeat! Buonoparté!

Et dum pacem firmam servet
 Quâ nunc omne cor tam fervet,
 Et tot ratam faciunt chartæ,
 Vivat! valeat Buonoparté!
 Minor tantùm ipso Marte
 Luctuosâ Martis Arte,

Bibatur hic in omni parte
 Quâ Musica triumphat arte*
 Et voces vinclis rite sartæ!
 Vivat, valeat Bonoparté!

* Harmonic Society. &c. at Bath

LINES

Sent with a Rose-Bud to Miss H. B. in the Month of December.

FROM deadly frosts, from many a chilling blast,
With fostering hand, I've nurs'd the parent tree;
With pleasure now I view all danger past,
And send its blooming offspring unto thee.

This Bud I fear will droop its blushing face,
Midst Winter's cold and dreary reign, to find
Another Bud, adorn'd with every grace,
Which bounteous nature hath in thee combin'd.

St. Neot's, 12th Feb. 1802.

SOCIUS,

SONNET,

Addressed to Mrs. Nunns, of the Stafford Theatre, on seeing her perform Jane Shore, and several other Characters.

QUEEN of fictitious woes!—thy crown is fraught
With many a lustrous gem from Feeling's eye;
And hearts of adamant by thee are taught
Their nature to forego, and learn to sigh.

Thy throne is in the heart—at thy control
We weep, or laugh, or droop in wan despair,
Passions alternate agitate the soul,
Now frolics youthful hope, now reigns the vet'ran care.

Sweet counterfeit of grief, and joy, and fear,
Fair prototype of pity's angel face!
Again for Shore call forth the burning tear—
Again let dimpling joy thy speaking features grace.

Smile,— and once more shall Bliss, with willing arms,
Press me (in fancy's dream) close to her breast of charms!

Stafford.

FRIVOLICUS.

ODE ON THE SABBATH,

BY G. WALKER.

Author of the Vagabond, &c. &c.

Hail, holy day! that from eternal night,
First dawn'd perfection of creating pow'r,

First saw the circling sun, the moving spheres;
Complete in harmony.

On that glad day, all nature sung of Him,
The first, the last, the Mighty architect,
Who from unshapen rudeness bade to be
All things in unison.

Man too, awaking, 'mid the gen'ral choir,
Pour'd forth his song of gratitude in hymns,
Beneath the sacred shade of flow'rs and boughs
Resting delighted.

All nature rested then, for then the earth,
Spontaneous flowers, and fruits, and herbs gave forth,
Nor knew the rugged force of cult'ring hand,
Or seasons various.

Great was that day, when o'er the lofty hills
The first day Sabbath— first day *perfect* rose,
On which th' Almighty saw his work complete,
And smil'd benignant.

Then sung Seraphic hosts in warbling sounds,
The six days' work perform'd, surpassing fair,
And fully worthy of the plastic hand,
Ever creative.

Sacred they sung; and holy be the day,
Commemorative of his boundless love,
When was produced man, and on this earth
He first had being.

Let no unseemly act disgrace the day,
Or dim its lustre with prophane employ,
But let that day to men be giv'n for rest,
And calm tranquillity.

Be it a solemn pause from ev'ry toil,
From weary labour, and from ruthless war;
Let peace in pleasant vallies dwell,
With men rejoicing

So shall each varying year, and ending week,
Proclaim his glory in accomplish'd good,
And be a surety of his won'drous grace,
To man continuing.

Thus sung th' angelic choir and heavenly hosts,
Proclaiming Sabbath thro' existing space,
And list'ning beings join'd the cheering strains,
In hymns symphonious.

THE LAMENTATION OF POOR QUIZ!

Distributed at a late Masquerade.

CAMELEON like, I boast a varied hue,
In me the poet, author, actor view.
Now from Parnassian heights I wing my way,
And boldly emulate the god of day :
I paint the tender lover's soft desire,
The poet's ardor, and the hero's fire ;
I strive each god-like virtue to impart,
Correct our vices, and amend the heart.
Another character I next assume,
And in the guise of author dare presume ;
Praise, criticise, condemn, in one short hour,
So great an author is, so vast his power ;
Nor friend nor foe I spare, but damn them all,
With pen of Iron, and with ink of gall.
Now actor grown, I strut in motley guise,
And ape men's manners to their wond'ring eyes :
I rant Mad Tom, and sigh the love-sick swain,
Enact Macbeth, or shew a Romeo's pain ;
I strut the pedant, rear the hero's fire,
Stalk forth a ghost, or play in farce the Liar ;
I rant, rave, languish, swear, and vent the sigh,
Boast wealth, curse poverty, sing, laugh, and die.
Such is poor Quiz, a poorer, I'll be sworn,
With all these gifts, the world has never known.
Ah ! could you view me in my attic room,
Myself unshav'd, the boards unclean'd by broom,
My shirt, coat, waistcoat, breeches full of holes ;
My beaver rusty, shoes devoid of soles ;

My bowels yearning, and, what still is worse,
 My cupboard empty even as my purse :
 Could you behold me in this piteous plight,
 Ah! could you gaze unmov'd upon the sight,
 I'd hate you, damn you, curse you by each god,
 And lash your failings with the critic's rod.
 But he that sheds with me the pitying tear,
 Shall find in starving Quiz a friend sincere.
 Yet hold ! what matters either friend or foe,
 Since want and penury I still must know ?
 Why was I poet born ? why author, actor ?
 Why was I not created a cornfactor ?
 Excuse me if I yield to direful rage ;
 Damn poetry, damn writing, damn the stage ;
 Damn music, painting, dancing, squalling Banti,
 Damn pic-nic suppers, damn the dilettanti ;
 Damn every thing that lengthens thus my phiz,
 And make me now subscribe myself

POOR QUIZ.

VERSES BY THE LATE MR. ADDISON.

[MR. EDITOR,

HAVING at length procured the verses written by Addison, which I promised to send you in November last, it is with pleasure I transmit them for the perusal of your readers.

You may depend upon their originality, and I have every reason to believe that they have not yet appeared in print.

Rugby.

WILLIAM HANBURY.]

SECLUDED from the world, oh let me dwell
 With contemplation in this lonely cell ;
 By mortal eye unseen, I will explore
 The various works of nature's bounteous store ;
 Revisit oft each flower, whose blossom fair
 With fragrant sweets perfumes the ambient air ;
 Pry into every shrub, and mark its way,
 From birth to growth, from growth to sure decay :
 Or else with humble thoughts my eyes I'll bend,
 And view the near resemblance of my end.
 Then think of death, and of eternal days,
 Learn how to die, my Maker how to praise :
 All ways despise that draw my mind from this ;—
 Thus strive to gain an endless age of bliss.

EPISTLE FROM ROGER COULTER,
OF DORSETSHIRE,
TO HIS FRIEND GILES BLOOMFIELD,
The Suffolk Farmer's Boy.

FRIEND GILES,

WHEN vust I heard thy tuenvul voise,
I stood amez'd, an' star'd, and gap'd away :—
That can't be Stephen, Ned, nor Hodge, I cried ;
When zome oone zaid—" Why that's the ZUFFOLK BOUY."
An' presently the nightingale begun,
Linnards an' gooldvings, wi' envious droats*,
An' e'en the magpye an' the chattering jea†,
Meade the thick cospes echo wi' their notes—
The very cows vorgot to chaw‡ the quid,
The sheep stopt nibbling, an' glaw'd§ all aroun',
The children, plying at the barkon& geate,
Stood pleas'd, an' hearken'd to the mellow zoun'.
I zometimes bit my lips, wi' very spite,
To thenk a *stranger Bouy* shou'd zing zoo well;
That Dooset¶ shou'd produce thich stupid louts,
To let a Zuffolk clown bear off the bell—
That Dukes and Loords shou'd coourt his company,
An' ladies, too, for hobnail'd GILES shou'd zend,
To clouter o'er their parlor vlours—alack !—
But thic' *good measter***—*what d'ye caall't*—his friend.
An' then, agen, wi' ready ears I ston',
An' long bout lxwo'th's poor mad moid to hear,
Thy disappointments at the clod-wall'd hut,
An', in the moon-sheen leane, thy nashion vear.
With aall thy wit, thou canst not teach thy art—
Bise, if I know'd that sich a theng cou'd be,
I'd drow off sheame (I be'n't as yet too wold,)
An', *Giles*, I'd come an' learne to zing o' thee.

Thine, &c.

ROGER COULTER.

* Throats. † Jay. ‡ Chew the cud. § Glaw—to stare. & Barkon—barton, purlicus of farm-house. ¶ Dorset. ** Measter Capel Loft.

EMMELINE;

OR,

THE KNIGHT OF THE CROSS.

By Mr. H. Siddons.

Ah! where dost thou wander, dear maid, tell me where,
 With thy bosom of snow, and thy gold-waving hair?
 Dost thou shriek to the screech owl the strains of despair,
 As she moans on the battlement's height?
 Dost thou think that thy William could ever destroy,
 In thy sensitive heart the sweet blossom of joy?
 That reddens like morn on the cheeks of thy boy,
 And reflects in her eyes heav'n's light?

Like the star my love shone in the gentle blue space,
 Where the sky, thickly gemm'd, to the traveller's face,
 Bids him hope the dear cottage with safety to trace,
 Where love lights the low roof with smiles.

Like that star is she vanish'd, no morning is near,
 But blank are my wishes, my prospects as drear
 As when o'er the white snows no track can appear
 Which the wanderer's terror beguiles.

When I left England's shore, oh! my heart it was bold,
 The knights of the red cross their flags did unfold—
 But the flame of religion to love's flame is cold,
 And I wept as I hung on her neck.

The trumpet blew loudly, the vessel was near,
 My charmer said nought, but an eloquent tear
 Stream'd down her sweet cheek, and one moment of fear
 Chill'd my heart as I stood on the deck.

With brave Cœur de Lion full often I fought,
 And death in the heat of the strife set at nought:
 No terror alarm'd, but the heart-rending thought
 Of her—oh far dearer than life!

But an angel above hover'd over my crest,
 And turn'd ev'ry arrow away from my breast.
 Her beneficent air and her mild form express'd
 That the angel of air was my wife.

While wounded and gasping, disdaining to yield,
 The Saracens bore me away from the field,
 My vain pray'r flew to heav'n, and begg'd it to shield
 My love, and my innocent boy.

But tidings soon came to the angel of light
That her William was wounded and kill'd in the fight,
Then her day-star of hope was envelop'd in night,
And cold was her bosom to joy.

Her sire would fain force her another to wed,
But gone were her hopes, her affections were dead ;
She snatch'd up her infant, and wildly she fled,
A wand'rer—heart-broken and wild.

Those peasants have seen her, at morning's first beam,
Ope her lovely dark eyes from some feverish dream,
Down her lily white cheek would the silver tear stream,
And rest on the face of my child.

So from Heaven full oft, as the mornings arise,
The mild dew descends from beneficent skies,
Like a gem in the blush of a rose-bud it lies,
And shines in its lovely retreat.

Ah ! so on my baby lie Emmeline's tears,
For grief and affection still beauty endears ;
In affliction how heavenly woman appears,
As man in adversity great.

Thy steps, my dear wanderer, still I pursue—
But ah, if ne'er destin'd the dear spot to view,
That holds happiness, love, joy, peace, friendship, and you,
To my fate let me patiently bend.

Thy lov'd image shall dwell on my heart's firmest throne,
Shall divert me from evil—'tis thou—thou alone,
Canst make my frail heart almost pure as thy own,
My angel, protector, and friend.

H. S.

S O N N E T.

An Imitation.

WHY thus obtrusive check my transport ? Why
Stop the quick ardor of my glowing soul ?
Oh ! I am buoyant borne with pleasures bowl,
And, cloth'd in purple, laughing Revelry
Waits on me : Mirth, with all her jocund train,
That erst lay dormant, as the op'ning morn
First gleams, now dazzles. The dread hour forlorn
Of melancholy hence. O ! join the strain,

And fill the joyous choir, let sweetest notes
 Of love-inspiring song soar to the skies.
 Brisk Gaiety the haunts of horror flies,
 And ever on the wings of fancy floats.
 Begone, dull soul, pale Misery's bitters quaff,
 Plunge deep in sorrow—but *leave me to laugh.*
Lichfield, 31 August, 1801.

THE PETITION.

Anacreontic.

WHEN Bacchus first broke from old Jupiter's thigh,
 And rode down in triumph to earth on a cask;
 A set of sharp fellows, as pleasant as dry,
 Would his highness's favour and patronage ask.
 Chor. Evohe, Bacche, jo, jo!
 Oh! Bacchus is charming from top to toe!

So they wrote a petition, which ran at this odd rate—
 "We your godship's petitioners, noble and trusty,
 "Can guage, roar a catch, and have passions so mod'rate,
 "That tho' always dry, yet we never were crusty.

Chor. Evohe, &c.

"Your godship's fine stomach, so healthy and round,
 "We've endeavour'd to copy, at luncheon and feast;
 "But so perfect a stomach can never be found;
 "And so we've ten thousand times said to the priest.

Chor. Evohe, &c.

"However, we would on your godship attend,
 "Fill your cup, furnish toasts, and the corkscrew keep clean;
 "We may hope, with such noble example, to mend
 "And procure us a stomach that's fit to be seen.

Chor. Evohe, &c.

"And this is, my lord, all we ask in return;
 "That your godship will pity our thirsty old clay;
 "Permit us a week seven gallons to earn;
 "And your godship's petitioners ever shall pray!"

Chor. Evohe, &c.

This petition when Bacchus had read, from his cask
 He nodded sublime, and with majesty spoke;—

"Ye thirsty old spirits, ye born for the flask,
 "O sweet shall ye roll on your flagons of oak!

Chor. Evohe, &c.

" Sure Nature has fashion'd these mouths for the bowl ;

" Philosophy says, she made nothing in vain :

" And the wine shall your stomach so neatly console,

" That your feet by your eyes shall no longer be seen.

Chor. Evohe, &c.

" Then come, my brave boys ;—hark, I hear the brown stout ;

" We'll see before morning old Carefulness dead ;

" And if cousin Di must her candle put out,

" The flame on our faces shall light us to bed !"

Chor. Evohe, &c.

J. H. L. HUNT.

M A R Y,

A Ballad.

NEAR yon rock, beneath the willow,

Mary sat in sad despair,

Cold and hard was Mary's pillow,

And her cheek was wan with care.

For her faithful sailor crying,

(He was far away at sea :) .

Still she mourn'd, thus faintly sighing,

" O restore my love to me."

Hark ! the welcome boat advancing,

Gaily sounds the steady oar,

Light her heart with rapture dancing,

Bright the moon illumines the shore.

" Gracious powers ! protect and cheer him,

(While to Heav'n she bent the knee)

" Guardian angels hover near him !

" And restore my love to me."

Loudly now the tempest roaring,

Dash'd the vessel to and fro,

All in vain for help imploring,

Sank beneath the gulf below ;

Frenzy seized poor Mary's bosom,

Plunging in the foaming sea,

" Bear me to my faithful sailor,

" Or restore my love to me."

S*

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA, &c.

DRURY-LANE.

APRIL 30.—An opera, called ALGONAH, was produced for Mrs. Billington's benefit. It is an alteration, by Mr. Cobb, from his own opera of the *Cherokee*, with some new music by Kelly. The original piece, which never was attractive, though assisted by some fine chorusses and *finales*, by Storace, has not been improved by the exertions of either author or composer. *Dabble* is transplanted from the Humourist, to add to the comic effect, and a new character, which gives the title to the opera, has been introduced to afford Mrs. Billington an opportunity of displaying her unrivalled vocal abilities. Considering the occasion, the house was not very crowded; and we understand that the receipts fell short of the sum for which Mrs. B. bargained, by £100, a deficiency which the proprietors have had to make up.

MAY 1.—Mr. Dwyer, from the Norwich and York stages, made his appearance in *Belcour*, in the West Indian, and was received with the most flattering and general applause. His external requisites are highly favourable; his manner is spirited; and there seems to be no drawback on his powers, through that want of confidence under which *débütants* in general so constantly labour. His conception of the character was tolerably well formed, but he was occasionally somewhat coarse and noisy, and addressed himself too often to the gallery. This gentleman is engaged for the ensuing season, when his claims to public favour may be more precisely ascertained.

6.—Their Majesties visited the theatre on this evening, to see the *Clandestine Marriage*, in which Mr. King, for the last time, gratified the royal pair, and the public, with his most exquisitely finished, and characteristic delineation of *Lord Ogleby*. Miss Pope, by special command, appeared in *Mrs. Heidelberg*, an honour which no actress could better merit, and it is needless to say, how infinitely the representation of the play is improved by her performance.

7.—Mr. Lewis's romantic drama of *Adelmorn*, brought out last season, has been reduced to an after-piece, and was performed, for the first time in its altered state, on this evening. Many of the objectionable incidents, particularly the discovery and death of *Father Cypriad*, and the *vision* of *Adelmorn*, are omitted, and the author has made some other very judicious curtailments and alterations, by means of which the general effect of the piece is greatly improved; and as the better part of the music has been retained, the whole now forms a very agreeable entertainment. Mrs. Young succeeds Mrs. Jordan, in the character of *Inogen*, and gives it all the interest of which it is susceptible.

10.—MR. BANNISTER'S NIGHT.—*The Way to keep him*—one of Mr. Murphy's best comedies, was revived on this occasion. Mr. Bannister assumed, for the first time, *Sir Bashful Constant*; Mr. C. Kemble, *Sir Brilliant Fashion*; Mrs. Pope, *Mrs. Lovemore*; and Mrs. Jordan the *Widow Belmour*, in which she introduced a new song, composed by Mr. Hook, and accompanied by herself on the lute.

17.—MRS. JORDAN'S NIGHT, who performed *Biddy Tipkin* in the *Tender Husband*, with infinite humour and *naïveté*. She was well supported by Mr.

Bannister in Humphry Gubbin, and Mr. King in Sir Harry, so well played formerly by Dodd and Baddeley. Indeed the whole play was very strongly cast.

21.—The *Way to keep him* was repeated for the benefit of Mr. and Mrs. Pope, to a very elegant audience. Mr. Pope, for this night, took the part of *Lovemore*, which is certainly one of his most admired performances. Mrs. Pope is also an elegant and interesting *Mrs. Lovemore*.

The comedy was succeeded by a new ballet, called *The Welch Dairy; or Suitors in Abergavenny*, composed by Mr. Byrne. It is a very lively little dance, and the overture and music, which are perfectly Cambro-British, are well adapted by Mr. Weippert.

24.—MR. KING'S last Benefit.—Having gone through a theatrical career of 54 years, this worthy veteran took a final leave of the stage, after performing his favourite character of *Sir Peter Teazle*. At the end of the Festival of Bacchus, which succeeded the play, Mr. King came forward in his own character, and delivered the following address, written for the occasion by Mr. Cumberland.

Whilst in my heart these feelings yet survive,
That keep respect and gratitude alive—
Feelings which, tho' all others should decay,
Will be the last that time can bear away,
The fate that none can fly from, I invite,
And do my own dramatic death this night.

Patrons, farewell! ———

Tho' you still kindly my defects would spare,
Constant indulgence who would wish to bear?
Who that retains the scenes of brighter days,
Can sue for pardon, while he pants for praise?
On well-earn'd fame, the mind with pride reflects,
But pity sinks the man whom it protects.
Your fathers had my strength, my only claim
Was zeal, their favour was my only fame;
Of late, too often, when the whole was due,
I've paid *half* service to the Muse and you.
Not what I was, I now decline the field,
And ground those arms which I but feebly wield.
The poet nearly breathless, lame, or blind,
Whilst the Muse visits his creative mind,
Continues waving his immortal wreath,
Lives in his fame, and triumphs over death!
Whilst every chance that deals the passing blow,
Lays the poor actor's short-liv'd trophies low.
That chance has come to me, and comes to all,
My drama's done, I let the curtain fall.

His feelings were strongly affected, but he seemed to struggle against the emotions which agitated his bosom, lest, by yielding to them, he might be totally incapacitated from fulfilling the solemn task he had to go through.

The sensibility of the audience was equally excited, and the eyes of every

individual were intently fixed on the comedian, as he spoke the few last words which they were to hear from him in public. There is certainly no ceremony more interesting, solemn, or tender, than the parting of affectionate friends, in domestic and social life; and the moment when the public, and a favourite actor, between whom a more extended friendship has been formed, take their final leave of each other, is attended by sensations of a similar nature. Mr. King withdrew amid the tears and plaudits of a most splendid and crowded audience; and on entering the green-room, was presented (accompanied by a neat address from Mrs. Jordan) with a silver cup of the value of one hundred guineas, for which a subscription had been raised by the principal performers in the theatre, as a testimonial of their high regard and veneration for his character and talents. Mr. King was nearly overcome by this instance of their esteem, and he in vain attempted to drink. On the circumference of the cup are particularized the names of the several contributors, with this very appropriate inscription, from Shakspeare's play of Henry V.

If he be not fellow with the best King,
You shall find him the best King of good fellows.

COVENT GARDEN.

APRIL 10.—MR. LEWIS'S NIGHT.—This evening Mr. COOKE gratified the lovers of the drama by his performance of *Sir Pertinax Macynophant*. From his excellence in *Sir Archy Macsartasm*, the expectation of the public was raised very high, and it may be truly said, that a more just and finished piece of acting was never exhibited on the English stage. The whole was masterly both in conception and execution. The manner in which he relates the history of his progressive advancement in life is admirable; rich in humour, highly natural, forcible, and strictly characteristic. Altogether it is clearly his best performance, and will long be a source of strong attraction to the theatre. Mrs. Glover has not acquired a good brogue, but she played *Lady Rodolpha* with great spirit and effect. Mrs. Billington, Braham, and Madame Storace, lent their assistance on this night. The house was of course crowded in every part.

21.—Mr. Siddons performed Egerton on the second night of the *Man of the World*, in the room of Mr. Lewis, who did not mean to retain the part after his own night. It will be always a fearful undertaking to follow so eminent an actor in any character; Mr. Siddons, however, acquitted himself very ably, and in the remonstrance with his father displayed particular energy.

26.—Mr. Braham performed Alphonso in the *Castle of Andalusia*, for his benefit, and Storace took the part of Lorenza. In the course of the evening, Mr. Braham introduced some of the beautiful airs from Mahmoud, in which he was so much admired before his journey to Italy.

30.—*Woodman*.—The popularity of our favourite Incedon was evinced by the fullest house of the season. He sang the *Storm* most delightfully; and, among other novelties prepared for the occasion, a new song, by Mr. Shield, called the *POST CAPTAIN*, which is likely to be one of the most popular sea songs that was ever composed. It is finely adapted to the manly voice of Incedon, who gives it with incomparable taste and boldness. Mrs. Second performed *Emily* in the opera.

28.—Mr. Cooke appeared in Falstaff in the *Merry Wives*, and was much applauded. The jealousy of *Ford* was forcibly exhibited by Mr. Siddons; but the most correct performance of the evening was Knight's *Master Stephen*. Mrs. Dibdin, upon the sudden indisposition of Mrs. Mattocks, displayed great merit in Mrs. Page, and the *Hostess* of Mrs. Powell was natural and entertaining. The illness of Mrs. Davenport has afforded this lady frequent opportunities of proving her merit and usefulness, particularly in *Dame Ashfield*, *Deborah Woodcock*, and *Miss Pickle*.

7.—Mr. Fawcett's night. Mr. Cooke performed Sir Edward Mortimer in the *Iron Chest*, with great ability.

11.—Benefit of Mr. and Mrs. H. Johnston. An apology was made for Mr. Cooke, who was so much indisposed as scarcely to be able to dress for the character of *Orsino* in the tragedy of *Alfonso*. He made an attempt, however, to perform the part, and had proceeded a little way, when he was saluted by some very unseasonable, and we thought cruel tokens of disapprobation. This treatment was not calculated to invigorate his spirits. After a few speeches he was obliged to declare that he found it utterly impossible for him to proceed, and immediately quitted the stage. The remainder of the part was read, "with good emphasis and discretion," by Claremont, notwithstanding the blurs and blotches of the manuscript.

19.—MR. JOHNSTONE'S night. The excellent comedy of the *Jealous Wife* was revived, chiefly with a view to exhibit Mr. Cooke in the part of Major Oakley; but his indisposition continuing, the character was undertaken, and successfully played, by Mr. Waddy. Mrs. Litchfield for the first time performed Mrs. Oakley, one of the most difficult and important characters on the stage, and so variously conceived, that, what is rather singular, it has been played by distinguished actresses of very opposite merits, Miss Farren, Mrs. Mattocks, and Mrs. Siddons. Mrs. Litchfield produced a very strong effect in the part, and was most warmly applauded throughout. The house was exceedingly full.

21.—MR. SIDDONS'S night.—Mrs. Siddons performed *Lady Randolph* to her son's *Douglas*, a circumstance which greatly increased the interest of the tragedy. It was the general opinion that Mrs. S. never played the part with more success. Mr. Siddons, also, played *Douglas* with sensibility and spirit.

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

The Liverpool theatre, after the ensuing season, is to be under the management of Messrs. Lewis and Knight, who have been selected by the proprietors, from the several candidates, in a manner the most handsome and flattering to the feelings of those gentlemen. Their lease is for fourteen years, upon terms, though high enough, not equal to the sum which might have been had from other bidders. Mr. Aickin, we understand, offered some hundred pounds per annum more than the price at which Messrs. Knight and Lewis have obtained it. An unequivocal mark of the general dislike which the present manager has incurred by his conduct in Liverpool. We congratulate the inhabitants on the prospect which they may reasonably indulge of the most liberal and judicious theatrical arrangements, under the superintendence of two gentlemen so highly respectable in their private character, and so well qualified, at all points, for the capacity in which they are to appear.

Covent-Garden will close its unusually long season on the 25th of June. Drury Lane shuts its doors some days earlier. Mrs. Siddons set off for Dublin the morning after her son's benefit, to fulfil a most lucrative engagement, entered into with the proprietor of the theatre in that city. Kemble visits *Spain*, a journey for which he has been preparing himself, by the study of the language. Inchedon performs at York only, for his old friend Tate. The rest of the summer he employs in a musical tour to Liverpool, Manchester, Carlisle, &c. accompanied by Mr. Davy, the composer. Fifteen new songs have been composed for him by the first masters, among which are the *Thorn*, and the *Post Captain*, which he has sung with so much credit and applause at Covent-Garden. These, with his celebrated "*Storm*," and a few of his most favourite ballads, will form the most delightful variety; and to introduce them in the most appropriate manner, as well as to improve the attraction of the entertainment, Mr. T. Dibdin has exercised his ingenious and ready pen with his usual ability. This tour will no doubt be very gratifying to the towns Mr. I. intends to visit, the inhabitants of which will be well inclined to assist him in converting his *notes* into *cash*. Mrs. Billington is engaged at the opera house for the next season, and Vestris is once more talked of. Vinci has declined her benefit, after having publicly announced it, assigning as a reason the want of sufficient patronage even to defray the expenses! Can the liberal spirit of the English nobility suffer this stain to remain on their characters? The manager of Birmingham, Mr. Macready, who is certainly a bold and enterprising leader, will muster very strong this season. Mrs. Billington, Cooke, Siddons, Miss Murray, Mrs. Litchfield, and other performers of distinction, will each play a certain number of nights. The regular company will be, as indeed it always has been, equal to any out of London.

KING'S THEATRE.

A new serious opera will be produced next week, called *Aremeda*, on the dresses, scenes, and decorations of which, the trustees have expended fifteen hundred, or two thousand pounds: it is expected that this will attract to the end of the season.

NEW ROYAL CIRCUS.

We have upon all occasions, from principle, mentioned in terms of praise the laudable exertions of Mr. Cross the manager, to procure variety for the public banquet. We have only leisure to add, that the summer theatres must, by the autumn, provided they continue their labours, reap a golden harvest.

ROYAL AMPITHEATRE.

THIS theatre has produced, with universal admiration, a new grand ballet called *Moluc the Slave*, with very superb scenery. Young Astley is determined upon a constant change of amusements; and he thereby fills his theatre every evening.

VAUXHALL.

THE day our present number meets the public eye, Vauxhall opens its beauties to the public, under the immediate auspices of his royal highness the Prince of Wales. Our good wishes go with the proprietors for their success.

SADLER'S WELLS.

Phantasmagoria has been transplanted hither, and, as we understand, to the advantage of those concerned: The Wells has been better attended this season hitherto, than for several of the last years.

FOREIGN THEATRICALS.

PARIS.—THEATRE LOUVOIS.—*Une heure d'Absence*.—*Merivual*, a young lieutenant of hussars, has intercepted a letter addressed to his uncle *Merivual*, the colonel of the regiment. As the superscription of the letter does not mention the title of colonel; he ventures to open it. It contains an invitation to a ball, he goes to the place appointed, instead of his uncle, loses a hundred *Louis* on his parole, and thus gets into a scrape; he frankly acknowledges what he has done, and his uncle is generous enough to pay the hundred *Louis*, and overlook the affair of the letter. But his nephew soon makes a return for his kindness by a roguery of a different sort. The two *Merivuals* happen to be rivals; they both fall in love with *Jenni*, a young widow who arrives the same day. The uncle is anxious to get rid of his nephew, the nephew has the same wish with regard to his uncle, and hence arises a combat of stratagems which terminate as usual in favour of the youngest, who is, besides, beloved by *Jenni*. The good humoured colonel concludes with renouncing his pretensions, and pardons the deceptions of his nephew, though his conduct has been in some degree unwarrantable. Though this little piece has been very much applauded, there is nothing remarkable in the plot, and the moral is by no means to be commended. The character of the hero, both as a nephew and an officer, is liable to much censure; but the scenes are put together with ingenuity, and the piece is, upon the whole, extremely amusing. M. Lœaux is the author.

PROVINCIAL DRAMA, &c.

Theatre DERRY (Ireland).—MR. EDITOR—If you think the annexed remarks, “unbiased or by favour or by spite,” worthy of a place in your entertaining Mirror, you will oblige me by an early insertion. The Belfast company of comedians are performing here with uncommon success, which they certainly deserve. The company is very respectable, the town liberal, and the performers give great satisfaction. Among those that deserve particular notice, is Mr. Smith, the tragic hero of the theatre. He has considerable merit: his *Othello* and *Macbeth* are performances highly finished; he is possessed of a good figure, with a face rather handsome, and not void of expression. We have a Mr. Burton, from York, (a gentleman whom, no doubt, you remember at Covent Garden, a few seasons back, in *Master Richard*; *Provoked Husband*.) He now ranks high in his profession, and is a very great favourite here. His *Solus*, *Ollapod*, *Crack*, &c. present a rich display of comic humour. A Mr. Neville lately made his *débüt* in *Frederick Wildenhain*. He acquitted himself in a very respectable manner—the per-

formance was chaste and correct. In the scene with the baron, he evinced a considerable share of merit and sound judgment. He is a good manly figure, and in a little time, no doubt, will acquire more confidence, as it is evident he at present labours under great fear. Notwithstanding this, his performance went off with great *clat*. We have some ladies of considerable merit, among whom I may rank Mrs. Burton, wife to the comedian, as a lady that gives us the greatest satisfaction, from her lovely person and vocal abilities, superior to any we have witnessed for a long time. The other performers shall be mentioned in my next.

J. N. S.

March 26.

Theatre NOTTINGHAM.—I have the honour to request you will admit into your elegant work a few observations on our *corps dramatique* from your much obliged

T. R. N.

In addition to our usual theatrical forces, the managers have enlisted Mr. and Mrs. D'Egville, who contribute, in no small degree, to our gratification. The pantomime of *Perouse* has been produced with more attention to the *vérité* *qu'on* of the scene than we are in general favoured with. Amongst the novelties of this season we have noticed a Miss Courtney, strongly recommended from York. The impression we received from *Emily* in the *Jew and the Doctor*, was somewhat weakened in *Milwood* and *Alicia*: although, in the former, we discovered some genius; and, had she been less embarrassed in the *pistol scene*, her efforts would have been more successfully received. In other respects the play was most *preposterously* cast. *Alicia* is a very *arduous* part, and we are inclined to make every allowance for a *maiden effort*. Mr. Wrench is retained in Mr. Gordon's situation, in which he promises to become a favourite. He has been proportionably successful in *Tom Tick*, *Gossamer*, *Tangent*, and *Young Rapid*. *Will Bready* was natural and impressive, and *Abednego* is not forgotten. We shall here take the liberty of pointing out an error which is by no means confined to Mr. Wrench. In some characters he indulges a *rapidity of utterance* which injures the dialogue; but, as this is a fault which may be corrected by attention, we rely on the good sense of this gentleman to obviate the cause of censure, and, in the mean time, pardon our observation. Mr. Manly leads the van in tragedy, and is generally esteemed a favourite. Mr. Robertson, in the department of *low comedy*, never fails to excite as great a degree of risibility as the character demands. Mr. Wallis is much improved since last season. Mr. Holmes maintains a very respectable distinction. Mrs. Manly and Mrs. Robertson have each a claim on our favourable report. In the vocal department Miss Valentine claims our praise. *Sidney* is particularly happy in the *Little Doctor*, in *Folly as it Flies*. Indeed, the respectability which has for many years distinguished this company, continues to merit an equal degree of public patronage. We should, however, accuse ourselves of injustice, were we to omit our individual praise of Mrs. Taylor, a lady whose professional celebrity is too well established to receive an additional popularity from our report. The benefits will commence in a few days, and we hear that Alfonso is in rehearsal, and will be brought forward in the course of the season.

Yours, &c.

T. R. N.

13 May, 1802.

Z Z—VOL. XIII.

Theatre Royal Manchester.—MR. EDITOR,—I beg leave to offer your valuable miscellany a fair and candid comparison of the merits of Messrs. Faulkner and Huddart, in the characters of *Rolla* and *Alonzo*; a competition which has excited much curiosity here, and given a new attraction to the popular play of Pizarro.

Yours, &c.

OBSERVER.

ROLLA.

MR. FAULKNER,

In the address to the soldiers, is all nerve, and contrasts the motives of warfare with fine tone, and judicious point. The latter part, "The throne we honour," &c. is peculiarly glowing. In rallying the soldiers, his mode of coming on is strikingly martial, and the rebuke delivered with uncommon energy. In the prison scene, the appeal to the feelings of the sentinel is forcible and pathetic, and the soliloquy, "Oh holy Nature," most judiciously varied.—With *Alonzo*, his friendly earnestness, his tender anxiety, are ably depicted, and in the scene with *Elvira*—"That soldier, mark me, is a man," &c, cannot be easily surpassed. The soliloquy in the tent of Pizarro loses none of its point; but the greatest beauty of the whole performance is his manner of pleading for Alonzo's child. The exclamation "Man, man!" and the fine and piercing transition, "Art thou a man?"—the rapid, warm, and distinct delivery of the speech, "Pizarro, thou hast set my heart on fire," and, above all, the melting, fervent pathos with which he utters the speech, "In humble agony I sue to you," gives at once the stamp of greatness to the performance. Throughout, his manner is original, his situations naturally chosen, and his strength of intellect apparent.

MR. HUDDART,

In the address, is sensible, but rather too slow: there are some passages, however, which he touches with great effect, particularly "They will give enlightened freedom," &c. The flying troops he does not rally with sufficient spirit, a scene which requires vast animation. With the sentinel, in the prison scene, he is feelingly persuasive, and his reply to *Elvira*, "I would not risk a hair of that man's head," is in the true spirit of the character, as is also his burst in the previous scene, after taking leave of Alonzo—"He will soon embrace his wife and child." In the tent of Pizarro, the soliloquy is not sufficiently expressive, and his supplication for Alonzo's child "comes tardily off."—The languid manner of uttering "Pizarro, thou hast set my heart on fire," is in manifest opposition to the sense of the passage; but his manner of seizing the child, and his retreat, is boldly graceful. The dying scene is also good, and his stagger previous to his fall very effective. On the whole, it is a performance of much merit; but his manner and situations "shine with borrowed light." His readings are frequently incorrect; as, for instance, "fronting the Spanish camp,"—"All are not men that bear the human form."—"Now thou art at my mercy, answer me," &c. &c. While, therefore, these errors are to be found, it cannot boast much claim to a performance of mind.

ALONZO.

MR. FAULKNER.

In the scene where he is Pizarro's prisoner, he is natural and affecting in his manner, and sensibly spirited in his delivery. The description of the blessings of which he had been made the happy instrument, affords a sufficient proof (were there no other) of a just and strong discrimination. In the last act, his martial entrance, and earnest combat, evince Alonzo's skill.

MR. HUDDART,

In the scenes with *Cora*, has all the required tenderness. In that with Pizarro, through lapse of memory, or injudicious compression, sense was mutilated, and, consequently, spirit thrown away. He also takes up the passion in the wrong place, and loses it when it is his cue for it. "On quitting the prison, "At night we meet again," is spoken with force and judgment. The fight is also well conducted.

Manchester, March 31, 1802.

DOMESTIC EVENTS.

BY THE KING.—A PROCLAMATION.

GEORGE R.

Whereas a definitive treaty of peace and friendship between Us, the French Republic, his Catholic Majesty, and the Batavian Republic, has been concluded at Amiens, on the 27th day of March last, and the ratifications thereof have been duly exchanged: in conformity thereunto, we have thought fit hereby to command, that the same be published throughout all our dominions: and we do declare to all our loving subjects our will and pleasure, that the said treaty of peace and friendship be observed inviolably as well by sea as land, and in all places whatsoever; strictly charging and commanding all our loving subjects to take notice hereof, and to conform themselves thereunto accordingly.

Given at our court at Windsor, the 26th day of April, 1802, in the forty-second year of our reign.—*God save the King.*

[This was followed by another proclamation, formally declaring the war concluded, and a proclamation for a general thanksgiving on the 1st of June.]

The peace was proclaimed with the usual solemnity on Thursday the 29th of April, and in the evening a general and most splendid illumination took place.

CEREMONIAL OF THE PROCLAMATION OF PEACE.

The Officers of Arms, Serjeants at Arms, with their maces and collars; the Serjeant Trumpeter, with his mace and collar; the Trumpets, Drum-Major and Drums, and the Knight's Marshal's men, assembled in the Stable-yard at St. James's; and the Officers of Arms being habited in their respective tabards, and mounted, the procession moved from thence to the palace gate, where Windsor Herald, or Deputy to Garter, principal King of Arms, read

his Majesty's proclamation aloud; which being done, the procession proceeded to Charing-cross as follows:

A party of Horse Guards, to clear the way.
 Beadles of Westminster, two and two, with staves.

Constables of Westminster, two and two.

High Constable on horseback, with his staff.

Officers of the High Bailiff of Westminster, on horseback, with white wands.

Clerk of the High Bailiff.

High Bailiff and Deputy Steward.

Knight's Marshal's men, two and two.

Drums.

Drum-Major.

Trumpeter.

Serjeant-Trumpeter in his collar, with his mace.

Rouge Dragon, Pursuivant of Arms.

Portcullis and Rouge Croix.

Pursuivant abreast.

Richmond Herald, between two Serjeants at

Arms.

Somerset Herald, between two Serjeants at

Arms.

Norroy King of Arms, between two Serjeants at

Arms.

Deputy Garter, Principal King of Arms, between

Two Serjeants at Arms.

A party of Horse Guards.

At Charing-Cross, Norroy, King of Arms, read the proclamation aloud, and the procession then moved on, in the same order, to Temple-bar, the gates of which being shut, Rouge Dragon, Pursuivant of Arms, left the procession, and, accompanied by two trumpeters, proceeded by two horse guards to clear the way, rode up to the gate; and, after the trumpets had sounded thrice, knocked with his cane. On being asked by the City Marshal from within, "Who comes there?" he replied, "The Officers of Arms, who demand entrance into the city, to publish his Majesty's proclamation of peace." The gates being opened, he was admitted alone, and the gates immediately shut again. The City-Marshall, preceded by his officers, then conducted him to the Lord Mayor, (who, with the Aldermen, Recorder, and Sheriffs, attended within the gates) to whom he shewed his Majesty's warrant, which his Lordship, on reading, returned, and gave direction to the City Marshal to open the gates. The Marshal then attended the Pursuivant back, and opened the gates accordingly, and, on leaving him, said, "Sir, the gates are opened." The trumpets and Horse Guards being in waiting, conducted him to his place in the procession, which then moved into the city, except the officers of Westminster, who filed off, and retired as they went to Temple-Bar. At Chancery-Lane the Somerset Herald read the proclamation, and the city officers then falling into the procession immediately after the Officers of Arms, it moved on to the end of Wood-Street, where the cross formerly stood in Cheap-side. Af-

Horse Guards flank the Procession.

Horse Guards flank the Procession.

ter reading the proclamation here by Richmond Herald, the procession moved on to the Royal Exchange, where the proclamation was read for the last time by Rouge Croix Pursuivant.

An inquisition was lately taken, at the town of Pontepool, on the body of John Saunders, blacksmith of that place, when, dreadful to relate! the jury, after a minute investigation, returned a verdict of wilful murder against W. Saunders, the father of the deceased, who is committed to Monmouth jail, to take his trial at the next assize. His death was occasioned by the firing of a gun at him, loaded with powder and shot, on the preceding Saturday night, about nine o'clock, as he was returning home from market, within a few yards of his father's door, where he was found on the ground in the agonies of death, in a few minutes after, the whole having penetrated one side of his chest and lungs: the report of the gun being heard all through the town, caused universal alarm. It appeared that they had lived in enmity for some time, and that the father had kept a gun loaded in his house for the diabolical purpose for near a fortnight past, which was soon after, on search, found above stairs newly discharged.

REPORTER.—The son of a Scots Marquis, who has seen much service on the continent, was lately accosted by a friend in Bond-street, who facetiously desired, "that, as hostilities were over, his *whiskers* might be put upon a *peace establishment*."—"To that I have no objection," was the answer; "but I desire that, at the same time, your *tongue* may be put on the *civil list*."

The amount of Lord Kenyon's acquired property proves to have been full £400,000—his paternal estate did not exceed £700 per ann.

Buonaparte is become the patron of *Maria Cosway*, and often attends her in the *Lowure*, to see her give the finishing touches to her copy of the *chef d'œuvre* of *Paul Veronese*.

Carlton-House, May 10, 1802.—The Prince of Wales has been pleased to appoint William Adam, Esq. one of his Majesty's council, to be his Royal Highness's solicitor general.

His majesty has been graciously pleased to signify his commands that, in consideration of the very meritorious services of the marines during the late War, the corps shall in future be styled the royal marines.

By command of their Lordships.

EVAN NEPEAN.

CLERGY NON-RESIDENCE BILL.—The bill brought in by Sir W. Scott exonerates the clergy from penalties incurred for non-residence, and enables them to take legal steps to discontinue actions that have been brought. Such contracts as they may have entered into previous to the passing of this act, and agreeable to its spirit, are declared good. Spiritual persons holding any benefice, parsonage, &c. are declared capable of taking lands, and buying and selling cattle for profit, provided they do not do so in person in public market. They are likewise capable of farming lands, &c. in their parishes, and out of them, by permission of the Bishop. The penalties for non-residence are altered. Persons (having only one thing) absent without leave for three months (to be reckoned at different times within the year), is to be one fourth of the value of the living, and so on in proportion for longer periods, to three fourths; one third, with

costs, to go to the informer, the rest to Queen Anne's bounty. Bishops may grant licences for causes shown, illness, want of a fit residence, &c. and if the bishop refuses, an appeal lies to the archbishop. All licences to be registered and open to inspection. Licences may be plead in bar actions for penalties. Bishops are enabled to issue monitions to clergymen holding livings, to reside upon them, and perform the duties thereof, to which returns are upon oath to be made within thirty days. In case of non-compliance, if required, the profits of the living to be sequestered until the motions are complied with, or sufficient reasons for non-residence stated and proved. Appeals to the archbishop of the province are allowed. It is provided that if any clerk shall continue under such sequestration for the space of three years, the parsonage, &c. in relation whereto the said non-residence shall have committed, shall become *ipso facto* void, and the patron shall present another clerk thereto.—It is provided, that nothing contained in this act shall be construed to extend, to alter, or affect his majesty's royal prerogative in the granting of dispensations for non-residence upon benefices, as the same exists by law at present.

At the last Westminster sessions, William Webb, a blacksmith, was tried on an indictment for throwing a quart bottle from the gallery at Covent-Garden theatre, upon the stage, which struck Mr. Betterton, while he was performing, for which he was found guilty, and sentenced to three months imprisonment in bridewell. We hope this will be a caution to all persons how they commit similar offences, as the chairman, in his address to the prisoner, gave him to understand, that if the bottle had struck Mr. Betterton on the head, it might have killed him, and, in that case, the prisoner would have been found guilty of murder, and might have been executed.

The treasury of Drury-lane theatre was robbed on Tuesday night, April 20th. The plunder was effected by breaking open the desk of Mr. Peake, the treasurer. Fortunately, no greater sum than 50 guineas was found. An enquiry has been set on foot, but no discovery has resulted from it.

A very unfortunate accident happened lately in Kingroad, by which the eight following persons lost their lives, viz. Mr. James, sadler, on St. Michael's Hill, Bristol; his brother, Mr. James, truss-maker, Redcliff-street; and two other of their brothers: also, Mr. Price, sworn measurer, and Mr. Henry Stockham, baker, Redcliff-street; together with two children, one belonging to Mr. James, and the other to Mr. Stockham. They had set off in a boat in the morning (it being a holiday) to amuse themselves on the water, and having got into Kingroad, were sent about a mile and a half from Portishead Fort, steering towards the Welch coast, near which place are some very dangerous sand banks, and it is supposed that the boat struck on one of them, and immediately overset, as she was afterwards discovered with her keel uppermost; but we do not find there were any witnesses to the accident, the whole of the party being drowned. It is truly melancholy to consider that this awful circumstance has deprived three women of their husbands, and fourteen children of their fathers; six of whom belonging to Mr. Stockham, who buried his wife within these four months, are become orphans.

It has been accurately ascertained, that potatoes being washed, and afterwards cut into slices in a mill, or by any other mechanical mode, and then dried on a

malt-kiln till all the moisture be exhausted, may be certainly preserved for many years, and be as fit for use afterwards as before they were dried. They have also been peeled, and then sliced and dried hard enough to bear grinding in a common grist-mill, from whence the flour has been barrelled and sent to the West Indies, and returned to this country, the whole process taking up four years; when both the potatoes, slices, and meal, were as good and free from mould, or any bad flour, as when they were first manufactured. The celebrated doctor Franklin recommends bread treated after the same process, as the best for a sea-store. It is first sliced and then baked. This, he says, was the original biscuit, *pain biscuit*—twice baked.

It is calculated, by Mr. Jackson of Highgate, that without the expenditure of any thing which would not otherwise go to waste, ten millions of dunghill fowls might be constantly kept in Great Britain and Ireland; these might supply twelve millions of chickens and old fowls for the table, at the average value of fifteen pence each; in the whole £.750,000 sterling. They would afford also for the table, twenty-four millions of eggs, worth, at one halfpenny each, £.50,000 sterling.—Thus, the annual produce of our dunghill fowls alone, might raise provisions to the value of £.800,000, from a capital stock of the same value, entirely without the expence of labour or food that does not otherwise go to waste.

FRANCE.—The class of moral and political science of the French Institute has resolved that a gold medal, of five hectograms, shall be given to the author of the best essay on the following question, to be delivered in before the 5th of April, 1803:—What has been the influence of the reformation of Luther, on the political situation of the different states of Europe, and on the progress of knowledge?"

The Class of Literature and fine Arts has proposed this question:—"What is the influence of painting on the arts of commercial industry? What advantage does the state derive from this influence, and what may be still farther expected from it?" The same class has also proposed the following subject:—"A critical examination of the Greek and Latin authors who have written upon Egypt, from the earliest times to the period of the Crusades." The prizes for the best essays upon these two questions are to be of the same value as that given by the Class of Moral and Political Science.

The question proposed by the Mathematical and Physical Class is—"What are the characters which distinguish in vegetable and animal matters, those which excite from those which destroy fermentation."

The prizes will be adjudged at the sitting of the Institute, on the 4th of July, 1803.

It may not be amiss to mention, for the sake of those who intend going to France, that at Dover it is necessary to present the passport to the collector of the customs for his signature, and send the baggage to the Custom-house to be inspected, without which it is impossible for any captain of a vessel to receive any one on board. When the company have all assembled in the packet, a Custom-house officer inspects each person's passport, and unless it has been duly authenticated in the manner stated, no one can be allowed to quit the country. This is all the ceremony requisite on this side of the water. When the packet arrives at

Calais, a Custom house officer comes on board, and takes the passports to be inspected at the Commissary General's office; and till permission is received from the Commissary General's office, strangers are not allowed to enter the town.—*La Visite de Personne*, to which persons are subject on landing, is a mere ceremony; the officer civilly passing his hands over the pockets, both of ladies and gentlemen. The object is to prevent the introduction of contraband. People going abroad should be aware that gold and silver coin is liable to be seized.

The Prince of Wales's claims are to be heard by petition in Chancery.

A very curious occurrence took place during the preparations made at the house of M. Otto for the general illumination, which daily attracted immense crowds to view them. Over his door was put, in coloured lamps, the word, "*Concord*." A party of sailors going by the house, observed the characters, but read the word as *conquered*, upon which they began to make a row, and determined to have an altercation, swearing that the British navy had never been conquered. M. Otto came out to explain the word, but nothing would beat it out of the conception of the mob, that the meaning was, that the *English* are *conquered by the French*. Mr. Otto, finding his attempts at explanation fruitless, very good-naturedly ordered the offensive words to be removed, and that of *Amity* was substituted in its place.

BIRTHS.

The Lady of the Right Hon. Lord Grey, of a son and heir, at Little Aston Hall, in Staffordshire.—Lady Georgina Morpeth, of a son and heir.

DIED.

At her seat, at Wentworth Castle, Mrs. Hatfield Kaye, sister of the last Earl of Strafford. At Hambleton, in the county of Bucks, in the 76th year of her age, Mrs. Surtees, relict of Aubone Surtees, Esq. of Benwell, Northumberland, and mother-in-law of the Lord Chancellor. At Bath, the Rev. Mr. Nelson, Rector of Burnham Thorpe, in Norfolk, and father of the gallant Lord Nelson, in the 79th year of his age. At Warminster, T. Warren, Esq. aged 85. He had in his house, £10,000. in cash at his death. At Bath, Mrs. Williams, wife of C. Williams, Esq. and youngest daughter of the late Sir John Gibbons, Bart. and Knight of the Bath. Lately, at Strabane, Sir John Stewart Hamilton, Bart. many years representative in Parliament for that town. At Brighthelmston, in 67th year of his age, Mr. Peter Elmsley, formerly a bookseller in the Strand.—On Monday se'night, Sir Robert Smith, formerly member for Colchester, and lately a Banker at Paris. Andrew Layton, Esq. merchant of Throgmorton street. At Bath, General Adeane, Colonel of the 45th regiment, Member for Cambridgeshire, and one of the Gentlemen of His Majesty's Bedchamber. In Bedford-Square, Job Mathew, Esq. of Woodford, Essex, Governor of the Bank. At Menlough, in Ireland, Sir Walter Blake, Bart. aged 85 years.—Also, on the same day, Lady Blake, aged 80 years. They had been married upwards of 60 years.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR
JUNE, 1802.

Embellished with

A PORTRAIT OF CAPEL LOFFT, ESQ. ENGRAVED BY RIDLEY, FROM AN ORIGINAL PICTURE.

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1802.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We have great satisfaction in mentioning, with unqualified approbation, the repeal of the last duty on paper. Mr. Addington merits the applause of Booksellers, and the literary world in general, for the generous and candid manner in which the cause of letters has been promoted by the currency he has given to works of genius. He has not only reduced the tax on paper to its old ratio, but he has permitted the drawback to extend to ALL printed books. This will redound to his honour, and remain a lasting memento of his regard and attention to that which ameliorates our condition and refines our manners.

A Portrait of Mr. Dermody, the poet, from a fine painting by Allingham, Junr. of Great Russell Street, will be given in our next.

Observations on Cruelty to Animals, by W. TOONE, (Beaumaris) in our next.

G. C. will have the goodness to mention the subject of the article to which he alludes in his note.

The *Candelabra* as early as possible. The other contributions of A. H. were duly received.

We cannot adopt the recommendation of X. Y. Z. which would militate with the plan of our work.

Sonnet to a Pot of Porter, by SATIRICUS; *Lines*, by RIMEZZI; *Stanzas*, by EUMENES; the *Distressed Poet*, by VERSICULUS; shall all have a place at the first opportunity.

Plymouth Theatricals next month.

Lines to Mr. PRATT, on his poem of "*The Poor*," shall appear in No. 81.

Idle Hours, by CIVIS, (*Wolverhampton*) also in our next.

The *Sonnet on Peace*, about which G. L—N—T—N enquires, never came to hand.

An *Eulogium on the Pipe* is reserved for future insertion.

ERRATA IN OUR LAST.

The translation of Petrarch's 239th Sonnet, p. 344, should have been noted as the 21st, in continuation, by the author of the preceding series.

Same page, for "*Se lamentar jangelli*," read, "*Se lamentar angelli*."

Page 343, l. 5, of the Inscription, for "*the eye*," read "*her eye*." L. 9, for "*queen Nerina*," read "*green Nerina*."

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR

JUNE, 1802.

PARTICULARS

RELATIVE TO

THE LIFE OF CAPEL LOFFT, ESQ.

Communicated by himself.

[WITH A PORTRAIT.]

CAPEL LOFFT, Esq. the subject of this memoir, was born 14th Nov. 1753, in Boswell Court, Carey Street. His father was Christopher Lofft, Esq.* who had in his early years been in the confidence of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. His mother was Anne the daughter of the Rev. Gamaliel Capell, of Stanton, and Hester Maddocks his wife; and sister to the late Edward Capell, Esq. editor of *Shakespeare*. His paternal Grandmother was Anne the Daughter of Lewis Montgomery.

He was the second son of the Marriage. His elder brother died in Infancy. His own health, during infancy and childhood and early youth, was such as to give little expectation of his overcoming the dangers which successively attack'd his constitution, from Fever: and from the small Pox, which he had at the age of about four years, with extreme severity; and afterwards, at about the Age of ten, the Meazles with almost equal danger.

Thus circumstanc'd in his health, and tenderly belov'd by his Parents, the first years of his life were spent at home, or at Hoddesdon, in Middlesex, with his Aunt Stainsby, his Father's sister; a very sensible and amiable woman. From her he perhaps in part acquired something of the love of Flowers and of Gardening: and from her husband and his two sons, (one since a Barrister, and the other a Clergyman of celebrity in London) he caught something of a taste for Poetry and Natural History. He well remembers at this moment his Uncle Stainsby reading to him in a deep-ton'd impressive voice, Prior's Translation of the Hymn of Callimachus to Jupiter.

* Mr. L. believes himself related, though at present he can not trace it with certainty, to *Matthew Lofft* an *Optician* of eminence in the early part of the late Century, and Master to *Noirne*. Mr. L. has a telescope (a reflector) of his making, and Mr. *Blunt* savour'd him with what particulars he could collect.

In Sept. 1759 he was plac'd at ETON : his Father being then a Barrister, and having recently accepted the appointment of Recorder of Windsor. He was not enter'd on the Foundation till he was high in the school : and never stood for King's ; as there were family and other Prospects which made it consider'd as unnecessary.

His knowledge of the English Language, and his first initiation in Books, he had ow'd wholly to his Parents ; and chiefly to his Mother. He began very late even to learn his Letters, and when he was near six years old, before it was known that he could read a sentence, he was caught by his Mother on his knees reading out to himself *Spenser's Fairy Queen*. This Book, in the best taste of Composition, and L'Estrange's *Æsop*, a Book nearly in the worst in all respects, happen'd to be his earliest studies. His Father's reading of Spenser in his hearing,—and both Parents were admirable readers,—had doubtless led to his early partiality for the *Fairy Queen*. And his love for *Music*, which he has always lov'd enthusiastically, though he has never been a performer, was excited almost as early, from hearing *Handel's* exquisite song from the *Il Penseroso*,* sung at *Vauxhall*, when he was about seven years old. At an earlier period he remembers his Mother's reading to him *Julius Caesar*. The effect of the impression never can be lost ; and is hardly diminish'd.

ETON was a new world to him : and he does not forget the elation which he felt on being Captain of the first form ; an honor which it cost him the efforts of about a twelvemonth to attain. He found himself in favour with the Masters : and shall always with Gratitude and Respect remember them ; particularly Messrs. Edwards, Prior, Sleech, Dampier (then head Master of the lower school), and the two successive head Masters of the upper, Barnard and Foster : and the eccentric but highly qualified Graham. To Dr. Davies, since head Master and afterwards Provost, he had, while at Eton, his obligations. He was not a Boarder at Night's, his Parents living at Windsor : and he enter'd little into the society and amusements and bustle of Eton. Indeed, hardly into any amusement of the many in which it abounded, except *swimming* ; which has twice since been the means of saving his Life, and at the time contributed greatly to his health and pleasure while at school.

He pass'd through this part of his Education not without credit :

* "Sweet Bird," Sung by Miss Birchall, afterwards Mrs. Vincent, and since Mrs. Mills. She died very lately. A daughter of her's married a son of the celebrated Ferguson, the astronomer.

having then much application, and being fond of composition, and especially in Latin verse, and greatly attach'd to the study of Greek, and particularly of those parts of *Theocritus*, *Apollonius Rhodius*, and *Callimachus*, which are read at Eton; and of *Homer* and *Demosthenes*, *Herodotus* and *Xenophon*. He had read the *Cassandra* of Lycophron before he left Eton. One very happy circumstance of his Father's residence at Windsor was, that it introduced his son to the acquaintance of Mr. JOHN JEBB (afterwards Dr. Jebb), who was then frequently at Egham, near Windsor, at the very pleasant residence of his father, an Irish Dean.

In the Midsummer of 1769 he left Eton: where the last year and an half he had spent had assuredly been very happy. And in the beginning of Michaelmas Term of the same year he went to *Peter-house*, CAMBRIDGE: on two principal inducements; the smallness of the College, and that Mr. Jebb, then in orders, which he afterward relinquished, had been of that College, and at that time had an house in Cambridge; where he resided, respected and belov'd, with a wife worthy of himself.

Mr. Lofft did not continue long at Peter-house. He was not in spirits: he had not sufficiently prepar'd himself for Mathematical studies; and he found classical proficiency less regarded than the habits of thinking and of acting at Eton had accustom'd him to expect. His health was unconfirm'd: and he had an Attachment which scarcely permitted him to think of any thing but itself.

He stood, however, and with reputation, though not successfully, for the *Tancred Scholarship*: which was gain'd by Mr. Searle, of Emanuel: and he compos'd a Poem in praise of Shakespere, in Hexameter Verse, which was publish'd as a *Tripes*, Mar. 1, 1770, with this Title: "*Shakespeareo Palmam Poetices facile deberi.*"

This circumstance renew'd an interest which Mr. GARRICK had express'd: and he, with that zeal which he was accustom'd to exert on such occasions, mention'd it to Mr. Edward Capell, in such a manner as contributed to remove a family-coldness that had subsisted; and eventually to establish Mr. Lofft in the esteem and affection of his Uncle; and ultimately in the succession to his Estates in Suffolk, the Stanton part of which had been for many Generations in the family of the Capells.

He left Cambridge without taking a Degree: and without regret. He has since thought with astonishment how it was possible that he should have been so little pleas'd with a place which is, by its surrounding country and in itself, its walks and its various means

of study, in so many respects interesting to a Lover of Nature and of retirement, and in so many favourable to a studious turn of mind. But every place is to us as are our feelings. And in revisiting Cambridge since, it would have been impossible for him to remain unconvinc'd of this truth had he doubted it before.

And beside these particular and personal considerations, much was at that time wanting to the academical character of Cambridge, which the exertions of a Jebb fail'd, while he was living, to effect. But the effort was not wholly lost: and Mr. Lofft could neither see the *University* after a long absence, nor hear it mention'd without finding, that there are advantageous differences in its Discipline and Manners.

In the same year, 1770, Mr. Lofft was admitted by surrender from his Father to *Chambers* in *Lincoln's Inn*.

Midsummer 1771 his Father left Windsor to reside in a House which he had purchased in Queen-Square, Bloomsbury. Mr. Lofft had then about three years commenced the study of the Laws of his Country under the direction of his Father; by reading *Wood's Institutes* and *Blackstone's Commentaries on the Laws of England*: And by attending with his Father the Windsor Sessions. He had also, in 1769, begun the study of *French* without a Master; and the reading of that beautiful and admirable language he has since pretty constantly pursued.

On the 4th of Feb. 1773, he had the misfortune to lose his Father: who had been for many years occasionally afflicted by severe fits of the Gout.

In that year (1773) he learnt *Byrom's Short Hand*, by the advice of *Roseland Aynsworth*, Esq. and attended assiduously as a student the Court of King's Bench, where the great LORD MANSFIELD and Mr. DUNNING render'd the study of the Law as agreeable, captivating, and animating to a student, as it has been thought in general dry and discouraging.

At that time LORD MANSFIELD, Sir W. DE GREY, afterwards Lord Walsingham, and Sir WILLIAM BLACKSTONE, were on the Bench: Men whom it must ever be arduous to equal; and whom it is almost impossible that Posterity should see excell'd.

About this time he was introduc'd to the more particular acquaintance of Paule Feilde, Esq. late Member for Hertford, an old and intimate Friend of his Father, a man of highly cultivated Taste and steady attachment to Freedom, Mr. Granville Sharpe, Major Cartwright, and Dr. Price: of the three latter, two live with every claim to Esteem; and Dr. Price is added to those Friends and Benefactors

of Mankind whom Heaven has withdrawn from Time and mortal Vicissitudes.

In 1774, being then at his Uncle the Rev. Robert Capell's of Stanton, he began and nearly finish'd an irregular ode, entitled "*The Praises of Poetry*." This was afterward publish'd in the end of the same year: though according to the Bookseller's year, (which from October anticipates on the Date of the Year which is to follow,) it has in the Title Page 1775.

His first Attempt in Poetry was a "*Paraphrase on the 14th Chapt. of Job*." This was written in his 14th year, Mids. 1765, and with some corrections and a supplemental stanza by his Father, he believes was shortly after publish'd.

In 1774 he also attempted a Tragedy, the Title of which is "*Timoleon*."

In 1775, in a summer Recess with his Mother at the House of her benevolent Brother, Robert Capell of Stanton, he began to learn Hebrew of his Uncle by Marriage, the Rev. Geo. Sheldon; who married his Aunt Hester Capell. Mr. Sheldon was deeply learned in Hebrew and most of the Oriental Dialects. Mr. Loft has since pursu'd the study of Hebrew without farther instruction. At this time Mr. Loft made some progress toward learning the Saxon Language. He was called to the Bar in Michaelmas Term of that year. Of Amusements in London the theatres were the chief and almost the sole which he indulg'd: and they had then many performers of great excellence.

In 1776 he publish'd "*Cases, chiefly in the King's Bench*:" from Easter Term 1772, when he commenced his attendance in Westminster Hall, to Michaelmas Term 1774. This collection begins with the arguments and decision in the Case of *Somerset the Negro*, in which it was determin'd that *Negro Slavery cannot subsist in England*, and ends with a Case in Chancery on specific performance of an Agreement. Law Maxims in Latin, with a Latin Preface on the Excellence of the Laws and Constitution of England, are subjoin'd.

This attempt was certainly beyond Mr. Loft's knowledge and experience at the time. He was and is sensible of many incorrections and defects. At the same time he had in the Negro Cause, and the great Granada Cause of Campbell and Hall, very material assistance: from Mr. Hargrave and Mr. Alleyne in the first; and from Mr. Alleyne in the latter.

Most of the other Cases were taken and publish'd without assistance. Many are important: and several have been thought to be well reported. At this time he had enter'd far into the *American*

Controversy, and had publish'd three tracts on that subject.* He had also, in 1774, publish'd (he believes in a Newspaper) a short Letter address'd to the King; with the hope of contributing, with the abler and more experienc'd efforts of others, to prevent Hostilities.

About 1776 he was attempting an heroic poem in blank verse: of which he wrote several Books; and, in conformity to Cowley, entitled it *Dauidis*.

In 1777 and the beginning of 1778 he was at Bath, with his Mother and his Uncle Robert, on account of the dangerous illness of his Mother. On the 9th of Feb. 1778 that most amiable and excellent parent died.

While at Bath he wrote a Letter in the Papers, *opposing Subscription for raising Troops without Consent of Parliament*. He also wrote and afterward publish'd "*Remarks on the Historical Letters of Mrs. Macaulay*," and translated the *Athalie* of Racine.

He was, in 1777, introduc'd to Mrs. Macaulay: and to Mr. Melmoth, the Author of Fitzosborne's Letters and Translator of Cicero and of the Letters of Pliny. And in this year he had been teaching himself *Italian*.

In the 20th Aug. 1778 he was married to Miss EMLYN; Daughter of Mr. Emlyn of Windsor, Architect. Of her he has spoken in the Mirror.

In 1779 he publish'd his Collection of Maxims much enlarg'd and reduc'd in part to a System of Principles of General and Municipal Law: under the Title of "*Principia cum Juris Universalis tum præcipue Anglicani*," &c. in two Vol. and at the same time a Translation in part, with an improv'd Arrangement, under the Title of "*Elements of Universal Law*."

About this time, and for some before and after, he frequently attended and spoke in the *Debating Societies* at Coach-Makers' Hall, the Westminster Forum, &c. where Questions of the greatest political importance were often ably discuss'd.

In 1779 and 1780 he wrote much in the *General Advertiser* on the Question of *Parliamentary Reform*, and as an *opposer* from the first of the American War.

And he was one of the earliest Members of the *Society for Constitutional Information*.

* *Vieu of the several Schemes respecting America*, in 1775.
Dialogue on the Principles of the Constitution, 1776.
Observations on Mr. Wesley's Calm Address, 1777.
 &c.

THE ARTS.

REMARKS ON
THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY,
At Somerset House, 1802.

[Concluded from p. 315.]

LANDSCAPE.

No. 6. *View of London, and some Improvements of its Port, submitted to the Select Committee of the House of Commons, by Mr. DANCE, exhibiting the proposed Double Bridge for the Passage of Ships, by the alternate Elevation of a Draw-Bridge in one of the two Bridges, whilst an uninterrupted Way over the other is afforded at all Times, for Carriages and Foot-Passengers, without impeding the Navigation;—also, the proposed Embankment and Enlargement of the legal Quays, and the new Custom-House in the Centre of a Line of Warehouses extending to the Tower, to and from which Goods may be conveyed on the Level of the Area round the Monument, without encumbering the Quays.—The Monument, that noble Column, erected by Sir Christopher Wren, is seen in the Focus of an extensive amphitheatrical Area on the North Side of the Thames, and the proposed Naval Trophy is placed in the Centre of a semicircular Range of Buildings on the South.—*
W. DANIELL.

THIS picture is an instance of most judicious skill, in its accurate display of the objects it proposes to illustrate. The painter has, in the mind's eye, taken so interesting a view of the imagined improvements, that every English spectator will feel regret that the splendour of the scene is but ideal. It is out of the province of these remarks to consider the greater or less advantages offered to commerce by Mr. Dance's plan; but it belongs to them to add that the design here exhibited presents one of the most magnificent constructions that has ever adorned a great and opulent city. It is worthy of the Architect, and worthy of LONDON.

The picture is of a clear and bright colouring, and excellent in its aerial perspective.

No. 12. *Near Ambassumattam, in the Tinneville District, East Indies, taken in the Monsoon Season.* T. DANIEL, R. A.

Added to the usual fidelity with which Mr. D.'s pencil traces the forms of nature, there is a solemn and sombre hue over this pic-

ture, which increases the grandeur and interest of the scene. His other pictures, in the present exhibition, are all representations of extraordinary scenes. No. 276* is a striking instance of this remark. In 71,† although brightly painted, the separate objects do not find their distinct places on the eye. Mr. D's selection from nature is always of a high, grave class, and eminently picturesque; but he is sometimes less attentive to that part of the art of colour by which objects recede, *to the eye*, in proportion to their real distances: a fault which, while it leaves the greater merits of imagination and conception destitute of their due support, is not always without pardon, when the mind is absorpt in magnificent objects presented to the view.

No. 20. *A Shipwreck on the Coast of Picardy.* FRANCIA.

Spirited, but of too frittering execution.

No. 21. *Llangwynned Mill, North Wales.* BAYNES.

Painted in a finished manner, with neatness of pencil.

No. 53. *Cuxhaven from the Jetty: the British Packet, with Signal for sailing.* H. THOMSON, A.

Firm and clear colour. The picture does credit to the versatility of the painter's talents.

No. 55. *Landscape.* BOURGEOIS, R. A.

Ranks with the former works of the artist. The pencil is every where light, accurate, and brilliant. The effect of that dazzling light of the sun, which, in peculiar circumstances, produces an appearance of aerial transparency in the interposed objects, is here admirably represented.

No. 69. *A Wood-Scene in Yorkshire.* BARRET.

The height at which this picture is hung, prevents minute examination; but the effect of mist clearing away from the distant hills appears to be well expressed.

No. 80. *The Banks of a River.* CALLCOTT.

This is an accurate representation of the partial colouring of nature, but is of so abstract a kind, as rather to appear a part of a picture than an entire composition. No. 121 appears more the indulgence of a peculiar disposition, than an adherence to real objects.

* Hindoo Temple, on the Island of Seringham, near Trichenopoli, in the Carnatic, East Indies.

† Gauts, &c. at Benares, on the river Ganges.

Nothing is more difficult than to form a style of distinct singularity, and nothing more dangerous; yet there is always merit in the ambition.

No. 81. *A View of the Highlands in Scotland.* GARRARD, A.

In the *naïve* manner of the artist, but without strength of effect.

No. 83. *A Landscape and Figures.* SIR G. BEAUMONT, H.

This picture displays the usual polished taste, and attentive yet facile execution of its painter, all whose works discover a genuine love of the art. No. 143* is peculiarly distinguished by tasteful composition.

No. 93. *Eve caressing the little Flock which Adam had surprised her with. Death of Abel, Book II.* R. CORBOULD.

A pleasing composition, with polished execution. The foreground is remarkably picturesque. Caraig Kenning (No. 215) has the same species of merit, but less harmony in its two great divisions. Mr. C. has several other landscapes of merit in this exhibition.

No. 102. *View of the Eagle's Nest at Killarney.* GARVEY.

Mr. G.'s choice of scene is always grand. The misty vapour rising over the towering cliff of the *Eagle's Nest*, adds to its apparent size and magnificence.

No. 221† has the same breadth of manner, and bold choice of nature.

No. 103. *A Brick-Kiln.* REYNOLDS.

The works of this artist are seldom deficient in symptoms of a strong conception of nature. The present one, however, has more boldness than completion of its intent. No. 182‡ is his most successful attempt. No. 869§ might have claimed the preference, but for an unfinished appearance. The airy colour is very good.

No. 109. *Landscape.* DRUMMOND.

A sketch, of a light, pleasing colour.

No. 160. *Fishermen upon a Lee Shore.* TURNER, R. A.

A masterly performance, remarkable for its comprehensive and distinct divisions of large parts. The massive roll of the waves, and the precision of aerial tints in the objects beyond them, impress and delight the spectator. The scene is likewise connected with interest: we wish to feel it for men, whose necessary and daily occupations

* A Landscape.

† A View near Naples.

‡ A Tile-Kiln.

§ Barford, Bedfordshire.

of livelihood expose life to such imminent peril, and we regret that the precision, so admirable in the painter's imitation of the large parts of nature, is not equally to be found in the minute particulars which fill up his story. The boat and its tenants convey but a faint idea of the action either of a boat or of men. If this arise from want of diligence in the painter, it is eminently his interest to correct the *creeping vice*; if from any other cause, it is only to be lamented in talents that promise to their possessor so much celebrity.

No 153* aspires to rank in a higher class: it aspires to the *ideal* imitation of nature (if such a phrase may be allowed). Forests, cities, and storms, are combined to excite the idea of grandeur. Warnings can never be too often given to those who sally forth out of the paths of imitation, in quest of imaginary eminences. There is a false as well as a true sublime, and both present the same surface to the first glances of the eye. The merits of this picture are, however, many and great. No. 127† possesses most eminent breadth of forms and colour. The rocky clouds are a true representation of the accidental appearances of nature.

No. 120. *The Interior of an ancient subterraneous Ruin in the Vicinity of Otriculum.* R. FREEBAIRN.

Of highly finished execution. No. 154‡ has clear and pleasing colour and composition.

No. 191. *The Paddington Passage-Boats returning from Uxbridge in the Evening.* B. WEST, R. A.

The classic composition of Mr. West's works ensures him respect in every department. Many of the groups, particularly that on the top of the boat, are highly pleasing, and many of the female figures graceful and of bright effect; but there is little aerial harmony in the various parts of the composition.

No. 193. *Mount Orgueil Castle, Jersey, with a passing Storm.*
SERRES.

Painted with spirit. Mr. S. is his father's best successor.

No. 214. *A Fall on the Cayne, Wales.* RATHBONE.

Designed with taste, and of soft and delicate execution. This is one of the pictures that want the mellowing only of time to give them a place in the cabinets of dilettanti.

* The tenth Plague of Egypt.

† Ships bearing up for Anchorage.

‡ A Landscape.

No. 237. *Interior of a ruined Abbey.* ARNALD.

A rich and interesting scene, admirably painted. No. 267 is highly pleasing in its general effect.

No. 248. *An Interior View of the Colonnade of St. Peters at Rome.*

FREARSON.

A picturesque choice both of scene and of light and shade : well painted.

No. 266. *View from Nature.* REINAGLE.

Exhibits the artist's usual unaffected attention to that which he professes to have copied—nature. The colouring is clear and harmonious. Nos. 268* and 279† have the same merit. No. 523‡ is an animated representation of the glowing hues of evening.

No. 495. *View in the Dean, Castle Eden, Durham.* EDWARDS, A.

Exhibits a light and delicate pencil, with finished execution.

No. 875. *A Storm, with Smugglers landing.* LOUTERBOURG, R. A.

With his usual spirit, but not without hardness. The sky is extremely light and beautiful.

ANIMALS.

There are several pictures of animals in this exhibition ; among which performances the veteran STUBBS appears “ facile longèque princeps.” His two horses, No. 208, are worthy of the schools of Greece.

DRAWINGS AND ENGRAVINGS.

In picturesque drawings, of various kinds, superior excellence is still shared between Westall, Turner, Gandy, Smith, and a very few others, among whom Francia exhibits a very fine landscape, in the *Living Academy*. Of architectural drawings there are very many of considerable and various merit.

In engraving it may be almost superfluous to mention the merits of the artists Heath, Fittler, and Smith. Their present works ably support the credit of the English school.

* View, from an Eminence, of the Town of Sorrento, and mountains of Castel & Mare, in the Bay of Naples.

† View of some Fishermen's Houses on the Shore of Sorrento.

‡ View of the West Gate of the town of Sorrento, and distant View of the Islands in the Bay of Baia.

SCULPTURE.

No. 946. *A Model of a Monument to Captain Montague, who fell in the Cause of his Country on the 1st of June, 1794, when the English, under the Command of Earl Howe, obtained a complete Victory over the French Fleet.* J. FLAXMAN, R. A.

The simplicity of the upright single figure of the hero is not without grandeur, but its effect, in this respect, might perhaps more answer its intent, if the aerial VICTORY did not tower over his head in a continuation of the same line. No. 959* is a very fine head, executed in a large and bold style.

No. 947. *A Bas-Relief of Lord Howe's Victory, for the Monument to the late Captains Harvey and Hutt.* BACON.

Designed and executed with much spirit and skill. Mr. B's works in the present year, display much of the taste of his father, but exhibit less of animation.

No. 958. *A Nest of Cupids.* TURNERELLI.

A singular idea, and highly pleasing both in design and execution.

No. 1024. *And I heard a Voice from Heaven, saying unto me, write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord—Rev. chap. xiv. ver. 13.* R. WESTMACOTT, Junr.

This, and No. 1031,* are works of original sentiment, and of pure and simple taste.

No. 1029. *Model of the Monument now erecting in St. Paul's Cathedral, to the Memory of Captain R. R. Burgess, who was killed in an Engagement with the Dutch, off Camperdown, under the Command of Lord Duncan.* T. BANKS, R. A.

A masterly and bold design—in point of execution pursuing the traces of the antique sculptors.

No. 1057. *Bust of an Artiss.* GOBLET.

Well modelled; a very strong likeness.

No. 1058. *A Bust of Adam, from Milton's Paradise Lost, Book iv. Line 300.* MRS. SIDDONS, H.

"His fair large front, and eye sublime," &c.

Of the head of Adam, from the modelling-room of Mrs. Siddons, it is more difficult to speak in justly adequate terms, than of

* Bust of H. P. Hope, Esq.

• Basso-relievo of a monument to the memory of the Hon. Mrs. Bruce, to be erected in Madras, East Indies.

any other object in the exhibition. It is to be weighed as the work of one raised by native genius, by the rare combination of vivid emotions with solid judgment, and by profound skill, to the highest eminence in her profession. To such fame what can correspond? To call to that criterion a performance in a department of a different art, would be at once unjust *and honorable* to this unusual exhibitor.

No. 1059. *Bust of Dr. Burney.* NOLLEKENS, R. A.

The various busts by the hand of Nollekens, are executed with the same taste and precision of character which he displays in his general works. He has likewise adorned the exhibition with several sketches of compositions, among which, that designed for the monument of an Officer expiring in the arms of Victory, is eminently beautiful in composition, and equally happy in the grace and characteristic expression of the two figures. The execution of it will,] no doubt, add to the honours of sculpture.

No. 1075. *Bust of Sir Elijah Impey.* ROSSI, R. A.
A performance of great spirit and expression.

CONCLUSION,

The writer of these remarks, having watched the exhibitions of the Royal Academy through the course of three years, here puts a period to his task, because he is aware that he has few general or characteristic observations to add (unless new artists should arise) and it is not his province to repeat a detail of particular performances. In his examinations of the works of the artists, his errors, and they have doubtless been many, have been those of judgment, not of conscience. If faults should have appeared to be touched with too lenient a hand, let it be remembered that the mention of them has been intended, not for the world, but the artist; and, to every mind of real genius, the slightest hint is sufficient to kindle in it apprehensive self-investigation, at whose torch the shadows and phantoms of error disperse. In the language of the preface to the first Annual Register, in 1758, he has "observed upon no works which he could not praise; not that he pretends to have observed upon all that are praise-worthy. Those that do not deserve to be well spoken of, do not deserve to be spoken of at all."

In this he is conscious, that he deviates from the mode which modern criticism seems to prescribe, and that a reason may be required for such a deviation. It is, in his opinion, a maxim justified by the observation of nature, that nothing tends more to weaken

the efforts of genius than the influence of *too minute* criticism.* The primary distinctness of character, of which every man possesses a share, is easily impaired by collision, and those fruits of additional research, which must, if ever, compensate its loss, are more readily perceived than attained. In uncongenial toil Resolution will be in danger of relaxing, and the vigour requisite to display the native bent of the mind, may be lost in caution and distrust.

The criticism of the present day is sometimes peculiarly detrimental, inasmuch as it is too frequently conceived to have answered its purposes when it has thoroughly dissected the imperfections of its object, and annihilated the hopes and spirits which nature had infused. This is indeed a task as easy as it is obvious. Nature has made us all admirable judges of one another's weaknesses; we need little or no instruction to discover them, and the greater force with which they may be pointed out, can shew no other pre-eminence in the observer than that of adventitious, or merely grammatical acquirement. Accurately to discriminate, to see, and, most of all, to feel what is *good* in the characters or works of others, our cotemporaries, as it is the highest province, so it is the most difficult attainment of criticism. But to what end shall we *kindly* inform a young adventurer, in any profession, of all his natural wants? If we confidently assure a man who is striving his utmost to please us, that he can never effect his purpose, what result can we hope but that of checking his progress, and repressing his career? Let us rather take every man, if he have any talent at all, for that which he has, and encourage him to the utmost exertion of it. After this acceptance, it will be the task of criticism to distinguish the degree of his natural force, and the proper direction of his mind.

True criticism does not question a man respecting talents which nature has not bestowed on him, but examines how far he has performed his part in the due exercise of those which he has received from her. If he pretend to more than she has given him, it will indeed be useful to avert him from unprofitable consumption of strength and time; but this counsel will not be given by a mind formed to virtuous sentiment, except after the fullest examination; and with the clearest conviction of its justness. Without this, it is a kind of professional homicide, or at least, as has before been said, an inhuman and unwarrantable arrest of talent.

* The ingenious and sagacious authoress of a second volume of *Exhibitions of Natural Passions*, indeed, professes that she is *obliged* to criticism: but, if so, she is still more obliged to her own excellent discretion in the use she has made of it.

In ev'ry work regard the *artist's* end,
 Since none can compass more than they intend;
 And if the means be just, the conduct true,
 Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.

Pope. Essay on Criticism.

With regard to criticism on the productions of the Fine Arts, Pliny has given us his opinion that this skill was not attainable by merely common observers. He says, "De Pictore, Sculptore, Fictore nisi artifex judicare non potest." If this doctrine could be established, woe to the copious remarks of many a ready writer, and, with them, to those here offered to the reader! We may, however, fairly infer from it that the only authority which can accrue to remarks of this nature must arise from their general coincidence with the opinions of candid artists.

It remains to apologize to the reader for the assumption and use of the word *We*, through the course of the present remarks; which can only be justified by the general adoption of such a custom in all critical revisals. The present writer will probably never have another opportunity of assuring his readers, that, in the examination of all public efforts, *We* never means more than one person; and it would perhaps be a proper tribute to Justice, if all the *Wes* would fairly make this confession, as the public might then, by stripping their observations of the authority which collective numbers never fail to adduce, form a just appreciation of their real merits and value.

UMBRA.

MELANCHOLY HOURS.

No. II.

But (wel-a-day) who loves the Muses now?
 Or helps the climber of the sacred hyll?
 None leane to them; but strive to disalow
 All heavenly dewes the goddesses distill.

Wm. Browne's Shepheard's Pipe. Eg. 5.

IT is a melancholy reflection, and a reflection which often sinks heavily on my soul, that the sons of Genius generally seem predestined to encounter the rudest storms of adversity, to struggle, unnoticed, with poverty and misfortune. The annals of the world present us with many corroborations of this remark; and, alas! who can tell how many unhappy beings, who might have shone with distinguished lustre among the stars which illumine our hemis-

phere, may have sunk unknown beneath the pressure of untoward circumstances; who knows how many may have shrunk, with all the exquisite sensibility of genius, from the rude and riotous discord of the world, into the peaceful slumbers of death. Among the number of those whose talents might have elevated them to the first rank of eminence, but who have been overwhelmed with the accumulated ills of poverty and misfortune, I do not hesitate to rank a young man whom I once accounted it my greatest happiness to be able to call my friend.

CHARLES WANELY was the only son of an humble village rector, who just lived to give him a liberal education, and then left him, unprovided for and unprotected, to struggle through the world as well as he could. With a heart glowing with the enthusiasm of poetry and romance, with a sensibility the most exquisite, and with an indignant pride, which swelled in his veins, and told him he was a man—my friend found himself cast upon the wide world, at the age of sixteen, an adventurer, without fortune and without connection. As his independent spirit could not brook the idea of being a burthen to those whom his father had taught him to consider only as allied by blood, and not by affection, he looked about him for a situation, which would ensure to him, by his own exertions, an honourable competence. It was not long before such a situation offered, and Charles precipitately articulated himself to an attorney, without giving himself time to consult his own inclinations, or the disposition of his master. The transition from Sophocles and Euripides, Theocritus and Ovid, to Finche and Wood, Coke and Wynne, was striking and difficult; but Charles applied himself with his wonted ardour to his new study, as considering it not only his interest, but his duty so to do. It was not long, however, before he discovered that he disliked the law, that he disliked his situation, and that he despised his master. The fact was, my friend had many mortifications to endure, which his haughty soul could ill brook. The attorney to whom he was articulated was one of those narrow-minded beings, who consider wealth as alone entitled to respect. He had discovered that his clerk was *very* poor, and *very* destitute of friends, and thence he *very* naturally concluded, that he might insult him with impunity. It appears, however, that he was mistaken in his calculations. I one night remarked that my friend was unusually thoughtful. I ventured to ask him, whether he had met with any thing particular to ruffle his spirits. He looked at me for some moments significantly, then, as if roused to fury by the recollection—"I have," said he, vehemently, "I have, I have. He has insulted me grossly, and I will bear it no

longer." He now walked up and down the room with visible emotion.—Presently he sat down.—He seemed more composed. "My friend," said he, "I have endured much from this man. I conceived it my duty to forbear, but I have forborne until forbearance is blameable: and, by the Almighty, I will never again endure what I have endured this day. But not only this man; every one thinks he may treat me with contumely, because I am poor and friendless. But I am a man, and will no longer tamely submit to be the sport of fools and the foot-ball of caprice. In this spot of earth, though it gave me birth, I can never taste of ease. Here I must be miserable. The principal end of man is to arrive at happiness. Here I can never attain it; and here therefore I will no longer remain. My obligations to the rascal who calls himself my master are cancelled by his abuse of the authority I rashly placed in his hands. I have no relations to bind me to this particular place." The tears started in his eyes as he spoke "I have no tender ties to bid me stay, and why *do* I stay. The world is all before me. My inclination leads me to travel; I will pursue that inclination: and, perhaps, in a strange land I may find that repose which is denied to me in the place of my birth. My finances, it is true, are ill able to support the expences of travelling: but what then—Goldsmith, my friend," with rising enthusiasm, "Goldsmith traversed Europe on foot, and I am as hardy as Goldsmith. Yes, I will go, and, perhaps, ere long, I may sit me down on some towering mountain, and exclaim, with him, while a hundred realms lie in perspective before me,

"Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine."

It was in vain I entreated him to reflect maturely, ere he took so bold a step: he was deaf to my importunities, and the next morning I received a letter informing me of his departure. He was observed about sun-rise, sitting on the stile, at the top of an eminence, which commanded a prospect of the surrounding country, pensively looking towards the village. I could divine his emotions, on thus casting probably a last look at his native place. The neat white parsonage house, with the honeysuckle mantling on its wall, I knew would receive his last glance; and the image of his father would present itself to his mind, with a melancholy pleasure, as he was thus hastening, a solitary individual, to plunge himself into the crowds of the world, deprived of that fostering hand which would otherwise have been his support and guide.

From this period Charles Wansley was never heard of at L——, and, as his few relations cared little about him, in a short time it was almost forgotten that such a being had ever been in existence.

About five years had elapsed from this period, when my occasions led me to the continent. I will confess, I was not without a romantic hope, that I might again meet with my lost friend; and that often, with that idea, I scrutinized the features of the passengers. One fine Italian moonlight night, as I was strolling down the grand Strada di Toledo, at Naples, I observed a crowd assembled round a man, who, with impassioned gestures, seemed to be vehemently declaiming to the multitude. It was one of the Improvisatori, who recite extempore verses in the streets of Naples, for what money they can collect from the hearers. I stopped to listen to the man's metrical romance, and had remained in the attitude of attention some time, when, happening to turn round, I beheld a person very shabbily dressed, stedfastly gazing at me. The moon shone full in his face. I thought his features were familiar to me. He was pale and emaciated, and his countenance bore marks of the deepest dejection. Yet, amidst all these changes, I thought I recognized Charles Waneley. I stood stupified with surprise. My senses nearly failed me. On recovering myself, I looked again, but he had left the spot the moment he found himself observed. I darted thro' the crowd, and ran every way which I thought he could have gone, but it was all to no purpose. Nobody knew him. Nobody had even seen such a person. The two following days I renewed my enquiries, and at last discovered the lodgings where a man of his description had resided. But he had left Naples the morning after his form had struck my eyes. I found he gained a subsistence by drawing rude figures in chalks, and vending them among the peasantry. I could no longer doubt it was my friend, and immediately perceived that his haughty spirit could not bear to be recognized in such degrading circumstances, by one who had known him in better days. Lamenting the misguided notions which had thus again thrown him from me, I left Naples, now grown hateful to my sight, and embarked for England. It is now nearly twenty years since this rencounter, during which period he has not been heard of: and there can be little doubt that this unfortunate young man has found in some remote corner of the continent an obscure and an unlamented grave.

Thus, those talents which were formed to do honour to human nature, and to the country which gave them birth, have been nipped in the bud by the frosts of poverty and scorn, and their unhappy possessor lies in an unknown and nameless tomb, who might, under happier circumstances, have risen to the highest pinnacle of ambition and renown.

W1

THE NOVELIST.

A FRAGMENT.

Os dignum æterno nitidum quod fulgeat auro,
 Si mallet laudare deum, cui sordida monstra
 Prætulit, et liquidam temeravit crimine vocem.

Prudentius.

PASSING through an obscure street of the metropolis, I observed a crowd assembled round the door of a mean habitation; an auctioneer was performing the duty of his function, to satisfy the demand of a clamorous landlord. "This chest," vociferated the man, "once belonged to an author:"—my curiosity was excited.—"Look at this article, Sir; whoever is the purchaser of this, will doubtless become the possessor of learning:" he, at the same time, raised the lid, and produced a bundle of manuscripts. "Five shillings—no more than *five* shillings? 'Tis yours, Sir, with all the wit it contains; retail it to the world—you have *paid* for it, and 'tis *all your own*."

When I had an opportunity of examining the chest, at my lodgings, to my disappointment, I discovered the copy of a work to be found on the shelves of every circulating library. I felt for the insult to society, and threw all the manuscripts into the fire. A few leaves, however, arrested my attention; they appeared to be the author's memoirs. I snatched them from the flames, and the moral with which they seemed replete was their preservative from oblivion: as little did I think of finding so valuable a relic amidst such trash, as an uncontaminated mind amidst the avowed sons of dissipation.

"Reader,—If the pages of fiction yield thee delight, if thou seek the acquaintance of fancy's wild and mishapen forms, in preference to the heroes of history and truth, listen to the words of Experience—they may afford thee an useful lesson."

* * * * *

Here the narrator informs us of his name and family; these, and a few other unimportant circumstances, I have omitted.

"At school, I well remember with what avidity I perused the works in which true pleasure and instruction were combined; the exploits of Alexander, the noble patriotism of Cato, the history of my native country, excited an interest grateful and beneficial. But alas! in an evil hour a *novel*, recommended by a fellow-student, engaged my attention. Like wine, it intoxicated and impaired my

more reasonable faculties; that laudable emotion was bartered for an *artificial interest*.

"My education finished—I recant that inadequate phrase—the seeds of my destruction sown, my father placed me in a mercantile situation, with many advantages of future success. My ledger awhile prevented my recourse to other books; still I resolved that a thorough knowledge of business should be succeeded by that of *useful* literature. An incident, let it be deemed by no means trivial, frustrated these good intentions; the daily report of a *very interesting* novel, awakened my former passion. I perused it with peculiar delight; my attention to the counting-house considerably lessened; my attendance on the circulating libraries became most frequent, and

* * * * *

Here the fire had seized the leaf in a perpendicular direction; hence the narrative is unfortunately cut short at the most important crisis—the commencement of a love story. Anxious, however, for the information of your fair readers, whose feelings the event may more immediately occupy, I have obtained information, from the remainder of the manuscript, that the hero, like Sylvester Daggerwood, "formed a romantic attachment"—to a milliner. It also appears that he calmly braved the remonstrances of "cruel parents," and married her.

"Friends forsook me; my father, exasperated at my misconduct, and unwilling that the younger branches of his family should witness the encouragement of such an example, enclosed a small sum, to supply my present necessities, and discarded me for ever. My late idleness had incensed the merchant under whom I might have retained an honourable and lucrative situation; he expelled me from his counting-house with disgrace. I hired a mean apartment, and commenced scribbler. I produced a *novel*, confessed to abound with sentiment and sensibility, but which, pursued upon the plan of other works of a similar description, contained the most infamous doctrines of new philosophy, was interlarded with obscenity—was charged with deadly poison. This prostitute of my brain I ushered into that brothel for the mind, a *modern circulating library*! My hand trembles at the self-accusation. Should this book be exhibited at the great day of account—fall on me, ye mountains; hide me from the just wrath of Heaven; let not this damning proof of guilt appear against me!

"Poverty surrounded us; my wife's romantic spirit could little brook the dreary scene that daily presented itself. My *lan* shilling I gave her to purchase food. She went, but never to return! The most diligent search was fruitless: all the night I bathed my pillow

with my tears in agony for her absence. The morning cleared up the mystery—this letter arrived, to blast me with its contents:—

“ ‘ SIR,

“ ‘ The prospects I had formed, when I consented to give you my hand, are unrealized. Destitute of the means to afford me the situation to which every woman of enlightened understanding must necessarily aspire, I have sought a refuge from poverty in the arms of Captain B——. An unprejudiced mind, like yours, will easily perceive the reasons that have influenced me to take this step. At the altar, it is true, I promised to love you. Can the heart be susceptible of this tender passion for a man incapable of screening it from the craving demands of hunger? I am unable to rebel against nature; she has rid me of a promise which odious custom alone sanctions.’

“ ‘ Adieu,

“ ‘ HARRIOT.’

“ Oh, Harriot! could I have expected this! Modern Philosophy! to thy infernal principles I owe my wretchedness. The world grows hateful to my sight. Welcome the deadly phial!

“ Be thou my passport to the world unknown—

“ It cannot use me worse than this has done.

My resolution wavers; at the dismal prospect of eternity I shudder! I know that tortures endless and unutterable await me *”

* * * * *

The following appears to have been written immediately before the writer finished his earthly career.

“ Reader,—The deed is done! He who now addresses thee is quitting this world for ever: soon must he appear before the awful tribunal of heaven, to receive his sentence from an all-righteous judge, and his works shall follow him. His memory will be the ridicule of this world, but the pity of *those who knew him*. Harriot! mistaken girl! I dread to think upon *thy* fate: though surrounded by the thoughtless devotees of pleasure, let thy husband’s remains claim one sigh—I ask no more. The poison gives me dreadful warning! I dare not sue for mercy, and fear to meet that Providence I have so basely injured.

“ Which way shall I fly

“ Infinite wrath and infinite despair?

“ Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell,

“ And in the lowest deep a lower deep,

“ Still threatening to devour me, opens wide,

“ To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven!”

B. H. BERTI.

Manchester, May 23, 1802.

FANNY MORTIMER.

LIGHT and airy passed the days of the youth of Fanny Mortimer. The fine glow of innocence and health mantled on her cheek, and cheerfulness and gaiety pranked it in her roguish eye. She was as happy as the day was long, and often from the grey blush of the morning until the sun streakt the West with his fires, did the woods which embowered the cottage of her father, echo with her song. Her heart knew not what it was to sigh, and her eye was unconscious of a tear, except when the tale of real or imaginary woe called them forth from the source of sensibility. Thus in primitive simplicity did her hours glide on in happiness. She knew no pleasure greater than that of listening to the cooing of the wood pigeon, which she had saved from the talons of the kite, or of decorating with garlands the lamb she had rescued from the stream. But alas she was not long permitted to remain in the paths of innocence and peace. Her beauties caught the eye of the seducer; his blandishments prevailed, and with an aching heart the unsuspecting Fanny Mortimer was lured from the home of her parents to the haunts of infamy and vice. Fanny, simple as she was, could perceive that the gaiety which surrounded her was all hollow; she felt it so herself, and wept incessantly, and deplored her departure from the easy path of rectitude. Her seducer, cloyed with possession, and tired with her tears, abandoned her, on the point of becoming a mother, to that fate which she concluded could not now be distant. He left her destitute, and as a last resource she was forced to set out on foot for her native place, there to throw herself at the feet of her father, and implore forgiveness. If this were denied, she saw no other alternative than that of laying herself in the parish poor house, and there give birth to the little being, which, though it would serve to perpetuate her infamy, she could not help loving with all a mother's fondness. She travelled slowly, for her burthen was heavy, but her heart was still heavier. It was late at night as she arrived at her paternal home. A melancholy foreboding struck into her soul as she perceived the garden wicket open, and every thing going to ruin and decay. She entered; there was no light in the lower rooms; a cold chill ran through her veins; she knocked; no answer was returned; she called upon her father, and all was yet still. The dreadful certainty now could no longer be doubted; she had sent the grey hairs of her parents with sorrow to the grave. Faint, and broken hearted, she left the cottage, which had once been the abode of innocence and

virtue. The night was wild and stormy ; the cold rains pelted her with pitiless fury :—yet still, mindless of her situation, she walked forwards unheeding whither she went. She had crossed the common, and had taken the opposite way to that which led to the village ; after proceeding for some time, unconscious where, she awakened to all the horrors of her situation ; she perceived she had lost herself, and knew not in what part of the country she was. Death unto her appeared not dreadful ; to her it was the minister of comfort, for she was wearied of the world, but she wished to live for the sake of the babe which she bore in her womb. She continued, therefore, walking forward, hoping to find some cottage where she might rest for the night. A light now struck her eyes, and following it up, though on the point of sinking at every step with fatigue, she came within sight of the hut from whence it proceeded. Hope now lent her vigour ; she paced down the hill as quick as her weariness would permit her. She was within a hundred paces of the cottage, when her strength failed her, and she sunk on the ground. She was unable to rise. The rain rushed in torrents down the hill, and the blast whistled among the trees. Fanny moaned for some time. Mixed with the confused tones of the wind, her moans reached the ears of the cotters. 'Tis the spirit of the night which howls, said they, as fearfully they drew their chair nearer the blazing hearth ; and still, at every response, did they deprecate the Demon of the storm. Fanny did not moan long, for the angel of death appeared, and bore her afflicted spirit to the regions of rest. The next day her corpse was carried to the village and buried. They did not lay her by the side of her father, for he had died sternly disowning her. She lies beneath the alder on the west side of the church, the place appointed for the burial of paupers. The village girls did not deck her grave with flowers, nor bind down the turf with ozers, yet here the wild lily and the snow-drop, emblems of her once spotless purity, love to bloom, and the love-lorn nightingale and the plaintive throstle build their nests, and warble through the foliage which shades the cold sod under which poor Fanny Mortimer *once more tastes of peace in the forgetful sleep of death.*

Nottingham, May 20th.

H. K. W.

OBSERVATIONS.

ON THE

CONDITION OF THOSE UNFORTUNATE MEN,

WHO,

After suffering the Punishment due to their Crimes,

Are again restored to Society.

NOTWITHSTANDING the great number of charitable institutions which this age of benevolence has raised and matured for almost every description of our forlorn and distressed fellow creatures, there remains one to be adopted both for the public safety, and for the reformation of the worst members of the community, namely, those who have undergone the punishment due to their crimes.

The *Children* of criminal parents are already rescued from the paths of vice and infamy by the *Philanthropic Society*; but where is there an asylum for the miserable authors of their being, when let loose upon the public—for the prisoner just liberated from the bar of the Old Bailey—for him who has been released from a jail, after a long and gloomy confinement—for the poor wretches who have suffered the punishment (if it can be called such) which the law inflicts on board the hulks, or for those who have returned from transportation.

Many of these have no doubt a secret and anxious wish to return to the paths of sobriety and industry; to become useful members of society; and to relinquish a life of apprehension, despair, and infamy, oftentimes ending in an ignominious death—but where is the farmer, manufacturer, artist, or housekeeper to be found, who will be hardy enough to receive into their houses or places of trust, these isolated outcasts of mankind?

Deprived of friends, without money, and unworthy of credit, a prey to evil habits, strengthened by an intercourse with others more profligate and depraved than themselves, pillage and plunder are their only alternatives; to acquire which they may, in case of resistance, be urged by despair to the commission of murder.

What satisfaction would it not give the feeling mind to have contributed to the reclaiming one such pest of society? How pleasing must be the reflection that useful talents and ingenuity, before applied to the ruin of individuals, have, through his means, been employed in cultivating the peaceful arts, and in benefiting society; and that they have become fathers of industrious families, who must, if left to themselves, have terminated their short and miserable career at the gallows.

These trite observations must have frequently occurred to others far better qualified to investigate the subject, and propose a mode of relief, than the writer can pretend to. But, as a work begun is in the way to be finished, he is anxious to see so important an institution brought forward and patronized by those exemplary characters who have so often signalized themselves in the cause of humanity.

It is, therefore, recommended that a meeting of such gentlemen as approve of an attempt of this kind, should forthwith be summoned by advertisement in the public papers: when the arguments for and against a plan for such an establishment may be fully canvassed, and, if adopted, individuals, corporate bodies, and, if absolutely necessary, the legislature of the country, be earnestly called upon for their assistance and support.

Yours, &c.

CIVIS.

P. S. Mr. Kirby, the man of all others peculiarly fitted to form a judgment on this subject, not only approves, but recommends the above suggestions. He says, "That those who are inured to vice from their infancy, are scarcely to be reclaimed; but that those who, from want, or temptation in an unguarded moment, have been led to criminal acts, would, many of them, be glad to forsake their wicked pursuits, by taking refuge in such an institution."

MR. WINDHAM AND MR. LOFFT.

June 17.

MR. EDITOR,

IN the Mirror for May, p. 336, you record 'an elegant and appropriate compliment, which was paid by Mr. Windham to the author of the Farmer's Boy, and to his ingenious editor.' Whatever might be intended by the right honourable commoner as a passing tribute to the universally acknowledged merits of Bloomfield, it is most evident that his learned editor was not designed to be included in such panegyric. In the parliamentary reports of two daily papers which I examined, "The Farmer's Boy" was spoken of as a publication that well deserved to be recommended to the perusal of every gentleman in the House of Commons, but its editor, (Mr. Capel Lofft) was glanced at rather invidiously, for having considered debating societies as a species of constitutional refinement, which had superseded the more noisy games of bull-baiting, cudgel-

playing, &c. Mr. Windham, however, with an ingenuity which can confer little credit on the memory of any orator, appears to have inverted the words, and consequently the meaning of Mr. Lofft, whose note, in the preface to Bloomfield's production, ran literally thus :

"It is another* of the constitutional refinements of these times to have fetter'd, and as to every valuable purpose, silenc'd these debating societies. They were at least, to say the lowest of them, far better amusements than drunkenness, gambling, or fighting. They were no useless schools to some of our very celebrated speakers at the bar and in parliament : and, what is of infinitely more importance, they contributed to the diffusion of political knowledge and public sentiment."

Without farther comment on Mr. Windham's rhetorical hallucination,

I remain, Sir,
Yours, &c.

S. K.

* Mr. L. had previously adverted to the check on the circulation of newspapers, &c.

ANECDOTE.

LORD TYRAWLEY, a little before his death, was visited by several Englishmen who came with a pretence of asking how he did, but in reality so see if he was dying, that they might apply for his employments. The old general, who comprehended their motives for being so solicitous about him, gave them the following answer : Gentlemen, I know your reasons for enquiring after my health ; I have but two things worth any one's having, my regiment and my girl, neither of which will fall to your lot : I'll tell you how they will be disposed of ; a Scotchman will get the one, and an Irishman the other.

In the Remarks on the Royal Academy, the following Paragraph has been accidentally omitted. It should have been introduced under No. 946, and after the mention of MR. FLAXMAN'S Bust of Mr. Hope.

"The Bas-relief of *Domestic Affliction*, No. 1072, is a design of great taste, which unites the grave style of sculpture with the pathos of familiar history."

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

FLECTERE NON ODIUM COGIT, NON GRATIA SUADET.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Verses, Social and Domestic. By George Hay Drummond, A.M.
12mo. Edinburgh and London. 1802.

WE are here presented with a most interesting volume of poetic emanations—

Sacred to friendship, piety, and love !

The highly accomplished and respectable author* has, with great diffidence, entitled his publication, *Verses* : but these verses are derived from a higher lineage than many poems of far prouder boast. They are the ingenuous offspring of virtuous sentiment, of fraternal amity, of filial reverence, of connubial affection, of parental tenderness,—and we grieve most sensibly, to add,—of parental sorrow, and of a widowed heart !

“ Stamp'd in the mint of pure sincerity,”

they are less the coinage of fancy, than of genuine feeling. They are highly finished miniature representations of domestic life, at various seasons, and deserve to be placed as cabinet pictures in every family apartment. With colours, not of gaudy hue, but of delicate attraction, Mr. Drummond has depainted the felicities of conjugal attachment, the anxieties of paternal fondness, or the hallowed aspirations of devotional sensibility ; and to all those who have feelings that are not indurated by the collision of worldly selfishness, these delineations will be truly dear.

As a memorial of wedded constancy, as a monument of marital fidelity, we are proud to adorn our pages with the author's dedication.

To
That dear departed Spirit
Which,
Whilst united to a mortal form
Most lovely,
Inspired these early strains
Of youthful affection ;
Whose exalted excellence
Was the favourite theme
Of maturer judgment ;

* Brother to the Earl of Kinnoull, a Prebendary of York, and son to Dr. Robert Drummond, late Archbishop of that See.

And whose untimely assumption
 To the blissful residence of congenial souls,
 Called forth the last tribute
 Of vain regret;
 This Volume
 In sweet remembrance of pure
 Conjugal endearments,
 And domestic harmony,
 And in humble hope of a re-union,
 Perfect and eternal,
 Is dedicated
 By
 A devoted heart.

That such a heart should prematurely have been bereft of its highest earthly treasure, what human bosom will not poignantly deplore? But how few, how very few, would have resigned a charge so precious, with that exalted fortitude, that true sublimity of soul, which prompted the following lines:

"Inscribed on the Tomb of Laura" and her Infant Son.

"Go, saint below'd! enjoy celestial rest!
 Go, in the strength of all-redeeming grace!
 Rejoin thy cherub babes in mansion blest!
 And see thy great Creator face to face!
 "For sure, of social and domestic love
 A brighter model ne'er this earth hath trod;
 A purer angel of the realms above
 Ne'er bore an infant spirit to his God."

We should delight in selecting much from this estimable assemblage of poetic graces, did our space allow us the gratification; but we must restrict ourselves to the scanty limits of a sonnet-extract, amid many more extended attractions. Yet we ought not to close this brief report without expressing our cordial conviction that if suavity of sentiment or elegance of expression should allure any reader to peruse these polished strains with the attention which they merit, such reader must be highly profited as well as pleased by the employ.

"On re-entering Scotland, from Carlisle.

"Ye hills of Scotia! by whose winding sides,
 The brawling stream of Esk so swiftly flows;
 On whose wild banks a varied forest grows,
 And the birch vibrates as the current glides;

• Elizabeth Margaret, eldest daughter of Sir Samuel Marshall, of Berry House, in the county of Southampton, born Sept. 19, 1767; married to the author, April 12, 1785; and whose spirit, with that of their infant son Henry-George, returned unto God, Feb. 15, 1799.

Whilst o'er your crags the rack incessant rides
 Athwart the steep a moving mantle throws,
 Or like that pillar vast, majestic goes,
 Which marshall'd Israel through Egyptian tides ;
 O take me to your calm retreats again !
 Ev'n in such scenes, mid gloom of care I find
 A ray of pensive hope to cheer my mind,
 That heav'nly mercies brighter hours ordain ;
 For see ! though storms blacken the vale below,
 Th' auspicious bow on high in rich prismatic glow !

Maurice's Modern History of India. Continued from Page 328.

THE history of India is so intimately connected with that of Asia in general, of which vast continent it forms so large a portion, that the more important events, which convulsed that quarter of the globe, could not be passed over in silence, by an historian of the former country. Every new revolution which it suffered, produced, in a greater or less degree, a scourge to the unfortunate sons of Brahma, whom every new tyrant considered as vassals, and their property as lawful plunder ! In its consequences and results, no event ever occurred, in the East, more grand and momentous, than the birth of the impostor Mahommed ; and the state of Asia, both religious and political, at that æra, is thus drawn by our author's masterly pencil.

“ Amidst the daring innovations that defiled, and the endless schisms that at this important crisis convulsed, the Greek church, the genuine religion of Christ glimmered in the East but with a faint ray. At the same time, shaken to its very foundations, equally by foreign assault and domestic distractions, the power of the Cæsars was hastening rapidly to extinction. The jealous and embittered Jew had long beholden, with almost frantic impatience, the religion of the despised Galilean, in consequence of the conversion of Constantine, decorated with all the splendours, and supported by all the energies of imperial authority ; and was willing heartily to join in any project for the utter extirpation of so detested a code, that did not offer gross violence to the sublime sanctity of his own. The Persian had marked with horror the sacrilegious outrages committed by the intolerant zeal of the victorious Christian against the altar of the Solar Fire, and the Pagan world, in general, mourned over and vowed revenge for, their mutilated gods and demolished temples. To unadulterated Christianity, there remained but few friends any where, and still its most inveterate enemies existed in its own bosom, those numerous sectarians, those fanciful expositors, those wilful pervertors of the sacred text, who under the name of Arians, Sabellians, Jacobites, Nestorians, Manichæans, and Eutychians, had publicly broached those nefarious doctrines, that excited the extreme sorrow of all the good, and provoked the contempt and derision of all the impious. No period, therefore, could be more favourable than the present, to the views

of an artful and daring innovator, fraught with genius, to fabricate a new religion, and armed at the same time with a resistless sword to compel the acceptance of it." P. 183.

The direct route to India of the Mahommedan conquerors, lay through the heart of Persia. In tracing their progress, Mr. Maurice describes the attack and plunder of AL MADAYN, its splendid capital, in the following spirited manner.

"Animated, rather than satiated with the survey of the immense booty already acquired by their lawless and unprovoked irruption, after a short period of necessary repose, and after having been again re-inforced by fresh battalions, the holy banditti pressed forward with all the celerity inspired by the mingled impulse of enthusiasm and avarice, to Ctesiphon; or as the Orientals term it, Al Madayn, the noble, the unrivalled, the yet unconquered capital of Persia. Their name and barbarities had already diffused such terror through all its provinces, so abject was the spirit, and of so venal a stamp the patriotism of the governors of the intermediate cities and forts, that scarcely a lance was raised, or an arrow hurled to oppose their desolating progress through the heart of that beautiful country. When this devouring army of human locusts reached Ctesiphon, they found that the royal family, apprized of their approach, and struck with horror and dismay, had fled with the greatest part of the imperial treasures, from its splendid palace, to the rugged recesses of the Median mountains; nor did the valiant and wealthy citizens that guarded its gates, give them that ready admittance, which they had promised to themselves, within its lofty walls. Unskilled in the arts of defence, their opposition was fruitless, and only served as an excuse to the irritated soldiers, when by an united and vigorous assault they had carried the ramparts, to spread wider the torrent of destruction, and die their sabres deeper in Persian blood. It is impossible to describe the infinite wealth of every various kind which recompensed the warlike toils of the victors, on the capture of this vast and magnificent metropolis; the quantity of gold and silver in bullion and coined money, which Yezdegerd was unable to transport into Media; the costly furniture, rich carpets, and beautiful tapestry, displaying the most brilliant dyes, and the most elaborate efforts of the looms of India and Persia; cabinets of all the precious woods; curious vases of agate and chrystal, studded with gems, found in the palace of the Great King, and the rich silks and other objects of barter that crowded the overflowing warehouses of the merchants. In short, the whole wealth of the monarch and the nobility centered there, and enriched the victors beyond all the limits of calculation." P. 190.

But the hoards of wealth, immense and varied, which these marauders found in Persia, in the palaces of the COSROES, are not to be compared to the countless mass of accumulated treasure, in bullion, coined money, and gems, which they afterwards discovered and seized upon in the palaces and venerated shrines of India; particularly in the reign of the sanguinary Mahmud of Gazna, whose *twelve irruptions* into that rich and beautiful country open a scene of avarice, cruelty, and perfidy, such as the page of history has

never before unveiled, and certainly was never painted with more vivid colouring than in the present. Nor is the picture imaginary, since Persian and Arabian authorities are constantly cited at the bottom of the page, in corroboration of those that are purely Indian. As a specimen of our author's talent at description, the first general battle between a Mahomedan chieftain and the confederated rajahs of Hindostan is here selected. That chieftain, SUBUCTAGI, was the father of the above-mentioned Mahmud.

"Fired with indignation, and meditating a severe revenge for the insult, Subuctagi immediately marched with all his forces against Hindostan, where Jeipal, having solicited succours from all the great rajahs from the Indus to the Ganges, to repel the incursions of a power, armed for their total destruction, had collected together an army of one hundred thousand horse and two hundred thousand foot, headed respectively by the sovereigns of Delhi, Ajmere, Calhinger, and Canouge, attended by their tributaries. Subuctagi, at the head of scarcely a fourth of this vast army, from the mountains on his frontier, beheld without dismay the innumerable columns of the advancing enemy. In a strain of manly and fervid eloquence, he harangued his soldiers, and animated them to glory; he pointed out the immense difference that existed between the hardy native of Afghanistan, and the enfeebled effeminate inhabitant of the Indian plain; though far inferior in number, he maintained that in discipline, in valour, and in strength of arm to draw the bow and wield the sabre, they were infinitely superior to the foe; he displayed, in the most dazzling colours, the beauty and fertility of the country they were about to subdue, and the magnitude of the spoil they were certain to divide. He then allotted their stations to those heroic chieftains on whom he could place the firmest dependence, and dividing his army, which principally consisted of horse, into small squadrons of five hundred each, ordered them to the attack, in succession, so that the main body was never wholly engaged, while the Indian army was perpetually harassed with fresh troops. The Indians advanced to battle on horses very unequal to those that, to the fire and celerity of the Arabian courser, added the sinewy robustness of those accustomed to range the mountains, and snuff the invigorating gale of Cabulistan. Battalion upon battalion, though led on to the combat by gallant warriors, accustomed to conquer in equal conflict, on Indian ground, almost as soon as engaged, were broken and dispersed. Nothing is said of elephants on this occasion, nor are any other particulars enumerated in Ferishta, than that wearied out with this novel manner of fighting, and their numerous infantry availing nothing against the shock of the Gaznavian cavalry, the whole army were put to the rout, and fled with precipitation towards the banks of the Nilab, or Blue River, one of the branches of the Indus. Thither it was pursued by the victorious Moslems; a considerable part of them was cut in pieces, but a far more considerable part perished in attempting the passage of that deep and rapid river. The whole plunder of the Indian camp, immense in the value, number, and variety of the articles acquired, the property of so many sovereign princes, who had left their palaces in full confidence of success, as well as all the territories lying on the west of the Indus, became the reward of the victor."

We shall reserve for another and concluding article, some farther extracts, which will convince our readers that what we have observed concerning the historical style of Mr. M. is just: it is always elegant and correct, and, when the occasion requires it, it is distinguished by pathos and sublimity. What he has undertaken, without, we believe, much patronage from the East India Company, they having an *historiographer* of their own, is, we repeat it, a very arduous task for an individual, and the numerous class of oriental gentry, who have returned to this country, loaded with the treasures of India, are bound to give him their support and patronage, that a work of so much utility, as well as entertainment, may not be dropt, as otherwise it must be, at a period when the price of the finer papers continues so high as almost to amount to a prohibition of engaging in the printing of voluminous works. We trust there is spirit enough left among us to avert such a catastrophe from an undertaking of national importance, and of the proper execution of which those who attentively peruse the present specimen can scarcely entertain a doubt.

{To be concluded in our next.}

The Pic-Nic: a Miscellany of Prose and Verse. Containing a Number of original Pieces and Extracts from new Publications of Merit. Small 8vo. London. 1802.

SINCE the gentlemen of the *dilletanti* theatre have chosen to designate their entertainment a *Pic-Nic*, it has become the fashion so to designate not only articles of dress, but even books: and here we have a *pic-nic* miscellany—rich, however, in choice fruits, and flowers culled from the most cultivated gardens. The first article is a biographical sketch of James Hay Beattie, son of the celebrated Dr. Beattie, and abridged from his account of one that “should have died hereafter.” This is followed by the *Kirk Warden*, a poem of considerable merit. Various pieces in prose and verse, some of them serious, and some of them humorous, make up this very delectable desert.

A Collection of Epitaphs and Inscriptions, Ancient and Modern; distinguished either for their Wit, Humour, and Singularity; Elegance of Composition; Morality of Sentiment; or Celebrity of Character. Carefully selected from preceding Publications. Including many never before printed. Small 8vo. London. 1802.

TOLDERVY's collection of epigrams, and Hackett's also, having become scarce, the present work is rendered most desirable by

including all those from the preceding compilations which are curious, together with such as have been written since the year 1757, the date of the publication of Hackett. These sort of collections will be most grateful to those who now and then delight to encourage a pensive and melancholy mood.

The origin of epitaphs proceeded from the presage, or sense of immortality, implanted naturally in men. Their invention is attributed to the scholars of *Linus*, the Theban poet, who flourished about the 2700th year of the world, and being unhappily slain, his scholars lamented the loss of their master in a particular kind of mournful verse, called from him *Linum*, and afterwards *Epitaphia*, because they were sung at burials, and engraved upon sepulchres. They were memorials to remind us of the instability of human nature, and the loss of our departed friends, and also to excite our meditation by the ideas of death, to a reformation of life. The *Lacedaemonians* allowed the honour of epitaphs to those men only who died bravely in battle, and to women who were chaste. The Romans erected monuments to some illustrious persons while they were alive—therefore the statue to our illustrious ex-minister is not without a precedent. We have extended our notice of this collection farther than we intended, which nothing but its excellence in point of selection, and elegance of form, can justify to ourselves.

Essay on Irish Bulls, by Richard Lovell Edgeworth, and Maria Edgeworth, Author of Castle Rackrent, &c. London, 1802. Crown 8vo.

THE authors of this amusing little tract have laboured, by playful sophistry and good humoured raillery, to shield the feelings of the Irish against the unmerciful ridicule to which they have so long been exposed for those blunders, or incongruities in speech, commonly called Bulls. They have successfully shewn that many stories, currently received as *Irish Bulls*, have been brought from Greece, Rome, France, and even Persia; that the disposition to fix on all the errors of speech discerned in an Irishman, the disgrace of a national stigma, arises often from pertness and malevolence in the English vulgar; and that a warm imagination, a ready rhetoric, and facility of poetic imagery, often occasion those complex modes of expression in Irish conversation, which are derided by the moderns as bulls, but to which the more liberal ancients gave sonorous names, and called them figures of rhetoric. These topics are illustrated by anecdotes, in which wit, humour, and feeling are equally conspicuous, and the retort courteous is given to English detractors, by spe-

chimens of all kinds ; from the bold flight of poets and orators, down to the humble absurdity of the mercer, who assured a lady that she might wear his stuff *for ever*, as a gown, and make a petticoat of it *afterwards*. So far the task of the authors is well executed, but we cannot, on the other hand, help remarking, that there is an occasional warmth of reprehension which destroys the playful character generally assumed ; and that, in the concluding narrative, allusions are made to a late swindling action at Blackheath, with an implied censure on the conduct of a too credulous, but innocent tradesman, which the facts disclosed to the public do not warrant. The style is pure and neat ; but perhaps, in the following paragraph, the authors have inadvertently confounded the strict meaning of the terms *genus* and *species* ; “ Swift applied the *generic* rank of bull, to the whole *species* of blunders,”—Certainly the name bull is most *specific*, and the term blunder most *generic* of the two.

Splendid Misery. A Novel. 3 Vols. By T. S. Surr. 12mo. 1801.

IF there be little novelty of invention in this novel, still there is justness of sentiment, and correctness of thought. The style is easy and natural, and the unity of action is very properly preserved. We have neither leisure nor inclination to detail the plot, but, in the honesty of our office, we can recommend “*Splendid Misery*” to our novel readers as containing “no offence ith world.”

The Farmer's Boy, a Rural Poem. Sixth Edition. 12mo. 1802.

Rural Tales, Ballads, and Songs. Second Edition, 12mo. 1802.

WE notice the works of Bloomfield, merely for the purpose of saying, that the typographical correctness and beauty of the present editions, are highly creditable to Mr. Swan, from whose press they issue.—There is a newly engraved head of the poet to the second edition of the “*Rural Tales*.”

Youth, a Poem by J. Bidlake, A. R. Chaplain to His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, and Master of the Grammar School, Plymouth.

WE have often been pleased with the elegant effusions of Mr. Bidlake's Muse. The subjects he selects are enobled by their simplicity, and elevated by the sentiment and imagery with which they are embellished. On the subject of youth, it will be expected that the author, from his experience, should be eloquent and poetical—and he is so. We learn with satisfaction that an uniform edition of Mr. Bidlake's poems are in the press.

The Gentleman's Guide in Money Negotiation, and Banker's, Merchant's, and Tradesman's Counting House Assistant. London. Small 12mo. 1802.

IN an age of dissipation and extravagance, wherein our young men are obliged to raise money on bills and post obits, we cannot conceive a publication of more utility than the present *multum in parvo*.

Eight Historical Tales, curious and instructive. 12mo. 1801.

THE object of the author of this compilation is to recommend to youth the perusal of facts recorded in history, in preference to fairy tales and fabled romances of modern times. We have no sort of objection to agree with him, but we must be permitted to add, that his collection has been made with very little judgment.

The Poetical Works of James Macpherson, Esq. with the Life of the Author. Small 8vo. Edinburgh. 1802.

MR. MACPHERSON was one of those fortunate individuals whom the vigour of mental exertion raised from an obscure to a splendid station in life. He was born in the parish of Kingusie, in the county of Inverness, toward the close of the year 1738. His father was a farmer of no great affluence. Young Macpherson received the first rudiments of education at a parochial school, and was afterwards sent to Inverness, where his genius became so conspicuous, that he was entered as a student of King's College, Aberdeen, at the age of 14, but he does not appear to have taken any degree.

His first publication was the "The Highlander," a poem, which made its appearance at Edinburgh in 1758. About the same time he wrote an ode on the arrival of the Earl Marischal into Scotland, "attempted in the manner of Pindar." These poems are supposed to have been written while he was a school-master at Ruthven. Soon after their appearance, he quitted his school, and was received by Mr. Graham, of Balgowan as domestic tutor to his sons; an employment of which he was not fond, and to which he was not long condemned. Having had occasion to accompany his pupils to Moffat, he obtained an introduction to Mr. Home, to whom he communicated several poetic fragments, which he affirmed were translations from Gaelic originals. Mr. H. admired these specimens, and extolled them to his literary friends. Curiosity being at length excited, Macpherson prepared a small volume, entitled *Fragments of Ancient Poetry, &c.* which was published under

the direction of Dr. Blair in 1760, when the translator was a student of divinity in the University of Edinburgh, and occasionally employed as a corrector to the press of Mr. Balfour. As other specimens were said to be recoverable, a subscription was set on foot by the faculty of advocates, to enable him to undertake a mission into the Highlands, for the sake of securing so precious a treasure. He readily embraced the offer, and soon after produced the compositions concerning whose genuineness so much controversy hath arisen.

In 1762 he proceeded to London, and published "Fingal," in six books, with several other poems. The favourable reception of this volume, induced him in the following year to print "Temora" in eight books, &c. After the publication of these works, by which Macpherson is believed to have gained about 1200*l.* he was called to an employment which withdrew him for some time from the Muses. He became secretary to Governor Johnstone, when he was appointed chief of Pensacola. Having contributed his aid to the settlement of the civil government of the colony, Mr. M. visited several of the West India Islands, and some of the provinces of North America, and arrived in his native country in 1766. There he resumed his studies, and in 1771, produced "An Introduction to the History of Great Britain and Ireland," a work unfavourably spoken of by a writer* who almost speaks unfavourably of every thing. In 1773, he published a prose translation of "The Iliad of Homer," which neither advanced his reputation, nor his fortune. The publication of Dr. Johnson's Journey to the Western Islands, tended to increase his literary mortification; and the charge of imposture so highly incensed Macpherson, that he was prompted to send a menacing letter to his accuser, which produced a severe and well-known reply. Macpherson did not afterwards attempt to renew the altercation: but it is supposed that the spirit of revenge induced him to insert some abusive passages in Mr. Macnicol's "Remarks on Johnson's Journey."

His "History of Great Britain," from the restoration to the accession of the House of Hanover, was published in 1775. Its author appears to have been influenced by some prejudices in favour of the Tory party: but the work is perhaps entitled to a higher degree of praise than it has hitherto obtained. In this performance he certainly acted with fairness; as along with it he published the papers upon which his facts were founded. Those papers, which were chiefly collected by Mr. Carte, though they cannot all be received as of equal authority, tend however to clear up many obscurities, and to exhibit many distinguished characters in a point of

* See Pinkerton's Enquiry. Vol. I. p. lxiv.

view, different from that in which they have usually been contemplated.

Macpherson's talents and industry enabled him to avail himself of every inviting circumstance. The resistance of the colonies required the aid of a ready writer to combat the arguments of the Americans, and to enforce the reasons which influenced the conduct of administration. He was selected for the performance of this task, and published "The Rights of Great Britain asserted against the Claims of the Colonies; being an Answer to the Declaration of the American Congress," 1776, and "A short History of Opposition during the last session of Parliament," 1779. Such is the merit of the latter of these performances, that, upon its appearance, it was by many ascribed to Mr. Gibbon.

About this time a more lucrative employment than that of writing pamphlets was conferred upon him. He was appointed Agent to the Nabob of Arcot, and in that capacity exerted his ability in several appeals to the public in behalf of his client. He published "Letters from Mahomed Ali Chan, Nabob of Arcot, to the court of Directors," 4to. 1777, and was supposed to be the author of "The History and Management of the East India Company, from its origin in 1600, to the present time," 4to. 1779. In his capacity of agent to this prince, it was probably thought requisite that he should possess a seat in the British parliament. In the year 1780, he was accordingly elected member for Camelford: but it does not appear that he ever attempted to speak in the house. He was re-chosen in 1784, and in 1790.

Toward the close of his life he purchased an estate in his native parish, and changing its name from Retz to Belville, adorned it with a large and elegant mansion. His health having begun to decline, he retired to this romantic spot, in hope of deriving benefit from a change of air. That hope was delusive. After lingering for some time, he died Feb. 17, 1796, in the 58th year of his age. By his will he distributed annuities and legacies to a great amount, and bequeathed the sum of £1000 for defraying the expence of publishing Ossian in English, Erse, and Latin. He directed that a monument should be erected to his memory at Belville, and that his remains should be conveyed from Scotland, for interment in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey.

Such are the principal particulars we have gathered, for the gratification of our readers, from the life of James Macpherson, who cannot be regarded otherwise than as a man of genius and learning, what-

ever doubts may be entertained of his veracity. The present collection of his avowed productions, contains "The Highlander;" "Fragment of a Northern Tale, translated from the Norse;" "The Earl Marischal's Wellcome," an Ode; "Elegiac Lines to the memory of an Officer killed before Quebec;" and others, "On the Death of a Young Lady." Of "The Highlander," a poem which extends to six cantos, in heroic couplets, Mr. Laing has observed that "its plot exhibits the very outlines of Fingal."* As far as relates to mere outline, the observation seems entitled to assent; but in all that applies to composition, or style, we think Pope's Homer was the undoubted model of our youthful bard. His chieftains are godlike, because such were the heroes of Homer: his verse aims at mellifluous smoothness, because such was the rhythm of Pope. But his "Highlander," is the mimic effort of inexperience and unripe art. It displays less of inventive energy than of studious imitation. It teems with similes constructed after those in the Iliad, but they seldom afford appropriate illustration. It has many radical incongruities, many grammatical inaccuracies, and abounds with rhymes, accents, and elisions, that offend against all established usage. Yet, with such pervading defects, the poem possesses singular merit as the production of a youth, though we cannot give it the praise of being Ossianic, in structure, imagery, or expression. A very short extract may convey its general character. It describes the funeral procession of a Caledonian monarch, who was slaughtered by the Danes.

Behind the dead the tuneful bards appear,
And mingle with their elegies the tear;
From their sad hearts the mournful numbers flow,
In all the tuneful melody of woe.
In grief's solemnity Culena leads
A mournful train of tear-distilling maids:
Above the rest, the beauteous queen appears,
And heightens all her beauties with her tears.
Now in his tomb the godlike Indulph laid,
Shar'd the dark couch with the illustrious dead:
All o'er his grave the mournful warriors sigh,
And give his dust the tribute of the eye.

In the following paragraph from the Norse fragment, the source of the "Songs of Selma," is far more visible to our perception.

One daughter only, but of form divine,
The last fair beam of the departing line,
Remain'd of Sigurd's race. His warlike son
Fell in the shock which overturn'd the throne.

* Dissertation on the poems of Ossian.

Nor desolate the house : Fionia's charms
 Sustain'd the glory which they lost in arms.
 White was her arm, as Sevo's lofty snow,
 Her bosom fairer than the waves below,
 When heaving to the winds ; her radiant eyes
 Like two bright stars, excelling as they rise,
 O'er the dark tumult of a stormy night,
 And gladd'ning heav'n with their majestic light.

The pindaric ode is spirited, but the elegiac effusions rise not above mediocrity. As "The Highlander," had long become scarce, this republication must be desirable to many.

Extracts from a Correspondence, with the Academies of Vienna and St. Petersburg, on the Cultivation of the Arts of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, in the Austrian and Russian Dominions. To which is prefixed a Summary Account of Transactions of the Royal Academy of London, from the Close of the Exhibition 1801, to the present Exhibition at Somerset House, 1802. By Prince Hoare, Member of the Academies of Florence and Cortona, and Secretary for Foreign Correspondence to the Royal Academy of London. 4to. pp. 47. 1802.

THE skill and taste of Mr. Prince Hoare, as an artist, and a genuine lover and promoter of the Arts, are as conspicuous and deservedly admired as his literary and dramatic talents, of which we have had frequent occasion to speak in terms of the highest respect. The discrimination of the Royal Academy in nominating this gentleman to the office of its Secretary for foreign correspondence, is apparent from the very new and particular manner in which he has executed the duties of that situation, which has hitherto been considered as little more than an honorary appointment.

It were needless to expatiate on the expediency of a correspondence with foreign academies. The state of the arts in all countries must be an object of serious enquiry and attention ; and beside the gratification which a man of taste must feel, in being made acquainted with the degree of cultivation which his favourite pursuit has experienced under other governments, a correspondence similar to that which Mr. Hoare has commenced, may lead to the most beneficial consequences, by exhibiting such a view of the studies, practice, academical establishments, and comparative attainments of different nations, as may promote a more eager zeal and spirit of competition among students and professors, and render the arts an object of more steady and extensive patronage in the higher circles.

As we mean to gratify our readers next month with the introductory observations of Mr. Hoare at length, we shall only add at present, that these extracts merit the attention of every lover of

art, and we sincerely hope that we shall be favoured with the continuation of a correspondence which promises to throw so interesting a light upon the various academies of Europe.

DRAMATIC.

Alfonso, King of Castile: a Tragedy: in five Acts. First performed at Covent Garden Theatre, January 15, 1802. By M. G. Lewis. Second Edition. pp. 138. London, 1802.

THIS edition comprises all that was contained in the first, (published before the representation of the play) with the addition of another preface, and the concluding scene as exhibited on the stage.—We are of opinion that this is the best tragedy that has been produced in the theatres since Jephson's *Count of Narbonne*. The author tells us that he is conscious "it may be charged with a thousand inconsistencies, and is full of faults of all sizes and denominations." We could certainly point out many defects in the plot and composition; but we think Mr. Lewis has exercised a superfluous degree of severity upon this offspring of his Muse. Whatever may be its faults, the general merit of the production is sufficient to atone for them.—The subject is deeply interesting; the plot is skilfully involved; the characters are drawn with great force, and very finely contrasted; the situations are new and striking—sometimes hazardous, but almost always dramatic. The *scene of the mine* can scarcely be surpassed for effect. Suspense is one of the grand attributes of tragedy, and here it is so well blended with pity and terror, as to have the most powerful influence on the feelings of the audience. The *dying scene* of *Ottilia* excites also a strong interest, and makes a deep impression on the spectators. The incidents, however, (and particularly the catastrophe) are sometimes too nearly allied to horror. The fiend-like disposition of *Ottilia* is not justified by a sufficient motive, and the extreme to which she pursues her vengeance, is calculated rather to excite disgust than awaken sensibility. The author seems to have been sensible of the hazard to which this character exposed his tragedy. "There was no one of my friends," he observes in his preface to the *second* edition, "who, previous to the representation, did not tremble lest the atrocity of *Ottilia* should prove fatal to the whole performance; yet, by the judgment and spirit of her playing, Mrs. LITCHFIELD contrived to bring this character into favour with the audience, and the applause which she received was almost equal to her great exertions." In the character of *Casario* there were also some dangerous ingredients, and Mr. Lewis passes a very handsome and well-merited compliment on Mr. H. JOHNSTON, for the able manner in which he acquitted himself. "In any other hands than those into which it fell, I am persuaded it would have excited nothing but disgust, and perhaps have been hissed from beginning

to end ; but the applause which, in spite of all its drawbacks, the representation of *Cæsario* extorted from the audience, will, I trust, have made the public feel how great the actor's merit would be in characters more favourable for the display of talents." These two performers Mr. Lewis has particularized, from the rest, on account of the *nature* of the characters they sustained, but he expresses his sense of the justice his play received from all the performers, and declares that, "taken altogether, Alfonso is the only one of his dramatic attempts, with the performance of which he is satisfied throughout."

This tragedy abounds with sentiments tender, moral, and patriotic, most happily conceived and elegantly expressed. Some of the passages are beautifully poetical, and may challenge a competition with the richest effusions of the Muse.

We had designed to give a full analysis of this play, but we must now content ourselves with presenting a short specimen of the language.

Amelrois.—There's nothing liv'd, in air, on earth, in ocean,

But lives to love! for when the Great Unknown

Parted the elements, and out of chaos

Formed this fair world with one blest blessing word,

That word was love! Angels, with golden clarions,

Prolong'd in heavenly strain the heavenly sound:

The mountain-echoes caught it; the four winds

Spread it, rejoicing, o'er the world of waters;

And since that hour, in forest, or by fountain,

On hill or moor, whate'er be nature's song,

Love is her theme, Love! universal Love!

Four years are past since first Orsino's sorrows

Struck on my startled ear; that sound once heard,

Ne'er left my ear again, but day and night,

Whether I walked or sate, awake or sleeping,

The captive, the poor captive still was there.

The rain seemed but *his* tears; his hopeless groans

Spoke in each hollow wind; his nights of anguish

Robbed mine of rest; or, if I slept, my dreams

Show'd his pale wasted form, his beamless eye

Fixed on the moon, his meagre hands now folded

In dull despair, now rending his few locks

Untimely gray; and now again in phrensy

Dreadful he shriek'd; tore with his teeth his flesh;

'Gainst his dank prison-walls dashed out his brains,

And died despairing! From my couch I started;

I sunk upon my knees; I kissed this cross,

—"Captive," I cried, "I'll die, or set thee free!"

We are prevented from inserting the remainder of this narrative through want of room.

THE BRITISH STAGE.

IMITATIO VITAE, SPECULUM CONSUETUDINIS, IMAGO VERITATIS. *Choro.*
 The Imitation of LIFE---The Mirror of MANNERS---The Representation of TRUTH.

MR. SEYMOUR'S NOTES UPON SHAKSPEARE.

JULIUS CÆSAR—ACT I.

244. "The eternal devil."

"Eternity" is here ascribed to the devil, as I conceive it, generally, as an attribute, and not, as Mr. Steevens supposes, with any reference to the continuance of his reign in Rome.

333. "I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my mouth and letting in the bad air."

Casca was not in quite such piteous case as a certain sea-sick traveller, who, in excuse for the intolerable clamour he made in the cabin, observed that his neighbour above him was vomiting on his face, while he himself was so sick that he could not keep his mouth shut.

377. "Old men, fools, and children calculate."

It is objected here, that there is no wonder in old men's calculating; and, generally put, the remark would be just; but by "old men," here, dotards seem designed; and that dotards should calculate truly, is no less a wonder than that "fools and children" should do so; but

"Heaven hath endued them with these spirits."

ACT II.

66. "Between the acting of a dreadful thing," &c.

"The genius and the mortal instruments

"Are then in council," &c.

The purpose, and the means of effecting it, are then under deliberation. "A dreadful thing," though thus put generally, implies, in the speaker's mind, the intended assassination; and hence "the mortal instruments." This I take to be the plain meaning of the passage.

120. "No not an oath; if not the face of men

"The sufferance of our souls; the time's abuse

"If these be motives weak," &c.

This change in the drift of the sentence, whether careless or studied by the poet, is natural, and frequently occurs in animated speech.

172. "Like hate in death and envy afterwards."

"Envy" here has a strong sense, and implies implacable hatred, as in other places. See the Merchant of Venice :—

" ——— Since that no lawful means

" Can carry me out of his envy's reach."

And again—

" No metal can, no not the hangman's axe,

" Bear half the keenness of thy sharp envy."

196. " Take thought and die for Cæsar."

Notwithstanding Mr. Henley's learned argument, I believe Dr. Johnson's interpretation of " take thought," i. e. turn melancholy, is right. We find " thought" applied in the same sense in Anthony and Cleopatra, where Enobarbus says—

" ——— This blows my heart;

" If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean

" Shall outstrike thought; but thought will do't."

And the context itself, in the present instance, seems to impress this meaning :

" If he love Cæsar, all that he can do

" Is to himself; take thought, and die for Cæsar;

" And that were much he should, for he is given

" To sports, to wildness, and much company."

It is not probable, says Brutus, that Anthony should devote himself to grief and melancholy, who is so much addicted to levity and mirth. If there be any longer a doubt that melancholy is meant by thought, in these instances, it must vanish, I suppose, entirely, upon the appearance of the following lines of Enobarbus.

" O sovereign mistress of true melancholy!

" The poisonous damp of night dispunge upon me,

" That life, a very rebel to my will,

" May hang no longer on me."

290. " The honey heavy dew."

This I take to be a compound, " honey-heavy," i. e. sweetly oppressive.

329. " O what a time have you chose out, brave Cassius,

" To wear a kerchief."

This thought occurs in the first part of Henry IV.

" Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick

" In such a justling time."

And likewise in the Loyal Subject, by Beaumont and Fletcher :

" The general sick now! is this a time

" For men to creep into their beds?"

REMARKS
ON THE
TALENTS NECESSARY TO BE ACQUIRED FOR THE STAGE.

BY MADAME HYPPOLITE DE CLAIRON.

DANCING AND DRAWING.

IN order to be able to tread the stage with ease and grace, to give facility to the motions of the body, dignity to the whole appearance, and to prevent the acquirement of habits repugnant to nature, it is indispensibly necessary that those who dedicate themselves to a theatrical profession should pay the utmost attention to the art of dancing. They must carefully avoid contracting the air and manners of a dancing-master, but, in every other respect, a knowledge of the art is requisite.

It were to be wished that every actor should be more or less initiated in the art of drawing; they would thereby become more susceptible of the good effect of preserving proper distances, they would more easily discover the point of perspective, which is so important on the stage, both with respect to their figure and their dress. In pantomimic representations, or pieces calculated for show, the performers who are to set off the principal personages are placed more advantageously, and are better adapted to fill up the picture with its proper shade or effect. Such actors as are unacquainted with this art, I advise to study the works of the most eminent painters and sculptors.

MUSIC.

Without pretending to acquire a fundamental knowledge of the science of music, it is, nevertheless, necessary for an actor to study its elements, in order to be enabled to form a proper judgment as to the extent of his voice, to render every intonation easy and familiar, to avoid discordance, to regulate his sounds, to preserve and vary them at pleasure, and to impart to every accent, whether vehement or plaintive, that degree of modulation which is necessary.

LANGUAGE, GEOGRAPHY, AND BELLES LETTRES.

The study of language is of more importance to an actor than any other. The theatre ought to be the school for foreigners, and of that part of the public who have neither time, nor the means of procuring proper masters, to learn the language of the country in the most perfect purity.

It is almost incredible, that persons who are selected to represent

the *chef d'œuvres* of the most eminent writers of the nation, should be unacquainted with the difference between a long and a short syllable, or the distinction between the singular number and the plural; that they should confound the genders of nouns; that they should scarce know the masculine from the feminine; and that provincial accents should destroy the grandeur and purity of our language. Such, however, is the case with reference to the greater part of our actors. He who is unacquainted with the extent and value of words can never comprehend the meaning of things: if he should stumble upon it, it is only by chance; and I am at a loss to conceive how the public can tolerate those who appear before them with such defects, or who betray such unpardonable ignorance.

It is impossible to read history, with any advantage or improvement, without a knowledge of geography. The right of judging of the merits of such authors as write for the theatre imposes upon an actor the necessity of acquiring every species of knowledge which may enable him to judge with accuracy, and to determine, by a single perusal, the merits of a work which the author has been a year composing. An intimate acquaintance with stage-effect and the rules of the theatre, an accurate ear, a good taste, a sound, discriminating, and attentive judgment, are not all that is required: it is necessary to be acquainted with mythology, history, geography, and language; he must be acquainted with every description of poetry, and the writings of every dramatic author, ancient and modern. He will then be enabled to judge whether an author has made the most of his subject; he will perceive how much has been drawn from the times, places, and characters of which he has written; in short, whether the author has shewn a creative fancy, is a servile imitator, or a plagiarist. The approbation of the critic is no ways flattering, nor his censure any disgrace, unless he is known to possess those qualities necessary to enable him to form his judgment with accuracy. It is not enough to approve or reject a work; the man who does either, ought to shew himself capable of judging.

I admit that those authors who write for the theatre have often good reason to be dissatisfied with their judges. It is no less unjust to refuse actors of every description the right of judging, than it is to admit of their judgment indiscriminately. There are many whose abilities reach no higher than just to say, "*I have seen the sun,*" without having the least idea of the system by which that glorious luminary is guided.

Without regard to ancient custom, the privilege of sex or situation, or the protection of power, which allow the most ignorant to

have a voice as preponderating as the most enlightened, I would advise that a council of ten or twelve actors should be appointed, whose taste, judgment, and experience, should be universally known and admitted,—to whom I would have the power devolve of determining the merits or demerits of every theatrical work. The production of every author should be read in their presence; and they should have the power of giving their advice, making such corrections, as they might think proper, or give their reasons for rejecting it altogether.

The simple and unqualified rejection or acceptance of an author's production, leave no room for the exercise of his vanity; the former disgusts his feelings, and he is seldom sensible of the latter. When the public at large are to pronounce, the possibility of discussion is precluded; but, in the limited council I have recommended, discussion will be an indispensable duty. By stating their reasons, they will impart hope and consolation to the author whose work they shall reject, and double the pleasure of him whose work they shall approve.

Such a theatrical council cannot be better described than by these verses of madame Pernelle :

On n'y respecte rien ; chacun y parle haut,
Et c'est justement la cour du roi Petaut.

DRAMATIC COMPOSITION.

MR. EDITOR,

As it is through the medium of your useful publication that I may look for an able and decisive answer, I do not hesitate in requesting your insertion of the following queries, relative to the composition of plays.

I am yours most sincerely,

LAOCOON.

I. As the drama affects to delineate, with justice and precision, the real passions of men, ought not the language of characters to be as natural as their passions?

Having determined upon this point—

II. If the Language should be that of nature, is not blank verse, and indeed any kind of verse, an infringement upon her laws?

III. If verse be unnatural in this instance, is not poetry so likewise? and ought not poetry, according to the principles of nature, to be exploded, and dignified colloquy substituted in its place?

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET :

By the Author of the preceding Series.

No. XXII.

On the Effect of various Prospects upon the Mind.

By me unenvied is the Man who finds
 No source of pleasure in the woodland-shade :
 Who views with eye inanimate the glade
 Glowing beneath the breath of vernal winds.
 Unenvied he, whom not the Rivulet binds
 To mark its stores on mimic waves display'd ;
 Whose bank with new reviving flowers array'd
 His truant thought of no fair hope reminds.

2

But Ah, supremely blest are those who know
 Feelings responsive to the changeful scene :
 Whose souls perceive from the stupendous mien
 Of Mountains, that with varied brightness glow,
 Or the bold Rock, vast Sea, or Wilds of Snow,
 Bold and stupendous thoughts and vast ideas flow.

S. W. L.

9 May, 1802.

ON LOVE'S MORNING.

How pleasant the morning of love may arise,
 And tempt the young wanderer early afield ;
 And soon a rough tempest may darken the skies ;
 And oft not a shelter the wand'rer to shield.

To me Love's mild morning beam'd fair to the view ;
 I wander'd afield—and the tempest came on,
 And grievous and chilling and dark'ning it blew,
 I look'd for a shelter—alas I found none.

On Clyde's lovely banks, that gay villas adorn,
 And all the sweet beauties of nature combin'd,
 I've wander'd at ev'ning, and walk'd in the morn,
 My heart beating lightly when Annie was kind.

3 G—VOL. XIII.

I mark'd Nature's beauties, they pleas'd my fond heart ;
 And Hope, with her magic, deceiv'd me the while ;
 I dream'd not my bliss was so soon to depart,
 The fields cease to charm, and my Annie to smile.

Alas ! they have ceas'd, and Hope's magic is gone ;
 My Annie, so lovely and fair, is untrue ;
 Her image remains in my bosom alone ;
 For warmly I nourish'd it there, and it grew.

The fair-blushing daizy and sweet-scented thorn
 On Clyde's fertile banks once so pleasant to see ;
 Though fresh and enrich'd with the dews of the morn,
 Soon lost all their charms and their beauties to me.

To England I travel in vain for relief,
 Though richer her lawns, and her vallies more gay ;
 My heart's warm affections—my heart-pining grief,
 No distance can alter,—no time wear away.

On the banks of the Ouse as I wander alone,
 Where Nature's rich beauties all care might destroy,
 The painful remembrance of days that are gone,
 Debars from my heart the approaches of joy.

Yet cease not, ye vallies, forbear not, ye groves,
 To bring to remembrance what's dear unto me :
 The thoughts of my Annie, the thoughts of our loves,
 I still must indulge them, though painful they be.

How pleasant the morning of love may arise,
 And tempt the young wanderer early afield,
 And soon a rough tempest may darken the skies,
 And oft not a shelter the wand'rer to shield.

York, Nov. 5, 1800.

J. H*****.

L I N E S

TO

THE AUTHOR OF "THE PEASANT'S FATE."

WHILE half our modern Bards, (an idle train)
 Sing but " of slighted vows and Love's disdain,"
 To vice or folly prostitute the lyre,
 And fan with venal breath some guilty fire,

THOU, wiser far, hast chos'n a better part,
 Proof of the liberal mind and conscious heart.
 With PRATT, a fellow-traveller on thy way,
 Still thro' the scenes of truth and feeling stray,
 Humanity shall bless thy genuine strains,
 And hail thee Friend and Favorite of the British swains.

T. THOMPSON.

SONG.

THE PILOT THAT MOOR'D US IN PEACE.

[It is not usual with us to admit into our work what has appeared elsewhere, particularly on political Subjects; but, as friends to the social happiness of mankind, we insert the following tribute to the merit of THE BRITISH PACIFICATOR, by way of companion to the complimentary stanzas to Mr. Pitt, which are to be found in another department of our work.]

If we honour the Pilot that weathered the Storm,
 And ne'er can our justice and gratitude cease,
 Shall the sight of the harbour our hearts fail to warm?
 No—HERE'S TO THE PILOT THAT MOOR'D US IN PEACE!

For the chance of new warfare AMBITION may sigh;
 And PARTY hostilities strive to renew;
 To Wisdom, that Nation to Nation could tie,
 The blessings of Europe are honestly due.

And shall not his merit then BRITONS revere,
 Who went to the Helm, at his SOVEREIGN'S command—
 A Pilot who prov'd he could steadily steer,
 And the Vessel secure from the Storm and the Strand?

Who, when gloom and dejection hung over the State,
 As the ORB THAT PRESERV'D US its radiance withdrew,
 Brought the Ship into port, thro' the perils of fate,
 Unsully'd her flag, and in safety her crew.

Exulting, impetuous, on GLORY we gaze,
 And caught by WAR'S triumphs scarce think of its woes;
 But the pause of reflection its horrors displays,
 And the heart of humanity pants for repose.

So, ADDINGTON! proudly as Britons we burn,
 On viewing the Laurels by Conquest assign'd,

But with nobler delight to thy Olive we turn,
As the symbol of happiness shar'd by MANKIND.

O! take, then—for honour with spirit maintain'd,
For counsels, by judgment and prudence matur'd—
O! take, for the peace which thy wisdom has gain'd,
The thanks of an empire whose rights are secur'd!

And O! if the value of Concord we prize,
And wish that the blessings of life may increase,
The respect of the good, and the praise of the wise,
Will point to THE PILOT THAT MOOR'D US IN PEACE.

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA, &c.

DRURY-LANE.

JUNE 1. Thanksgiving Day.—Miss De CAMP's Benefit.—The managers expected that the king would go to St. Paul's on this evening, and that there would be a repetition of the illuminations that took place on the arrival of the definitive treaty, otherwise they would no doubt have taken this night to themselves. The crowd was immense, and if there had been three or four additional theatres, there would have been an abundance of spectators.

3.—Mrs. Crouch's Night.—The last appearance of Mrs. Billington on the English stage, attracted a brilliant audience. Mrs. Crouch performed *Astaxerxes* for the first time, and M. and Mad. Laborie and Mad. Hillesberg danced a *Pas de trois a la Turque*.

4.—Benefit of Mrs. Powell—who appeared for the third time in *Hamlet*, a character which she conceives and executes with great judgment and spirit.

8.—Mrs. MOUNTAIN's Night.—*Chapter of Accidents*; in which Mrs. Jordan, for the first and only time, gratified the public by her performance of *Bridget*. Mrs. Mountain's *Cecilia* was an elegant and interesting performance. This lady introduced several new and beautiful airs in the course of the evening, and the *Blue Bell of Scotland* was sung as a duett by her and Mrs. Jordan with particular effect. The *Gentle Shepherd* was revived on this occasion, and afforded great satisfaction to the audience, which overflowed in all parts of the theatre. Mr. Whitfield, from Covent-Garden, very kindly undertook the part of *Lord Glenmore* upon the indisposition of the performer who had been previously announced.

10.—Benefit of Mr. Raymond and Mr. Johnston.—*Love for Love*. Mr. Raymond was very successful in *Valentine*, particularly in the mad scene, which procured him universal applause. The house was genteelly filled.

16.—*Siege of Belgrade*. Mr. Braham and Mr. Storace performed the *Seraskier* and *Lilla* for the benefit of Mrs. Sontley. Their reception was highly flattering. Miss Dixon, from the rival theatre, assumed Mrs. Crouch's part of *Catherine*, and was very deservedly applauded.

24.—The theatre closed for the season with the usual address from Mr. Kemble.

25.—Mr. Lacy's annual benefit was respectably attended. The performances consisted of the *Prodigal*, the *Child of Nature*, (with Mrs. Jordan's *Amanthis*) and the *Waterman*; in which latter piece Mr. Scriven, from the Edinburgh and Newcastle theatres, performed *Robin*, and discovered a considerable degree of comic talent.

COVENT-GARDEN.

MAY 16.—Mrs. MATTOCKS' Night. A new comedy called the *Word of Honour*, which is principally taken from a play by Calderone, was presented on this evening and well received. It is the avowed production of Mr. Skeffington, a gentleman of *haut ton*, and is not deficient of that bustle and intrigue which characterize the Spanish comedy: but it possesses little variety of character, and affords no display of humour. The friends of the author carried it triumphantly through on the first night; but, without the support of fashionable connection, we fear the author's laurels must soon wither on his brow. The prologue and epilogue are written by Mr. IRELAND. The share he had in the comedy is not mentioned.

JUNE 1.—Mr. Townsend joined most fervently in the *thanksgiving* for the peace, his house being crowded at an early hour.

2.—Mr. HILL's benefit.—A musical farce called the *Cafres*, or *Buried Alive*, the music by Messrs. Davy, Russell, Nicks, and Dr. Baker, was exhibited on this evening; but the audience had been previously put out of humour by an apology for the absence of Mr. Munden and Madame Storce, and were not inclined to make allowance for the defects of a first representation. The piece, in fact, was very roughly treated. It is attributed to the pen of Mr. Eyre, of the Bath theatre.

JUNE 3.—Mrs. LITCHFIELD's Night.—*Tamerlane*.—Mr. Cooke increased his reputation by his admirable performance of *Bojazei*. The other characters were most ably supported. Mr. Siddons, in *Tamerlane*, Mr. H. Johnston, in *Moneves*, Mr. Brunton, in *Axalla*, Mrs. St. Leger, in *Selima*, and Mrs. Litchfield in *Arpasia*, severally appeared to great advantage. Mrs. Litchfield afterwards descended from the heights of tragedy, to perform *Little Pickle*, in the *Spoiled Child*, in which she introduced a new song called the "New Yeo! Yeo!" written by Mr. T. Dibdin, and composed by Mr. Reeve.

4.—Benefit of Mr. T. Dibdin and Mr. Waddy.—*Cabinet and Birth-Day*.—Miss Waddy made her debut in *Emma*. This is a young lady of peculiar promise. Her figure and countenance are extremely prepossessing, and she is evidently in possession of talents which a little practice may render valuable to the theatre. We are glad to hear that she is engaged for the ensuing season. Mr. Waddy and Mrs. Dibdin were particularly successful in Jack Junk and Mrs. Moral.

7.—*Macbeth*.—Mr. Brandon had one of the most profitable houses of the season; a recompense to which his assiduity and services are justly entitled.

10.—Benefit of Messrs. Brunton and Blanchard.—The *Word of Honour* was acted for the third, and, assuredly, the last time. Never was there seen so "beggary an account of empty boxes;" so soon does the *hue and cry* of fashion cease.

17.—*Mr. Whitfield's Night.—Poor Gentleman.*—This gentleman's conduct, in private life, is so extremely amiable and praiseworthy, that his benefit is always most elegantly and fashionably attended. It was particularly so on this evening, when the entertainments went off with great *clat*; notwithstanding the apology Mr. W. was under the disagreeable necessity of making, for the indisposition of Messrs. Munden, and Emery. Mr. Blanchard, a very respectable and ready actor, was an excellent substitute for the former, in *Sir Robert Bramble*. Mr. Emery's part of *Stephen Harrowby* was obliged to be read by Mr. Klanert. Mr. Whitfield performed *Lieutenant Worthington*, for the first time, with judgment and feeling.

18.—*Miss Dixon's Night.*—A young lady of the name of Davis, a pupil of Mrs. Crouch, was introduced to the public in the character of *Florante*, and bids fair to become a favourite. She possesses every requisite in point of voice, face, and figure, and, as a singer, she discovers considerable taste, and throws out her notes with firmness and precision.

25.—*Last Night.*—Mr. Lewis returned thanks in a neat and appropriate address.

26.—A play was performed for the benefit of the General Lying-in Hospital, Baywater, when Mr. Braham, Mad. Storace, and Mrs. Jordan, contributed their assistance.

An account of the benefit receipts at Covent-Garden Theatre.

Mr. Billington, . . .	£. 510	2	6	Mr. Townsend, (Thanks-			
Mr. Cooke, . . .	409	13	6	giving Night) . . .	£. 536	0	0
Signora Storace, . . .	485	2	6	Mrs. Litchfield, . . .	333	4	0
Mr. Lewis, . . .	549	15	0	Mr. Waddy and Mrs. Dib-			
Mr. Braham, . . .	540	17	0	din,	468	12	6
Mr. Incledon, . . .	590	15	6	Mr. Brandon,	580	15	0
Mr. Munden, . . .	585	2	6	Mr. Emery,	312	9	0
Mr. Fawcett, . . .	471	1	6	Messrs. Brunton and Blan-			
Mr. and Mrs. H. Johnston, .	487	0	6	chard,	210	11	6
Mr. and Miss Murray, .	357	2	0	Mrs. Mills,	213	13	6
Mr. Knight, . . .	511	7	6	Mr. Glassington, . . .	363	9	6
Mr. Johnstone, . . .	533	5	6	Mr. Whitfield, . . .	377	15	0
Mr. Siddons, . . .	408	18	6	Miss Dixon,	299	11	0
Mrs. Mattocks, . . .	356	7	6	Messrs. Sloper and King, .	423	9	0
Mrs. Martyr, . . .	360	11	0	Mrs. Powel, Miss Howells,			
Mr. Brown, . . .	229	15	0	and Mr. Cory,	398	6	6
Mr. Hill, . . .	357	10	0	Miss Waters,	465	17	0

HAYMARKET.

On account of the protracted season at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, this theatre did not open till Friday the 25th of June. The changes which have taken place in the company have been specified in a former number. Mr. Fawcett continues the acting manager, and, of course, every thing may be expected from his judgment, assiduity, and spirit. A new comedy, a new farce, and a ballet, besides some splendid revivals, are already announced.

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

Mr. Kemble will set off on his continental tour on Friday the 2nd of July. His return is not expected till the month of March, 1803. Covent Garden will re-open on Monday the 13th September; Drury Lane, we presume, on the preceding Saturday. Mr. T. Dibdin has been dangerously ill of a fever, but we have great satisfaction in stating that he is recovering as fast as his best friends can wish. A daughter of Mr. Reeve, the ingenious composer, is expected to appear shortly on the Haymarket boards. Miss Waters has quitted the stage.

KING'S THEATRE.

THE splendid opera, which has hardly been equalled for sublimity of effect has occasionally given way to the comic opera of *Il Fanatico Berlina*, which is in fact our old favourite *La Locanda*, produced originally at the Pantheon. Vinci has a fine part in this opera, especially in the second act, to which her exertions are fully adequate.

A new ballet has been produced under the direction of D'Egville, entitled *Paphos Assiégé par les Scythes*, which was also produced at the Pantheon by D'Auberval. The story implies the triumph of beauty over strength. Madame Laborie and D'Egville distinguished themselves greatly in a fencing match, and Hilligsberg, and Laborie, and St. Pierre, were excellent in the ballet. The music is not appropriate. It is by Bossi. Why not revive the old music, which consisted of selections from Haydn? Miss Guirdelle met with an accident during the rehearsal of the grand ballet, but the charming Parisot is returned from France perfectly recovered, and has again made her appearance with great effect.

MADAME MARA'S CONCERT.

A GREATER combination of vocal excellence was never exhibited than on this occasion—a tribute justly due to those eminent talents, from the exercise of which we have so often received pleasure. This was the last public appearance of Madame Mara in London, previous to her departure for the continent, where she is engaged at all the principal theatres. Billington lent in aid her fine talents on the occasion, and it was worthy of her. All the principal vocal and instrumental performers in London contributed their exertions. The concert closed with a duett (composed by Florio, whose music in Franklin's "*Egyptian Festival*," gained him so much popularity) between Madame Mara and Mrs. Billington; a most divine composition, adapted to their various powers, and which was received with unbounded applause. We have heard with pleasure that Mara netted £1000 on the occasion.

NEW ROYAL CIRCUS.

THE variety of entertainments in constant succession at this summer retreat, flow too fast upon us to be particularized. We have watched the progress of Mr. Cross's management very sedulously, and in all instances it has been entitled to our warm approbation.

The *Spring Meeting*, with the *Pony Races*, and the *Fete at Frogmore*, in addition to the Equestrian exercise of Master Saunders, continue to do wonders.

These, with the aid of the "*Fatal Prediction, or Midnight Assassin*," and the *Enchanted Harp*, form a pleasing diversity.

We lament we can barely notice one of the most splendid comic pantomimes we ever witnessed, called the *Golden Farmer*, or *Harlequin Ploughboy*. The scenery and decorations are uncommonly splendid, the tricks in the pantomime are novel and curious, and do great credit to Cross. The expence must have been considerable. We have no doubt, however, but it will long continue its attractions.

RURAL AMPHITHEATRE, WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

THE story of *William Tell*, once so successfully dramatised by young Siddons at Sadler's Wells, is in itself so very interesting, and gives so much scope to the composer, the scene painter, and the mechanist, that we were pleased to find Mr. Upton had exercised his talents on so memorable an event, in which he has added to his reputation, since we have seldom witnessed a more beautiful spectacle. The good taste of young Astley is here again conspicuous; the piece having been produced under his special superintendence. Du Bois (his first appearance) the original William Tell, is again the hero, which he personifies with skill. The Austrian Governor of Switzerland by Laurent is well managed, and little Miss Fisher, as Tell's son, adds considerably to the effect. Abbo, the friend of Tell, by Johannot, is a very friend. And indeed these are the chief characters in the piece. We were present on its first representation, and then predicted its present popularity. The musical divertisement of *Flats and Sharps*; the wonderful *Troop of Vaulters*; the "*Little Old Woman*," sung by Miss Fisher, and the "*Sailor's Return*," by Wallack, together with the grand pantomime of the *Seven Champions*; or, Harlequin St. George, comprehend the great variety of each night's entertainment for the present. The scene painter of this theatre is an artist of very superior abilities.

SADLER'S WELLS.

ST. GEORGE, the Champion of England, Harlequin Greenlander, and the very clever musical piece of the Fox and Geese, written by Mr. C. Dibdin, are the prevailing entertainments at the Wells.

EGYPTIANA.

When the fine arts are held in such high estimation, and patronized by the first orders of society, one cannot wonder that this divertisement became such a favourite lounge for the fashionables of the metropolis. The scenes, principally Egyptian, were very highly interesting, and finished in the best style of execution, which, collectively considered, presented a *unique* in the catalogue of polite exhibitions, but the refinements of genius should ever be accompanied with something to fire the fancy and light the pile of risibility: for this purpose the popular subject of spectrography was introduced, and conducted on a scale and in a manner superior in effect to the terrific and unnecessary darkness in which the spectators were at the other exhibitions of this kind involved. The action of the ghosts was animated and pleasing, and the corresponding transitions on the canvases highly curious.

The terror of a dreary heath formed a grand and magnificent scene, and the *Will o' the Wisp* caused a considerable exertion of the visible faculties.

PROVINCIAL DRAMA, &c.

Theatre Royal BATH.—We learn with great satisfaction that Mr. Cherry, of this theatre, is engaged at a most respectable salary, for three years, at Drury-Lane theatre. The characters which he is intended to sustain are chiefly those which were filled by Mr. King. Mr. Elliston has commenced manager, having taken the theatres at Wells and Shepton Mallet, and engaged an excellent company, chiefly a summer selection from our theatre, to perform there. Mr. Egan, we understand, is to be acting manager, as Mr. Elliston's engagements in other places will prevent his constant performance there. On Saturday the 12th June Mr. Cooke performed Richard the Third, for the benefit of the Theatrical Fund, an institution which does great credit to the managers, and which ought to be extended to every regular company throughout England. The benefits here have been very well attended; nearly all the performers were honoured by the patronage of the Duchess of York.

Theatre Royal WINDSOR.—Opened on Monday, June the 7th, with the Birth Day and the Irishman in London, by command of their Majesties. The house was crowded in every part at an early hour. Thornton has the worst company we ever saw here before. With the exception of Mr. Hatton and Mr. Thompson, there is not a man capable of supporting a character with any tolerable decency. Mr. Hatton is really a good actor, and may, in such characters as Jack Junk, rate as high as any performer in the kingdom. He is acknowledged the best sailor on the stage. His countrymen are highly finished, chaste, and natural. This gentleman (and he is yet young) plays the whole round of first tragedy; and his Rolla, Orsino, Macbeth, Richard, and other characters in that walk, are spoken of, *by actors*, in such a manner as to do him credit. He is always particularly attentive to dress and character, which last he never loses sight of. The gentleman who played Captain Bertram possesses merit. He was truly respectable in the old commander, but seemed (we thought) under the influence of fear during his first scene. Perhaps he never before "stood in such a presence." He was lively, bold, and spirited, in Edward, in the Irishman in London. We never saw that character better supported. Of the other gentlemen we shall not hurt their feelings by any report at all. The ladies are the best part of the company. There is a Mrs. Johnson from York, (the bill says Bath*) who sustained the part of Emma in a very neat and correct style. She possesses a good stage face; her person is rather "en bon point," as the French have it, but not too much so; her voice is melodious, and capable of any thing; her forte is tragedy; the characters in which we had an opportunity of seeing the other ladies, were not of consequence enough to give us any idea of their merits: but Miss Thanet and Mrs. Pritchard did as much with their characters as they would admit. Munden, Quick, and Cooke, are expected down here as auxiliaries. The king commands every night, except when he has a levee in town. The

* We believe it is neither one nor the other, but a lady from the Portsmouth theatre. *Ed.*

theatre is elegant and light. The king's box is fitted up with rich painted white and crimson, satin with gold trimmings; the princesses white and silver, all finished in great style.

A. WILLSON.

Theatre Royal MANCHESTER.—Being naturally of a peaceable disposition, and particularly averse to literary controversy, no less than a great subversion of the principles of dramatic criticism could induce me to answer your correspondent, "Observer." If the eulogium passed upon Mr. Faulkner's Rolla is allowed to be just, he may boldly contest the palm with Mr. Kemble; but, if public applause be the test of superior merit, Mr. Huddart has decidedly the advantage over his rival. The remarks, in the last Mirror, were stated to be "fair and candid;" why, then, is no mention made of Mr. F.'s physical defects, his uncouth voice, and inappropriate stage figure, which all the labour of Demosthenes cannot remedy—his stiff and awkward action—his unmajestic deportment. You may judge of my surprise, Mr. Editor, in observing, on the contrary, the following encomium. "Mr. Faulkner, in the address to the soldiers, is all fire, and contrasts the motives of warfare, with fine tone, and judicious point. In rallying the soldiers, his mode of coming on is *strikingly martial*, and the rebuke delivered with uncommon energy." In the first place, harmony is necessary to constitute a fine tone: can a guttural voice give sanction to the expression?—that his point is judicious, I do not deny; any one that reads the character well may be allowed to possess it. But when, to wind up the sentence to a grand climax, it is added, that his figure is "*strikingly martial*, &c." the image of Achilles bursts upon the mind. I saw this formidable champion; but, no more like Rolla, than "I to Hercules." The writer, without sounding his trumpet through every scene, might have proclaimed, at once, he is all perfection. His Alonzo is also *sans fautes*, the words "natural and affecting, just and strong discrimination," and "martial entrance," finish the high-strained eulogium.

I shall now turn to Mr. Huddart, whose Rolla, in Dublin, deservedly gained the good opinion of the critics there—yet, whose performance has been ranked below this other candidate for Thespian fame—below one whose powers are so much below the limits of comparison. Mr. H. possesses a bold and manly figure; his deportment and action are exquisitely graceful, and his voice powerful and harmonious. I however hold such an opinion of this gentleman's good sense, that I am persuaded he is conscious of not having yet attained the summit of perfection. In the temple of the sun, the harangue was truly spirited, yet argumentative. In rallying the flying troops, he seemed worthy of the high rank he held as general of the brave Peruvians; not a sentence of the character could incur the charge of languor. "On the whole," says your correspondent, "it is a performance of much merit; but his manner and situations shine with *borrowed light*." I am at a loss to find out his meaning, or from whom the actor has borrowed the light. Not from Mr. Faulkner, I am sure! This *attentive* observer adds, that the readings of Mr. H. are frequently incorrect. In the last mentioned instance, viz. "now thou art at my mercy, answer me," I can

perceive no impropriety. Mr. Faulkner is as liable to error as another, and yet, it is said, he is "all discrimination," and his "strength of intellect apparent;" if so, why does he read, in Alonzo, "be Cora thy wife," when she is *wife* already? Neither lapse of memory, nor injudicious compression could be in the least imputed to Mr. Huddart, in Alonzo. His general style of acting is, in short, manifestly good. While his Frederick, in "Lovers Vows," Romeo, Othello, and Bassanio, would be an ornament to the London boards, Mr. Faulkner (whose second rate characters are tolerably well represented) has never risen above mediocrity when taking the lead.

NO ACTOR.

✂ *As we have inserted the arguments of the advocates on each side, we shall now put an end to the cause, without summing up, and shall leave the decision to a Manchester jury.*

Theatre Royal MANCHESTER.—The benefits have some of them turned out admirably, others have not been so well attended as the merits of the performers entitled them to expect; but it is generally understood (and no where more so than here) that acting and benefit-making are distinct and separate arts;—the receipt of a night is, therefore, no criterion of merit.

Mrs. Ward, *Deserted Daughter* and *Blue Beard*. In *Joanna*, Miss Ward looked divinely, and played with truth and simplicity. The amount of this night was £. 103. Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy, *School for Scandal* and *Children in the Wood*, £. 69. Mr. Penson, *Laugh when you can* and *Highland Reel*, £. 127 16s. Mrs. Bellamy, *Heiress* and *Arthur and Emmeline*. This highly finished comedy was rather roughly treated, in the last act, through the impatience of the gods for a sight of the *silver river, golden bridge, and real shower of gold!!!* which were conspicuously displayed in the bills, and proved a most successful lure, the amount being nearly £. 123. Mr. Huddart, *Earl of Essex* and *Of Age To-morrow*, £. 73. Mr. Gordon, *Management* and *The Deserter*, £. 108. Mrs. Addison, *Hamlet* and *My Grandmother*, £. 83. Mr. Swendall, *Merry Wives of Windsor* and *Maid of the Oaks*. The *Falstaff* of Mr. S. was admirably conceived, and only wanted that correspondent execution which a second assumption of the part would in all probability bestow. Mr. and Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Page, were well sustained by Mr. Faulkner, Mrs. Ward, and Mrs. Faulkner. £. 117. Miss Ward, *Trip to Scarborough* and *Follies of a Day*. This promising young actress was not so happy in the character of Miss Hoyden as in *Susan* in the entertainment. £. 90. Mrs. Ward, *Pizarro* and *Blue Beard*. The combined attractions of the *Temple of the Sun* and the *Camel and Elephant*, brought £. 129. Mrs. Tayleure (late Mrs. Bernard), the *Poor Gentleman* and *Children in the Wood*. This lady is an excellent actress in the old line, and deserved a handsome reward, instead of which she sustained a loss by her night, having only £. 31. Mr. Hollingsworth, *The Will* and *Harlequin's Invasion*, £. 58. Mr. and Mrs. Faulkner, *Macbeth* and *Three Weeks after Marriage*. Mr. Faulkner and Mrs. Ward, in *Macbeth* and *Lady*, did great justice to their parts. The Sir Charles and Lady Racket of Mr. Ward and Mrs. Faulkner were hit off in a very capital style of comic acting. £. 56. Mr. and Mrs. Carr, *King Lear* and *Agreeable Surprise*, £. 43. Mr. Grist, *Merchant of Venice* and *Review*, £. 50. Mr. Bengough, *Wild Oats* and *Turnpike Gate*, £. 108. Mr.

Connor, *West Indian and Lock and Key*, £. 110. Mr. Hatgrave, *Castle Spectre and Prisoner at Large*, £. 48. Mr. Penson, junr. *Alexander and Peeping Tom*, £. 40. Mr. Worrel, *Rivals*, &c. £. 110.

The race-week has brought a golden harvest to the managers—crowded houses every night. Mr. Cooke is expected on Monday the 21st June, and the season will close at the expiration of that gentleman's engagement. Yours, &c.

OSWESLEY.

Theatre NOTTINGHAM.—Our theatre has been pretty well attended this season. The company is a motley group, but respectable. Manly visibly improves: his Zanga was not well conceived, but his Young Norval was, but for the disadvantage of figure, an excellent personification. This gentleman succeeds admirably in a certain line of comedy—his Irishmen are true sons of Erin. His Ollapod was a little outré, but evinced much comical talent. Mr. Wrench is much improved since we last saw him. In Lord Randolph, Mr. Wallis marred all. It was even surprising that any actor of merit could have the spirit to support his part so badly seconded. Mr. Holmes is a very respectable performer, though too much addicted to rant. Mrs. Taylor is, in one point of view, a second Ninon De L'Enclos:—her powers are everlasting. She can still assume all the airs of a girl of fashion, with as much effect as ever. Her Lady Randolph was somewhat overstrained, but exhibited her usual excellencies. Miss Courtney promises fair to tread in the steps of Mrs. Taylor. The merits of Mrs. Manly have long been justly appreciated. Our ingenious manager, Mr. Robertson, is "a fellow of infinite jest." He deals too much in clap-traps, as doubtless it is his interest, but he possesses a rich vein of humour, which may one day place him in a very distinguished rank in his profession.

A droll accident occurred here a few nights ago, during the representation of the pantomime of *La Perouse*. The scene which represents the cave of the shipwrecked navigator, from whose sides hang huge icicles (which said icicles, by the bye, only want a little colouring to render them very perfect representations of full-grown carrots) took fire, and the gelid pensile drops were in a moment frizzling, to the great amusement of the audience. The fire was soon extinguished. I shall conclude these remarks, by begging permission to inform certain gentry, that though bursting into a loud horse laugh in the middle of the most affecting scenes of a tragedy, to the utter confusion of the actors, may be thought by them very dashing, it is, notwithstanding, very silly, very ungentlemanlike, and very unmanly.

W.

DOMESTIC EVENTS.

MR. PITT'S BIRTH DAY.—On Friday the 28th May, the birth day of Mr. Pitt was for the first time publicly celebrated. The demand for tickets was so great, that it was found the London Tavern would be inadequate to the accommodation of the company, and merchant Taylor's hall was procured for the occasion. The whole company consisted of 830 persons of the first respectability in the kingdom, for rank, character, and opulence.

Earl Spencer was in the chair.—Upon the cloth being removed *Non Nobis* was sung, with their usual excellence, by the Knyvets, Gore, Nield, Sale, &c.

Earl Spencer prefaced Mr. Pitt's health by observing that that gentleman had been invited by the committee and stewards to be present at the meeting on that day, but he had received a letter from him, which he would take the liberty of reading to the company, and the substance of which was, that he felt most deeply the honour which was done him, but as from the nature of the meeting, and the partiality of his friends, for which he was impressed with the most lively gratitude, he could not reconcile it to his feelings to be present, he entreated his lordship to offer his excuses to the company. The letter was received with the loudest applause, and Mr. Pitt's health was drank with the highest enthusiasm.

After the tumult of applause had subsided, the following song, written for the occasion (it was whispered by Earl Spencer) was sung by Mr. Dignum.

SONG.—To the tune of Anacreontic.

To the Statesman whose genius and judgment matur'd,
From Gallic ambition, 'midst Anarchy's cry,
To his country, her laws, and her commerce secur'd—
Can Britons the grateful memorial deny?

No! just to his claim
Of a Patriot's name,

They trust not his merit to *posthumous* fame;
Remember with pride what by Chatham was done,
And hallow the day that gave birth to his son.

Rome's Senate decreed to her Worthies orations,
With civic rewards she encircled their brows;
To a true British Worthy we pour our libations,
While our Senate her *Order of Merit* bestows;

Amidst Europe alarms,
With persuasion's best charms,

Britain's Councils he led, rostr'd her Heroes to arm;
In the dread wreck of nations her Empire maintain'd,
Her spirit unconquer'd, her credit unstain'd.

No Jacobin rites in our Fete shall prevail,
Ours the true Feast of Reason—the soul's social flow—
Here we cherish the Friend, and his virtues we hail,
But the Gallic fraternal embrace disavow;

Impress'd with his worth,
We indulge in our mirth,

And bright shines the planet that rul'd at his birth,
Round the orbit of Britain, O! long may it move
Like attendant satellites circling their Jove.

To the Councils of Pitt*, in an era that's past,
Her high rank, 'midst the nations this city may trace;

* The late Earl of Chatham.

The' his statue may moulder, his mem'ry will last,
 "The great and the good live again in their race."
 Ere to time's distant day
 Our marble convey

The fame that now blooms, and will know no decay;
 Our Fathers' example our breasts shall inspire,
 And we'll honour the Son, as they honour'd the Sire!

Among other toasts was given—"The Pilot that weathered the Storm."

This was received by the company, if possible, with a warmer fervour of enthusiasm than marked the health of the individual alluded to, when it was drank by name. After this toast, Mr. Dignum sung, or rather *said*, the following song, composed for the occasion, and it was reported, by the Right Hon. George Canning.

SONG.

If hush'd the loud whirlwind that ruffled the deep,
 The sky if no longer dark tempests deform;
 When our perils are past, shall our gratitude sleep?
 No—Here's to the Pilot that weather'd the storm.

At the footstool of Power let Flattery fawn;
 Let Faction her idols extol to the skies;
 To Virtue, in humble retirement withdrawn,
 Unblam'd may the accents of Gratitude rise.

And shall not his mem'ry to Britain be dear,
 Whose example with envy all nations behold—
 A Statesman, unbiassed by interest or fear,
 By pow'r uncorrupted, untainted by gold?

Who, when Terror and Doubt through the universe reign'd,
 While Rapine and Treason, their standards unfurl'd,
 The heart and the hopes of his country maintain'd,
 And one kingdom preserv'd 'midst the wreck of the world.

Unheeding, unthankful, we bask in the blaze,
 While the beams of the Sun in full majesty shine,
 When he sinks into twilight, with fondness we gaze,
 And mark the mild lustre that gilds his decline.

So, Pitt, when the course of thy greatness is o'er,
 Thy talents, thy virtues, we fondly recal;
 Now justly we prize thee, when lost we deplore;
 Admir'd in thy zenith, but lov'd in thy fall!

O! take, then—for dangers by wisdom repell'd,
 For evils, by courage and constancy brav'd—
 O! take for a Throne by thy counsels upheld,
 The thanks of a People thy firmness has sav'd!

And, O! if again the rude whirlwind should rise,
 The dawning of Peace should fresh darkness deform;
 The regrets of the good, and the fears of the wise,
 Shall turn to the Pilot that weather'd the storm!

The loudest acclamations accompanied every allusion to Mr. Pitt, and so highly delighted were the hearers with the above song, that it was in the course of the evening repeated.

Sir Robert Peel rose, and addressing the company, proposed the health of the noble chairman, which was drank with great applause, and his lordship in very handsome terms, returned his acknowledgments.

A little after ten o'clock the noble chairman left the chair, amidst the thanks and plaudits of the company, for the very able and satisfactory manner in which he had filled it. A large portion of the company went away at the same time. The Marquis of Worcester took the chair after Lord Spencer had quitted it, and supported the spirit of the company that remained for a considerable time after, with good effect.

The earl of Lonsdale has by his will bequeathed to Sir William Lowther, now Lord Lowther, all his estates in Westmoreland and Cumberland, estimated at £40,000 per annum. To John Lowther, Esq. the brother of Sir William, his Yorkshire estate, worth £4,000 per annum. To the Countess of Lonsdale, his wife, in addition to her jointure of £2,000 per annum, £5,000 in money, and the villa which she now inhabits. To the Duchess of Bolton and Miss Lowther, his two sisters, £7,000 each in money, and his Barbadoes estate, worth £2,000 a year. To Colonel Lowther, £12,000 in money; and to the Earl of Darlington, his nephew, who would have had the whole if no will had been found, only £500. His estate at Laleham, in Middlesex, he has directed to be sold. The late Earl of Lonsdale had, at the time of his death, nine thousand guineas in his beaureau, which, it is supposed, he intended for electioneering purposes.

When Mr. Spencer Smith was introduced to the First Consul, the latter asked him whether he was the brother of Sir Sidney Smith! And, on his answering in the affirmative, the Consul observed, "He is a brave man, and a good officer."

The following particulars of the First Consul's private life are considered as authentic:

Buonaparte's day is made up of 14 hours of almost uninterrupted labour.—He gives very little time to sleep and recreation; his meals are abstemious, and quickly finished; but he drinks a great deal of strong coffee, especially during his nightly labours. "This mode of living," said his physician lately to him, "must ruin your health—you cannot long hold out under it."—"How long do you think," said Buonaparte. "Perhaps three years, or so."—"Well," replied the Consul, "that is quite long enough for me." A walk in the park, or half an hour at tennis, is his daily recreation. His natural bias leads him to avoid the crowd. His conversations, which do not turn on the great affairs of Europe and France, are extremely short. Of those trusted persons, known by the name of favourites, he has none. He never once allows the least appearance of influence to be exercised over him. In company he is silent and retired within himself.—In

the private circle of his own family he is placid and agreeable, and never appears morose or insolent to his domestics. His behaviour to his wife is that of a citizen, and by no means of a Parisian. Many tradesmen in Paris call their wives *Madame*, or *you*. Bonaparte *thou's* his, and never calls her but by her christian name, *Josephine*. She calls him *General*, and usually *thou*, (*tu*). Speaking of him, she says, *my husband*, or *the General*, but rarely *the Consul*.

Throughout France provision is plentiful and cheap, except bread, which is dearer than in England. The highest price of prime beef, veal, and mutton, is 4d. per lb. but in many parts the best joints are to be purchased at 2d. and 3½d. Fine fowls fetch from 10d. to 1s. each; eggs 3s. the hundred, and fresh butter from 7d. to 8d. per lb. Agriculture appears in a flourishing state, as not an acre of land is to be seen uncultivated. The wheats in the ground look well, as does rape, the growth of which in Normandy is very considerable, for seed and oil.

From the calculations made of the expence of illumination in several towns, it is computed, that the whole expence of the Empire will amount to upwards of £. 250,000.

The celebrated actor, Mole, who is now in his seventieth year, has lost his principal faculties; and it is reported that Mademoiselle Contat has withdrawn herself entirely from the stage. La Harpe continues in retirement at Corbeille.

A curious correspondence lately took place in the Paris journals between M. Bouilli, author of the play of the *Abbe de l'Épée* (*Deaf and Dumb*), and the representative of the family, which is described by the poet as depriving the deaf and dumb youth of his rights. It is well known that the Abbe de L'Épée, from the purest motives, patronized a youth who was clearly proved to be an impostor, and by an ill-directed zeal for his pupil, gave infinite trouble to a respectable family. M. Cazeaux, the representative of the latter, has represented the prejudices and inconveniences that a popular play might occasion to his house, by reviving the passions and animosities which the real process had excited. M. Bouilli, therefore, has stated that he did not intend his play should be imagined to patronize the cause of the Abbe De L'Épée's pupil, or to bring into question, even in opinion, a just decision in favour of Cazeaux's family. He has likewise taken from the play the second title of "historical fact."

The following most extraordinary circumstance lately occurred at the Grapes tavern, in Cable-street, Liverpool.—A young gentleman (under the influence of a dream, in which he supposed a person was pursuing him with a pistol) left his bed in a chamber of the middle story, and actually forced the lock of a door, to attain the attic floor, which when he had effected, he opened the upper sash, and threw himself into the street. In falling, his shirt caught the projecting grapes, and forced them down with him. This considerably broke his fall, insomuch that he lit on his heels; and, strange to tell, received no bodily injury whatever—not even the slightest scar. It will be recorded as an almost incredible wonder, that after rising from bed, forcing the lock of a door, and falling from a window of three stories, the horrors of the dream had not left him, as on being interrogated by a watchman—"in the name of God, what is the matter?" he exclaimed,—"*A villain wants to shoot me!*"

The Public Library at Paris is one of the finest collections of books in the world—and is rendered of real service, from the facility with which every one may procure the works he may have occasion to consult. Strangers are greatly surprised to find the tables appropriated to the public, surrounded by students of all ages, and of both sexes—of all descriptions, and of all ranks; fathers teaching their children; professors of law poring over the hidden treasures of the ancient Jurisconsults; historians quoting authorities; and divines establishing the proofs of miracles. There are more than three hundred thousand volumes of printed books, collected since the time of Charles V. more than four hundred years ago, which occupy three sides of the building, an extent of about fifteen hundred toises. In one of the galleries is the “French Parnassus,” or representation, in bronze, of the famous mountain; upon the sides of which the figures of the most celebrated authors: Racine, Corneille, Bossuet, Voltaire, Rousseau, &c. &c. are conspicuous. A temple is placed at the top of the mount; the Muses, and other emblematical figures, are near it, and Pegasus upon its summit. There are two enormous globes placed in one of the apartments, which were made by the Jesuit Coronelli, for the Cardinal d’Estrées, in 1682. The gallery of Manuscripts contains about thirty thousand, the greatest part of which are written upon the History of France, and particularly since the reign of Louis XI. Twenty-five thousand of these Manuscripts are in foreign languages. There are five rooms upon the second floor, which contain titles and genealogies in about five thousand boxes and portfolios. The Cabinets of Medals and of Antiquities, are beyond measure rich and interesting: the latter were chiefly collected by the celebrated Caylus. There are about five thousand volumes of Engravings, divided into twelve classes. The portrait of King John is tolerably well preserved, and shown as the first example of painting in France.

Every Wednesday evening plays are performed at the private Theatre of the First Consul at *Mémoires*, where none but the favoured and intimate are invited. This is a national relaxation from the important affairs of a new Government, and preferable to the usual modes employed at Paris for the amusement of leisure hours. General Juvon, and Lucien Bonaparte, are distinguished for their theatrical talents.

Pacsiello is occupied in composing the music of a grand French Opera, by order of the Consul. Bianchi is arrived from Copenhagen, and will probably be employed at the Opera Buffa, where they are in great want of good singers:—excepting Lazzarini and Signora Bolla, there are none but of the second order.

General Andreossi, lately appointed to the British Embassy, (says the *Bulletin Particulier de Paris*) is one among the few who unite, in a high degree, the talents that should always distinguish the politician, the magistrate, and the soldier. He has been almost the inseparable companion and assistant of the First Consul, whose esteem and confidence he has always possessed. His genius is acute, his judgment correct, his mind and disposition conciliatory, and though his name has not frequently been blended with political operations, he has always been ranked among the most worthy members of society; and the choice made of him, to represent the Republic at a great court, is the most unequivocal pledge of a solid and permanent Peace, founded in the glory and prosperity of the two great nations.

BIRTHS.

Of Sons:—Lady Peire, at his Lordship's house in Grosvenor-square. Mrs. H. Johnston, of a son. Mrs. Gibbs of a daughter, both of Covent-Garden theatre.

MARRIED.

At St. George's Hanover-Square, the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Ashbrook, to Miss Deborah Susannah Friend, of Woodstock, Oxford, daughter of the Rev. William Maximilian Friend. At St. Pancras Church, Mr. W. G. Rose, of the House of Commons, to Miss F. Davies, of Guildford-street. At St. Mary-lebone Church, the Hon. A. R. B. Danvers, to Miss Elizabeth Sturt. Thomas Radkes, jun, Esq. of New Broad-street, to Miss Sophia Maria Bayly, third daughter of the late Nath. Bayly, Esq. of Bayly's Vale, in Jamaica. Tuesday the 22d Instant, at Hampstead, Mr. H. Siddons, to Miss Murray, both of Covent-Garden theatre. After the ceremony, they set off for Birmingham. At Hampstead, John North Boydel, Esq. to Miss Ogilvie, daughter of John Ogilvie, Esq. of Argyll-Street.

DIED,

At Fulbeck, in Lincolnshire, the Hon. Henry Fane, Member in the present Parliament for Lyme Regis, in Dorsetshire, brother to the late, and uncle to the present Earl of Westmoreland. At his seat at Rushton Hall, Northamptonshire, the Right Hon. Charles Cockayne, Lord Viscount and Baron Cullen, of Ireland, in the 92d year of his age: he was born Sept. 2, 1710, and attained the above advanced period of life in the enjoyment of an uninterrupted state of good health. At Clifton, Mrs. Glasse, wife of the Rev. G. H. Glasse, Rector of Hanwell, Middlesex. Mrs. Mills, wife of Captain Mills, of Hampstead Road. This lady was formerly well known for her musical powers, first as Miss Birchill, and afterwards as Mrs. Vincent. At Beaconsfield, at an advanced age, Mrs. Mary Busk, aunt to Mrs. Milnes, Piccadilly. Of a bilious fever, in Portland-Place, Mrs. Fitzherbert, wife of Thomas Fitzherbert, Esq. late of High Cannon, Herts. The Earl of Lonsdale, after eight days' severe illness, of a bowel complaint, with which he had been long afflicted. Mrs. Corbould, wife of Richard Corbould, Esq. John-street, Fitzroy-square. In the 17th year of her age, at her father's house in St. James's-square, Miss Thornton, eldest daughter of Samuel Thornton, Esq. M. P. for Hull. Aged 73, Mr. Thomas Chapman, of Leicester. He was lineally descended from the late Sir Isaac Newton's own sister, she being his grandmother. At Fladong's Hotel, in Oxford-street, the Hon. Frederick Stuart, Member for the County of Bute. In Edward-street, Portman-square, in the 78th year of her age, Mrs. Mary Noel, sister of the late and aunt of the present Viscount Wentworth. Isaac Maddocks, Esq. Assistant Secretary to the East India Company. He is succeeded in his situation by James Cobb, Esq. the dramatic writer. Mrs. Waddy, wife to the comedian of that name.

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